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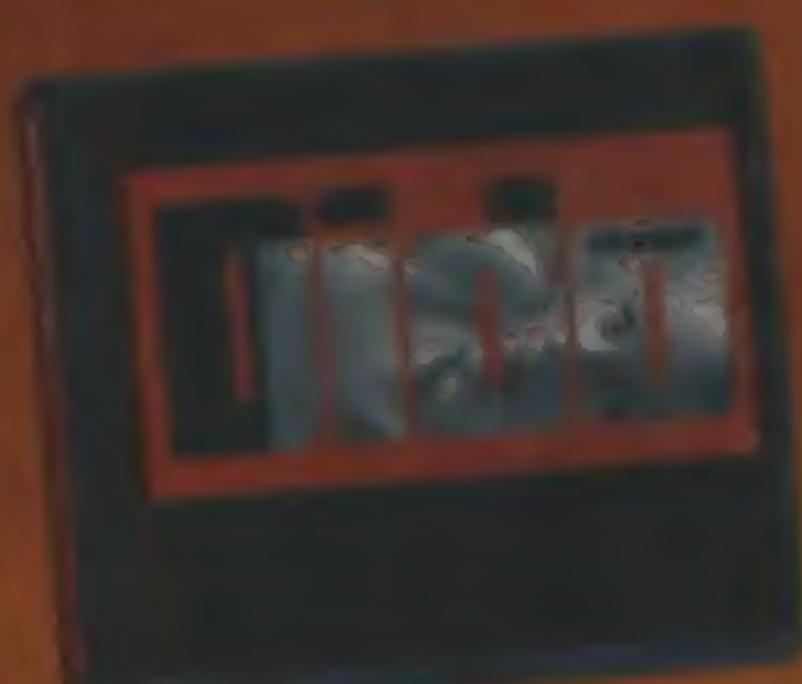
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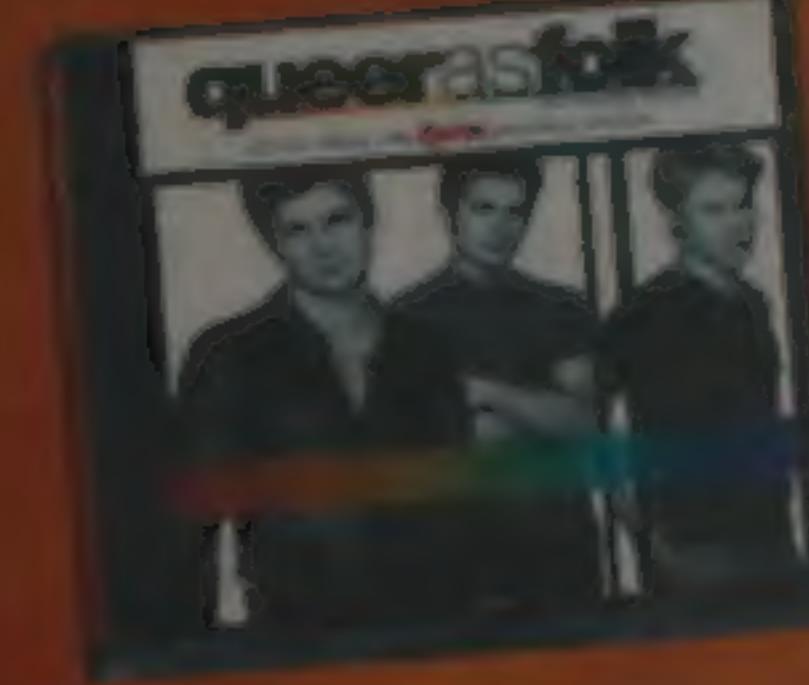
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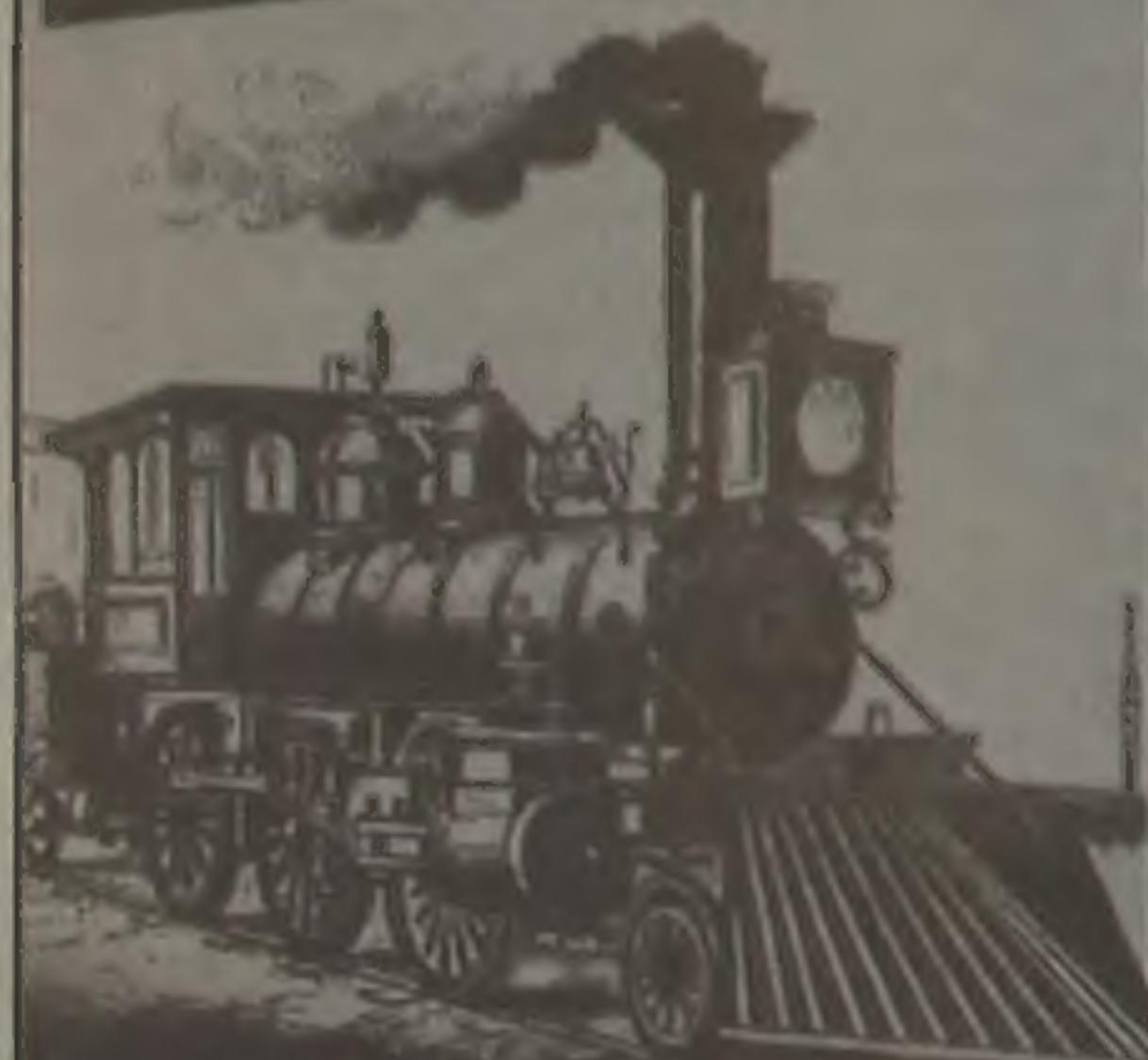
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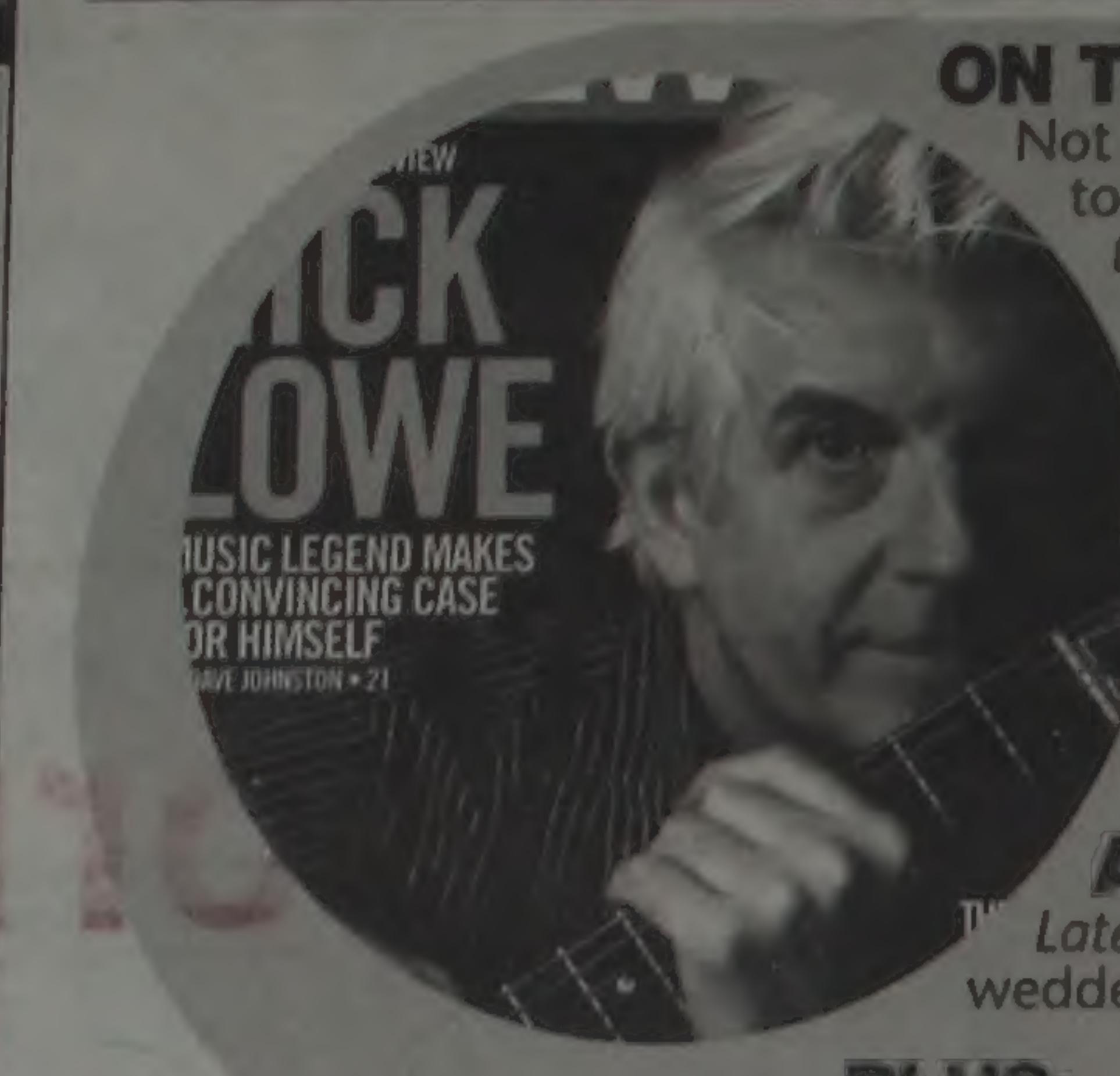
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Hormonal outrage

Hormone replacement foe Maryann Napoli's victory is bittersweet

BY SHARON LERNER

You'd think she'd be happy. After more than 15 years of challenging the dogma that all women need hormone replacement to prevent heart disease and bone breaks after menopause, Maryann Napoli has been vindicated.

Last week, after its findings revealed that the combination of hormones taken by some six million women was doing more harm than good, causing an increase in heart attacks, breast cancer, blood clots and strokes, a U.S. study was halted mid-stream. Wyeth, which has raked in more than \$2 billion (U.S.) a year

from its top-selling hormone therapies—and received its share of precisely worded, critical letters from Napoli over the years—is now watching its stock price dive. Doctors who once eagerly prescribed the treatment are admitting their error. Yet Napoli, associate director of the Center for Medical Consumers in Manhattan and one of a handful of women's health advocates who have tirelessly

health

played David to the hormonal establishment's Goliath, seems a little sad.

"I just wish there had been more caution about giving women this drug combination in the first place," she says, looking up at the shoes passing by the window of her tiny, donated office space in a West Village basement. Instead, she says, "they turned a stage of life into a disease for which you're supposed to

take drugs every day for the rest of your life. It was a pharmaceutical industry's dream come true."

Healthy, wealthy and Wyeth

For many women, though, the treatment of menopause has been a nightmare. Greed and misogyny dovetailed in a massive marketing campaign for products that turned out to be both dangerous and unnecessary. Introduced more than 50 years ago as a remedy for hot flashes and other irritations of menopause, estrogen therapy (to which another hormone, progesterone, was later added) was subsequently promoted as a way for women to remain youthful and sexy. In *Forever Feminine*, a 1965 book funded by Wyeth-Ayerst (the precursor of Wyeth), the pills were touted as a way of keeping women's breasts and genitals from shrivelling.

In recent years, the ageism and

sexism driving the push for hormones grew more insidious, as the desire to "correct" women's bodies was couched in scientific terms. Though hormone therapy's effects on the heart was unclear (and are now known to be harmful), aggressive, multi-layered marketing campaigns convinced many doctors to recommend hormones to prevent heart disease—even in healthy patients. As a result, for the better part the last decade, Wyeth's estrogen pill Premarin has been the best-selling drug in the United States.

"A lot of [doctors] actually believed that estrogen prevents heart disease," says Cindy Pearson, executive director of the National Women's Health Network, a Washington, D.C.-based nonprofit that published *The Truth About Hormone Replacement Therapy*. "They read review articles and didn't realize that

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BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

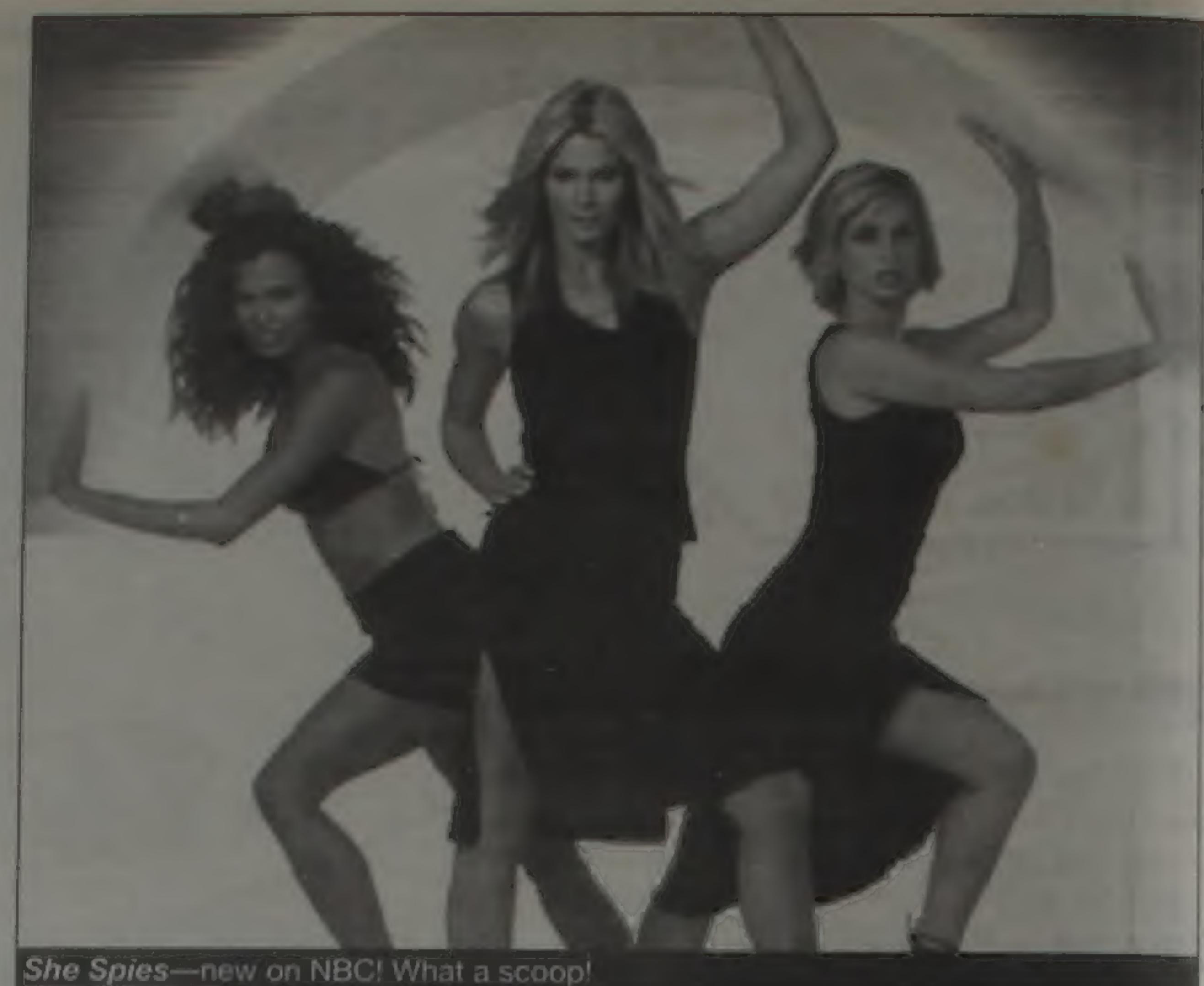
The junket as big as the Ritz

Over the last three weeks, readers of the *Edmonton Journal's* entertainment section have been treated to TV writer Liane Faulder's regular dispatches from the Television Critics Association's summer press tour in Pasadena, California. But while Faulder has told those readers about the likelihood of success for that exciting new John Ritter sitcom *8 Simple Rules for Dating My Daughter* ("It has the cleanest shot [at success]," the president of entertainment for ABC told Faulder. "It has engaging leads and a point of view") and given them the latest of her unending series of updates on the status of Nathan Fillion's acting career, she hasn't mentioned the controversy brewing among the TCA's own membership over whether the press tour should be abolished for once and for all.

"Press tour" is an enormous publicity event that takes place every January and July at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Pasadena, where more than 200

newspaper TV critics and columnists converge for three weeks of presentations and Q&A sessions with network executives and TV stars—"a marathon dog-and-pony show" is how *Kansas City Star* critic Aaron Barnhart describes it, "with more dogs than ponies." In its early days, the event was almost laughable in its baldfaced flouting of journalistic ethics; the networks would fly TV writers for free to Los Angeles, put them up in a hotel room (also free of charge) and treat them to a few days of lavish parties and dinners. "In the early days, no 'real' journalism was expected or required," writes Sharon Waxman, a former Hollywood correspondent for the *Washington Post*, in an article about press tour for the *American Journalism Review*. "Publicists handed out lists of questions for reporters to ask the actors (there were no sessions with network executives), and complete articles sometimes appeared under the doors of journalists in the morning, courtesy of the networks."

By the late '70s, however, the writers began cleaning up their act, and today press tour is ostensibly organized not by the networks but by the TCA: the event also serves as the annual TV writers' convention; there's an informal awards ceremony honouring the best programming of the year (this year's big winners were *Six Feet Under*, *24* and *The Bernie Mac Show*) and the reporters pay their own travel and hotel expenses. (The networks still supply the food and the booze, though.) Indeed, the TCA gets very touchy when press tour is referred to as a "junket"—it "is NOT 'set up by the TV network publicity machine,'" wrote

**She Spies**—new on NBC! What a scoop!

TCA president Diane Werts in an indignant letter to the *L.A. Times*, responding to an unfavourable article they had printed about the event. "The tour IS run by the Television Critics Association, a non-profit professional organization whose membership consists of 225 television critics and journalists from throughout North America. The TCA supervises the content, the participants, the dates and the admission of members who attend the tour to report stories and study industry trends. As part of this effort, we elicit the cooperation of the networks, cable channels and other presenters."

But when you read the actual dispatches emanating from the press tour, it's clear that the agenda is still being set by the networks, who make sure as many puff pieces about *CSI: Miami* and the next season of *The Drew Carey Show* appear as many newspapers as possible. The reporters (or at least, their papers) may have started footing the bill for their own airfare, but they are still the recipients of many tantalizing freebies. Waxman writes that when she went on press tour in 1998, for instance, she brought home a *Young and the Restless* cookbook, an *NYPD Blue* baseball cap, binoculars from Showtime, *Today* pyjamas, assorted books, CDs and T-shirts, a leather-collared denim jacket from NBC and an ABC backpack in which to stow it all. The TCA has officially banned this kind of cozy bribery, but reporters seem only too happy to not only continue attending network-sponsored cocktail parties, but even file stories describing them—at least three different reporters made sure to tell their readers about Fox's poolside party, where swimsuit-clad women were hired to retrieve "fortunes" for amused journalists from a pile of orange cards lying at the bottom of the deep end. (The tone of these articles always wavers strangely between "They can't impress me" and "Bet you wish you were here, too.")

Of all the media outlets questioning the value of press tour, the *L.A. Times* has been most vociferous. Columnist Greg Braxton calls it nothing more than "a gruelling slate of press conferences, softball questions, cynical asides and celebrity ogling." (At a press conference for *Push*, Nevada, a new show Ben Affleck is producing, Braxton says, one reporter even brought along a copy of the *Good Will Hunting* script for Affleck to autograph.) Braxton's co-worker Brian Lowry, meanwhile, argued that while the event gives reporters access to a wide variety of actors and suits, press tour articles tend to be less than illuminating, with interviewees who tend "to parrot back answers in a carefully massaged corporate-speak that doesn't belong in a press release, much less a newspaper." Significantly, Lowry points out, neither the *Washington Post*'s Tom Shales nor the *L.A. Times'* Howard Rosenberg—arguably the two pre-eminent TV writers in North America—attend press tour.

Of course, as Aaron Barnhart (who also runs www.tvbarn.com, probably the leading TV commentary site on the Internet) points out, Shales and Rosenberg have the kind of stature that gives them regular access to interviews which most press tour participants (the majority of whom write for papers in much smaller markets) do not. Barnhart doesn't attend press tour either—he says he gets better copy by travelling to L.A. a couple of times a year and setting up an efficient, jam-packed schedule of interviews on his own. Still, he says that while the event may be tedious, when used correctly, it's a valuable networking opportunity and a rich source of material for any enterprising reporter. He even cites the example of one colleague who claims to have written a remarkable 73 stories in one year from his press tour transcripts.

But one wonders how many of those stories were actually worth reading. "The press tour is not exactly a breeding ground for future Ted Koppels or Dan Rather," writes Braxton, and Liane Faulder's tales of touring Buffy the Vampire Slayer's bedroom and chatting with Natasha Henstridge about her jingle-filled summer replacement series *She Spies* ("It's like *Powerpuff Girls* comes to life!") would seem to bear that statement out. Her big scoop was having Jimmy Kimmel imply she was a lesbian for not liking *The Man Show*. (Get over it, Liane—Kimmel was calling every woman on press tour a lesbian.) There's no reason a journalist couldn't do a whole lot of hard-hitting reporting and colourful celebrity profiles during press tour, but if you write an article that begins, "The evidence points to one conclusion: Kim Delaney may know diddley about forensics, but she knows how to set up a scene for success," the way Liane Faulder did last week, I have terrible news for you—you've just participated in a junket. ☺

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VUE NEWS

POLITICS

Here comes the pitch...

EDMONTON—Politicians are often accused of being "in bed" with business, but provincial Children's Services minister Iris Evans has taken that image to a new level. No, Evans hasn't been sleeping around with Lego execs—she's appeared in TV commercials for mattress dealer Sleep Country Canada.

The ads featuring Evans talk about the importance of foster parenting before moving on to laud Sleep Country for donating used beds to charities. While other Alberta bed and mattress shops also make charitable contributions without receiving similar blessings from the province, Liberal MLA Kevin Taft is concerned because Evans is essentially getting free publicity out of her role as a pitchwoman.

Taft sent a letter to Alberta's ethics commissioner Bob Clark about what he sees as a "growing pattern of MLAs and cabinet ministers appearing in advertisements for commercial businesses." He cited several other examples, including Innovation and Science minister Victor Doerksen doing a promo for RDTV in Red Deer and Edmonton Calder MLA Brent Rathgeber appearing in print ads plugging his law firm. Taft is calling on Clark to develop a set of guidelines for MLAs and cabinet ministers.

Although Evans justified her commercial gig to the *Edmonton Journal* as merely a chance to profile "some of the issues we have where we are looking for foster parents," other opposition politicians echoed Taft's criticism. NDP leader Raj Pannu is particularly upset about Evans thanking Sleep Country for supporting her ministry. "It's further evidence that Tory cuts to Children's Services are hurting kids," he said. "And now private companies foot the bill in exchange for publicity." —DAN RUBINSTEIN

Klein campaign condemns Kyoto

EDMONTON—Most Albertans already know how much Ralph Klein and his Tories dislike the Kyoto Accord. Thanks to Klein's headline-grabbing antics, most Canadians also know where our province stands. It'll be foolish to hobble our energy industry, the party line holds, even if environmental devastation is at stake.

But just in case the rest of the country isn't clear about Alberta's stay-the-course politics, the provincial government has taken out full-page ads in the *Globe and Mail* and *National Post* purporting to "Clear the Air" on "Alberta's commitment to action" on climate change. The ads, which cost taxpayers approximately \$63,500 and ran in last Saturday's editions of the national

FARM AID...



GRAFFITAY

papers, were also sent to Canada's provincial and territorial leaders by Klein in advance of a three-day premiers' conference that began in Halifax on July 31.

Four main "facts" are presented: the Alberta government is committed to taking action on climate change; Albertans are leaders in voluntary actions on climate change; Alberta has a comprehensive action plan to reduce greenhouse gases; a truly Canadian approach is needed to address climate change. Each of these facts is supported by a scattered assortment of ad hoc statistics and muddled anecdotal evidence, plus generic quotes from people like Richard Paton, president and chief executive officer of the Canadian Chemical Producers Association [sic].

Under the guise of protecting Canadian industry, which it feels will take a \$40 million hit from Kyoto, Alberta seems to be upping its rhetorical ante for an all-out war against the Kyoto accord. With George W. Bush already onside, Alberta has strong allies. So why spend a few dozen grand to share your views with people who already know what you want? My hope is that premiers will agree that we need a Canadian action plan that takes account of Canada's international competitiveness, including the approach taken by the United States and other trading partners on climate change," Klein explained to the *Globe and Mail*. And it can't hurt to try to make yourself look good in the process, especially if you've got money to burn. —DAN RUBINSTEIN

MEDIA

Rock, papers, scissors

LONDON—Is the world doomed to end in 2019? Is the threat of asteroids smashing into the planet a serious issue that deserves more media attention? Or is the venerable *Times of London* sensationalizing an event that only has a one-in-50,000 chance of actually happening.

Those were the thorny issues raised by the *Times* on July 25 when the paper

ran a sizable spread on a new asteroid discovered by astronomers that will pass very close to Earth sometime in 2019. The two-kilometre wide asteroid, called 2002 NT7 (unlike meteorologists who track hurricanes, astronomers have yet to adopt the idea of giving asteroids snappy names) would release 750 million times the energy of the Hiroshima atomic bomb if it hit the Earth, and the results could be catastrophic, including, possibly, the extinction of all life on the planet.

Of course, the chances of the asteroid hitting are 50,000 to one, but according to *Times* writer Mark Henderson, "an impact is still 28 times more likely than a player has of winning the Lotto."

The news that the asteroid would undoubtedly crash into the planet—which was the original theory that came from the New Mexico astronomers who first discovered the space rock in early July—caused very little stir in the mainstream media. But when the path was remapped and the chances for impact found to be slim, the *Times* sounded the warning bells. If the chances for impact became greater, then scientists would quickly have to devise a plan to aim nuclear missiles at the asteroid.

Is the *Times* head and shoulders above other media outlets in pushing the issue of asteroid vigilance to fore, or is it simply cashing in on the meteor mania that propelled Hollywood films like *Deep Impact* and *Armageddon*? Our own *Edmonton Sun* picked up the story last Thursday and ran it well back in the news section. Is it sensationalism for them to have picked up the story, or poor judgment to push the story so far to the back? —STEVEN SANDOR

I've got a little listing

EDMONTON—A decade ago, Bruce Springsteen lamented that there were 57 channels yet nothing on. Today, our television universe has expanded fivefold and is still growing, and while

it's subjective as to whether there's anything worthwhile on the tube these days, the fact that there are so many channels is starting to cause headaches for the folks who put together TV listings for newspapers.

With channels multiplying and North American newspaper ad sales dwindling, there's simply less space available in which to detail all that quality programming. "We only have so much space to confuse the reader," Brian Ward, the executive director of television information at TMS TV Data, which supplies TV listings to hundreds of papers throughout the continent, quipped to the *Wall Street Journal*. The paper recently reported some amusing lengths—or, rather, shorts—that listings grids have had to resort to: *Leave it to Beaver* is frequently reduced to *Leave-Beaver* or, more succinctly, *Beaver*, while *Married with Children*, despite its semiinal sitcom brilliance, often gets uncen-

troniously trimmed to *Married*. The *Wall Street Journal* had many more examples. Newspapers have a list of options for *Behind Closed Doors with Joan Lunden* on A&E, for instance—*Behind Closed Doors: Joan Lunden*, *Behind Closed Doors: Lunden*, *Closed Doors*, *Closed Door*, *Doors*, even *Door*. And a recent cable special on the TV Land network called *Inside TV Land: African Americans in Television* was abbreviated to *ITVL: AA in TV*. "Some people probably thought it was a show about Alcoholics Anonymous on television," Paul Ward, the head of communications at TV Land, told the *Wall Street Journal*.

Locally, the *Edmonton Journal* doesn't seem to have a problem getting all the relevant info across on its colourful 80-odd-channel grid. Heck, they even devote an entire page to TV listings every day, complete with specifics about the plotlines of individual shows. (Last Tuesday night's episode of *Fraser* on Global? It was about "Cheerful Goodbyes.") It's like they almost want you to watch TV or something. —DAN RUBINSTEIN

VUEpoint

BY DAN RUBINSTEIN

Fencing tournament

When Robert Frost wrote "good fences make good neighbours" in "Mending Wall," despite the tone of his pragmatic ode to spring cleaning, he actually meant it. According to my favourite American literature prof, who happened to be a practicing Catholic priest, the line represented Frost's New England conservatism shining through his poetic irony.

Perhaps it's a cornerstone traditional sentiment, then, to believe that erecting barriers between people can create a more functional form of human connection. They're trying it over in Israel now, hoping that a giant wall between Jews and Arabs will trigger that eternally-awaited lasting peace. Naturally, handlers also put a wall around Pope John Paul II when he was in Toronto for World Youth Day (which seemed to drag on for at least a month—there's that old non-literal interpretation of how long a Biblical day really lasts, I suppose). When the pope was in Canada, only a chosen few could get close to the old bugger; the rest were left to bask in the distant glow of his glacial arm gestures and facial expressions. And speaking of walls, when 23 young Cuban pilgrims decided to seek asylum in Canada after World Youth Day, the event's top spokesperson, Paul Kilbertus, complained to the *Globe and Mail* that "You know that's not why we held World Youth Day.... We're sorry that there are people who've used the opportunity to take part in a religious event as an excuse to get in the country."

They're also talking about walls over in Churchill Square after some hungry homeless people had the audacity to taint the Taste of Edmonton food fest by wandering through asking for handouts. Apparently, Bob Gray, general manager of the Edmonton Klondike Days Association, doesn't like the fact that so many street people were loitering around the square, and figures a fence would keep them at bay. Gray's suggestion, reported by the *Edmonton Journal*, didn't get any support from participating restaurants, although some said more security could solve the homeless problem.

Why stop at increased security, though? As long as Edmonton is still discussing how to further renovate the new-and-improved-and-paved Churchill Square, why not listen to Robert Frost's advice and go all the way? Build that fence. Check IDs (and bank balances) at the gate. Who said there has to be anything "civic" about a civic square? Too many poor people waste away their days there anyway. Don't they have homes? Besides, if we erect the fence now, we'll be ready for Edmonton's turn to host the pope. And let's see those Cubans just try to seek asylum here. ☺

THREE DOLLAR BILL

truth and
opinion
about
gay life

BY RICHARD BURNETT

Shame!

Just the other day a straight friend called me a "closet heterosexual." Well, I just about slapped the bitch. "Whaddaya mean?!" I snapped, hands on my hips—thumbs forward, of course. "I'm a fucking faggot and don't you forget it!"

Who cares if I adore baseball, watch the Daytona 500, listen to AC/DC and wear standard-issue Levi 501s, construction boots and black Gap T-shirts—it should still be obvious to everyone that I am a raving cocksucker, shouldn't it? I mean, what do I have to do—ride a Dairy Queen float in a Pride parade and tell people to lick me? When I told dandy Vancouver author/sometime drag queen Michael V. Smith about the "closet heterosexual" crack over drinks recently, Smith—whose just-published novel *Cumberland* (Cormorant Books) is an ab-fab must-read—turned to me and said, "What an insult! I hope you said something."

I had, of course. But just days after I'd trashed New York Mets catcher

Mike Piazza in this column for calling a press conference to announce that he's straight, some barfly at my local watering hole riposted, "You're just like Piazza! You don't want to be mistaken for something you're not!"

Well, let's get one thing straight, sweetie: being mistaken for gay is a compliment. Being mistaken for straight is a sentence worse than death.

Just look at all the hundreds of gay and lesbian heroes and victims who died on September 11. Never mind being slaughtered by a bunch of fanatics who really need to know what a dick feels like up their ass; after witnessing the horror of the hijacked bombings and collapse of New York's World Trade Center, I think it's safe to say life can be divided into two eras—pre-September 11 and post-September 11. Except perhaps for queers.

That's because for gays and lesbians, life did not change in one crucial way: we were largely ignored in September 11 post mortems around the world, as the media coverage of grieving wives, husbands, their children, friends and families unwittingly or deliberately heterosexualized the victims and heroes of the WTC collapse.

To add insult to injury, the Bush White House vigourously resisted lobbying efforts to give federal death benefits to the surviving partners of New York gay and lesbian firefighters and police officers killed in the line of duty. During the political wrangling, many gay households—notably those struggling to support their children—went broke.

Then, on June 24 at 6 p.m., right after President Bush's Middle East speech in the Rose Garden, the White House sent out a one-sentence e-mail—when it

was certain to be ignored by the Washington press corps—announcing the Mychal Judge Act, which finally makes surviving same-sex partners eligible for the \$250,000 death benefit everybody else got. The legislation was named after openly gay Father Mychal Judge (no straight man spells Michael with a "y"), the Catholic chaplain of the New York fire department who was killed by falling debris when the World Trade Center collapsed while he was administering last rites to victims on the street below.

Now there are endless tributes and memorials for the victims and heroes of September 11. Last week, the U.S. House of Representatives voted to create a national memorial to commemorate the passengers and crew of United Airlines Flight 93, which crashed in the Pennsylvania countryside when gay passenger Mark Bingham and others overpowered their hijackers.

Then there are the New York Mets, whose players—including catcher Mike "I'm not gay" Piazza—welcome the children of September 11 victims at every Tuesday home game. On July 23, the entire Montreal Expos

team joined their Mets colleagues at Shea Stadium, hanging out with the kids for over an hour.

But I've found nothing for gays and lesbians. Our heroes remain invisible, but our villains—especially those straight Roman Catholic pedophile priests who most straight folks assume are gay—always make the front pages.

Straight people ask me all the time why I need to point out whether someone—like the people honoured on Lombardi-Nash's website—is gay or lesbian. I tell them what Montreal Divers/Cité Gay Pride co-founder and den mother Suzanne Girard told me years ago: "The queer community has a horrendous history of being oppressed, so we have a connection that isn't related to bloodlines. We are one of the few communities who can travel the world and connect. We feel it in our pores. We've developed something to recognize each other that transcends every language."

According to the 2001 U.S. Gay/Lesbian Consumer Online Census conducted by the S.I. Newhouse School at Syracuse University, 81 per cent of gay men and lesbians surveyed

often identify more strongly with their sexual orientation than their ethnic background. In the census, perceptions differed according to race: white respondents identified more closely with their sexual orientation (85 per cent) while 63 per cent of African-Americans and 55 per cent of Korean Americans said they identify more strongly with their ethnic and cultural backgrounds. What the respondents all had in common is loyalty to a group outside North America's vastly white and heterosexual majority.

So when my straight friend dubbed me a "closet het," I flipped out. I just wish most straight folks were like this "straight" guy I'm kind of seeing. He and his (biological) girlfriend of two years are on a sabbatical and it felt so wonderful to have sex with him. He was so into it.

"It's so cool that you don't have a problem kissing me in front of everybody," I told him one day outside my apartment building. "You're such an amazing kisser."

"You too," he said, smiling.
Now that's a man. ☺

by
RUBEN BOLLING

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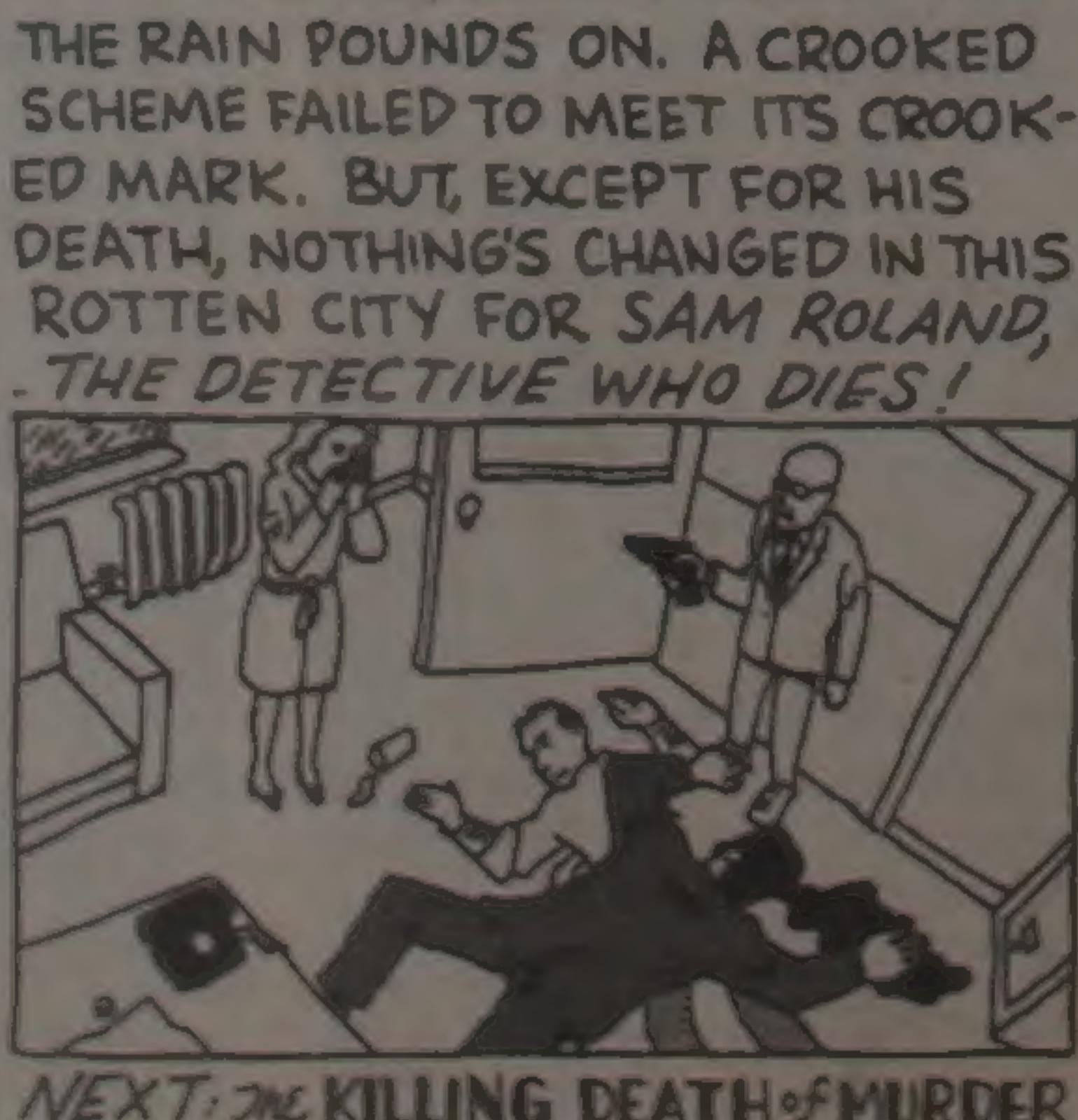
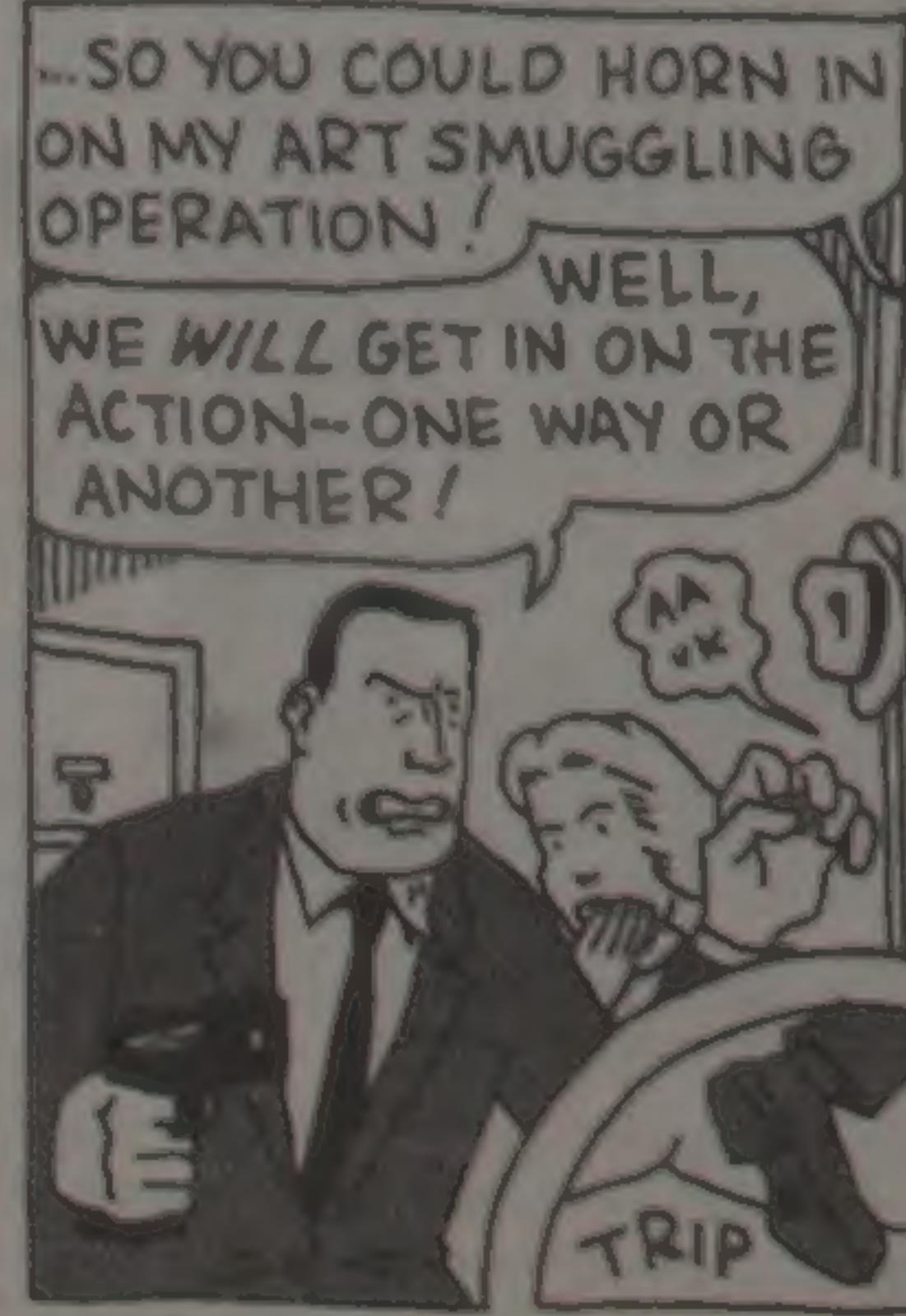
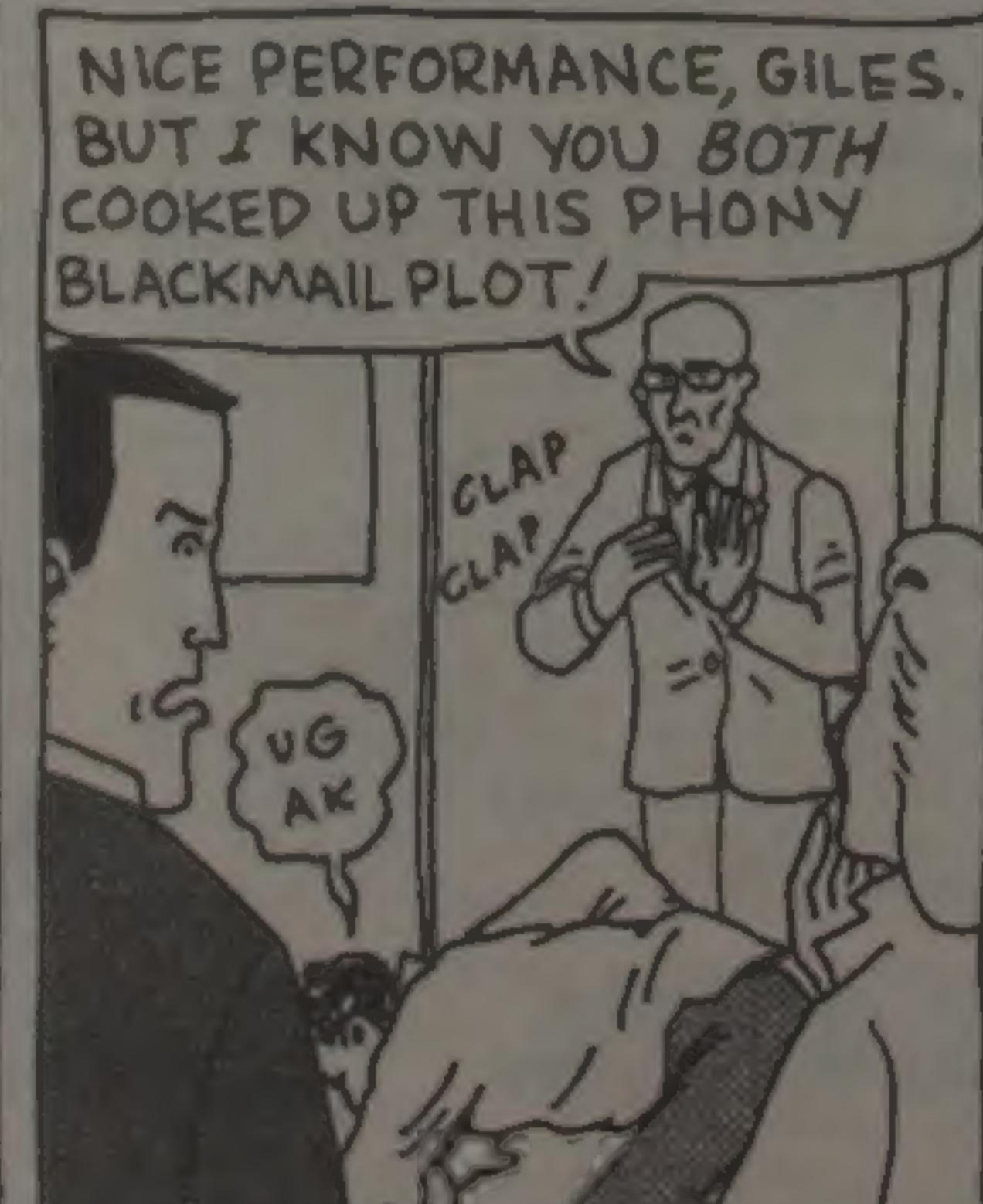
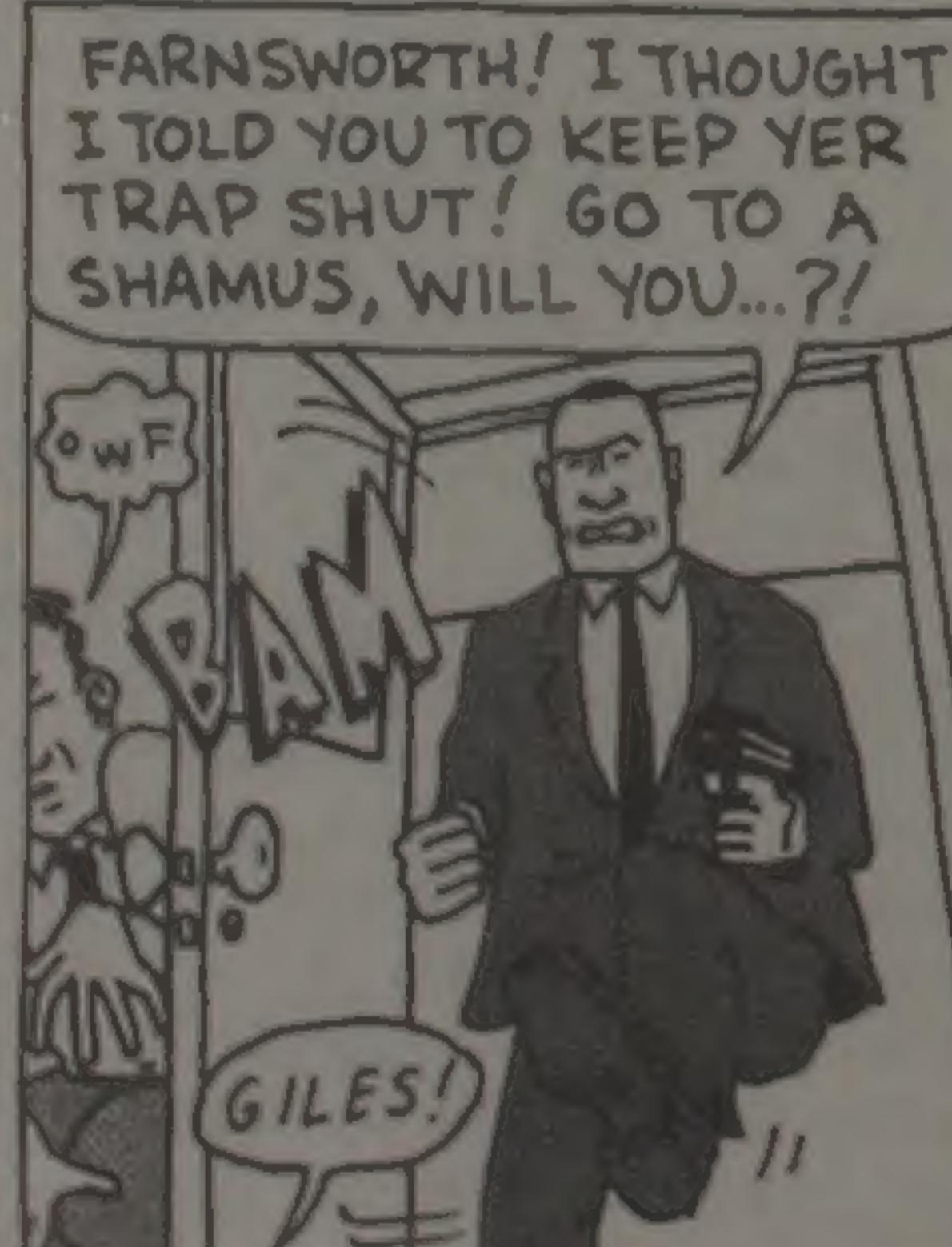
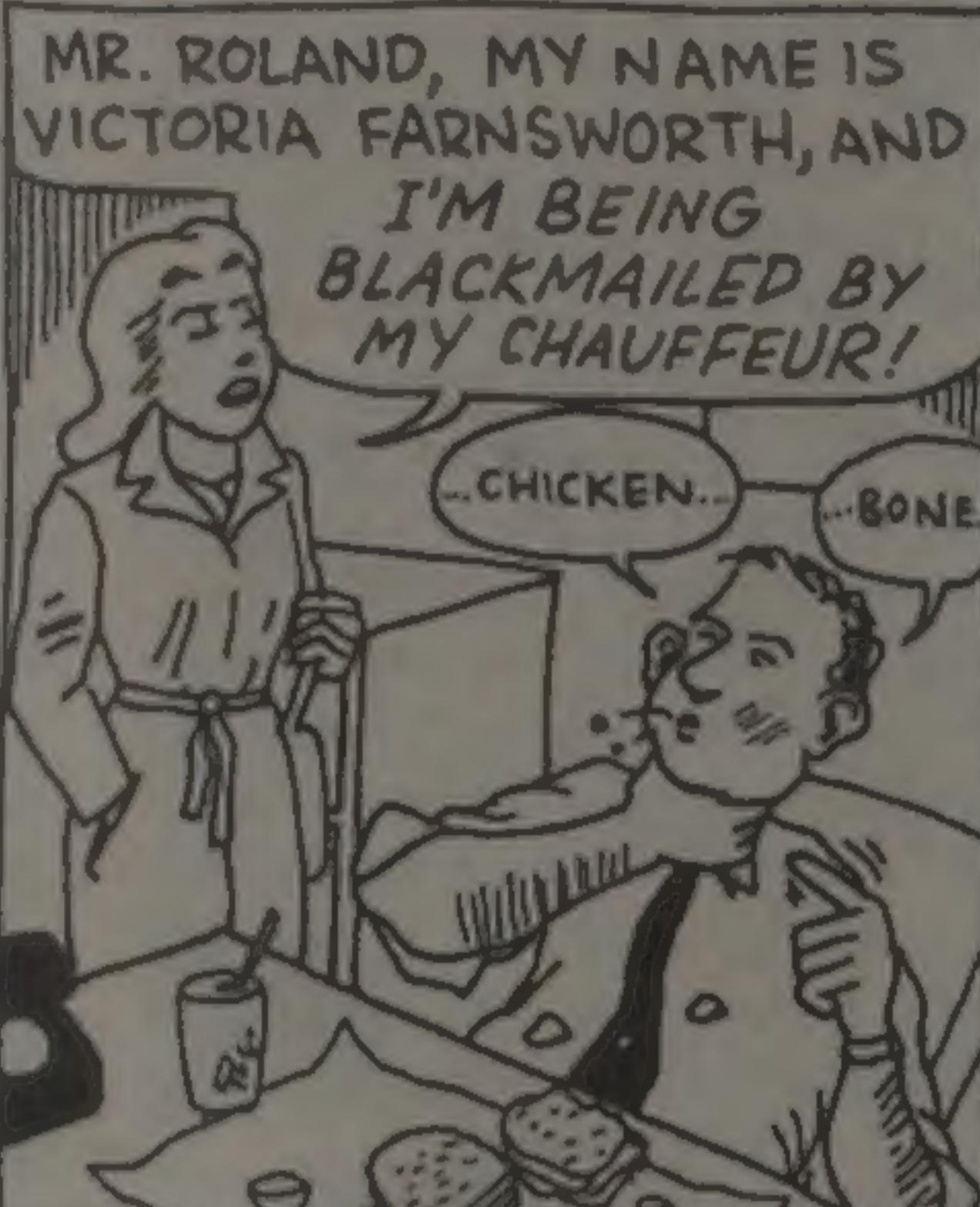
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The bath less travelled

The glories of the traditional Turkish hamam may soon become extinct

BY IAN MULDER

I had been in Turkey for but a day when I saw the sign I'd been looking for. Well, actually, the sign was in Turkish and I had to consult my dictionary to figure out what the word *hamam* actually meant. But I thought that the old stone building might be a bath, since I knew the domed roof with the multicoloured glass windows was a common feature of classic Turkish hamams. The fact that the huge chimney in the centre of the building billowed smoke while the temperature outside hovered around 30 degrees was also a tip-off. I figured one of two things was going on inside: they were either baking bread or steam-cleaning bodies.

When you enter a hamam you are typically greeted by the manager, with whom you exchange the usual elaborate Turkish pleasantries. It is he who also collects your cash. A regular bath sans massage and wash usually

costs around three to five million Turkish lira (the equivalent of three to five Canadian dollars). Don't worry—you won't need a wheelbarrow to carry all those zeros around; they have bills in denominations up to 20 million. You can also choose to get a wash and scrub and massage for an extra charge. At most non-touristy places you will probably pay about 10 dollars for the full deal, plus tip. It is worth it. I went every week.

Some of the most beautiful and complete classical Greek and

travel

Roman-era ruins are in fact in Turkey. One need not venture far to see evidence of the ancient baths, complete with under-the-floor heating, frigidarium (cold room), tepidarium (tepid room) and caldarium (hot room) that lie in ruin around Turkey. Various features of these ancient baths are still a part of later Turkish hamams, many of which were built during Ottoman times. In the touristy areas of Turkey, particularly around the coast, there are many newer baths designed for tourists that, while less than

authentically Turkish, are more likely to be up to so-called Western standards. This is not to say that Turkish hamams are dirty; they're just really old. Many working baths that I visited, especially in Istanbul, date as far back as the 15th century. My favourite hamam in Istanbul, about 10 blocks away from the famous Blue Mosque and Hagia Sofia, dates from 1584.

Hamams for madames

Many hamams are built with separate men's and women's sections, though the women's section is often smaller and runs reduced hours. Some of the newer tourists' baths offer co-ed bathing, a phenomenon that is completely foreign to the traditional bathing experience. For this type of tourist bath, you'll need lots of money: expect to pay anywhere from \$30 to a couple hundred to bathe with the opposite sex. These modern baths are usually too expensive for the locals and are most often located in international hotels. For the authentic experience, these are best avoided. The real treat lies in the traditional neighbourhood hamam.

In typical hamam architecture,



the entrance door leads into a large, cavernous room lined with several small cubicles for changing. It is here, in the main section of this space, that the masseurs hang out between clients, and you can watch television and drink tea before and after your session. You are given a thin cotton towel which you wrap around your waist. For men, it seems that going nude under the towel is the norm. In female baths, the standards appear to vary from establishment to establishment. In some, full nudity is fine; in others, removing your knickers would be a faux pas. It's probably best to play it by ear.

Upon entry, you are led into the main inner part of the hamam where there is usually a huge hexagonal marble table, heated from beneath, under the main dome. Small sinks for washing surround this room. Skip this step for now and head into the steam room where you'll spend at least 20 minutes sweating out everything your body has got. This is a time of relaxation and chatting, and some regular patrons will spend a good hour in this section of the hamam. After you are hotter than Hades and can't take it any longer, it's time for the massage.

The burly, mustached Turk



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The future is hardly...

asseurs are probably the thing that sets a Turkish bath apart from anything else in the world. Not only will they wash and scrub (and I mean scrub) your body from head to toe but they'll also rub you down with soap and massage your muscles to a pulp. The amount of time that you are granted by the masseur depends on where you go, whether it is busy or not and their perception of how large a tip you're likely to give them when they're through.

Mitten approval

The ritual proceeds as follows: the attendant directs you in none-too-certain terms to lie down on the marble table. He then douses you with hot water and scrubs you head to toe with a coarse mitten. (You'll be amazed at the volume of dead skin he'll remove, and even more amazed by the fact that the masseur will proudly hold it up to you for inspection as a demonstration of his skill.) Afterward the masseur will douse you again with the same scalding water—and because your pores are wide open, every nerve in your body, including ones you didn't know you had, will scream out with a strange mixture of pleasure and pain.

The masseur then takes out the soap and uses a kind of super-bubbly facecloth to saturate your body with

soapy foam. And let me tell you: he'll massage you so damned hard, you'll not only feel like you've been beaten up by a gang of Turkish oil wrestlers, but you'll enjoy it so much you'll be begging for more. The oddest thing, at least to anyone accustomed to Western massages, is that the masseur tends to double as a kind of chiropractor. Without blinking an eye, he will prop you upright on the marble stone, take your neck in his hands and crack every vertebra in your body. Later he might do the same to your hands and lower back, all the while grinning hugely as if he knows he holds your life in his hands. (Perhaps this form of popular chiropractic is more widespread in Turkey than it may first appear; a trip to the barber is accompanied by a similar neck-contorting exercise.)

The steam is dissipating

Sadly, at least from this sensualist's perspective, the Turkish hamam is not as popular as it once was. Previously, public baths were a necessity because private homes didn't have bathing facilities, so for most Turks the public baths were simply a means of getting clean. For the upper classes, however, the baths were an experience embedded with ritual. If you visit Topkapi Palace in Istanbul you can inspect a marvelous array of bathing

accouterments, including inlaid pearl combs and jewelled footstools belonging to the Sultan and his family. For many Turks today—especially those in western Turkey—the hamam has become a bit of an anachronism, an Orientalism that acts as a kind of reminder of the old Ottoman era, a past that is quickly vanishing as the culture tries to orient itself towards Europe. Because I loved the hamam so much, I ended up taking many of my Turkish friends there for the first time—a strange fact indeed, since my image of the country had always largely hinged on institutions like the Turkish bath. Today, many hamams, especially the ones off the tourist track, are slowly disappearing, and regrettably it's usually the women's hamams that go first.

At the end of your bathing experience, you are towelled down by other attendants. Most likely you will also be offered a cup of tea and, if you are a foreigner in a neighbourhood hamam, you'll likely be talked up for a while, too. Afterward, you change back into your clothes and tip the manager, who'll most likely sprinkle a bit of lemon cologne onto your hands for refreshment. And then away you go. The sense of relaxation is overpowering. Your muscles feel numb and your mind takes on a sense of clarity that only the gods can bring. You are reborn. ☺

Hormones

Continued from page 4

the author had accepted a fee. They went to conferences and didn't realize that the drug companies had inserted slides into presenters' talks. Some doctors got continuing education materials funded by drug companies that make unproven claims."

Belittled women

For activists, the struggle over hormone replacement came to epitomize the power of pharmaceutical interests to steamroll patients' concerns. As one might expect in a battle with billions at stake, those who challenged that consensus were marginalized. In her basement office, Napoli quietly pored over the journal articles, circling the unsubstantiated claims in hormone ads and firing off letters to the drug companies, many of which went unanswered. She fielded phone calls from women across the country who were made to feel like outlaws for questioning the treatment. Barbara Seaman, author of the 1977 book *Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones*, found her work increasingly unwelcome in mainstream publications as she became more outspoken about the issue. And the National Women's Health Net-

work's Pearson attended countless medical and pharmaceutical meetings—though she was rarely invited.

If the activists' urgency sprouted from the feminist conviction that women deserve to be heard, their message was scientific: the proof that hormone replacement prevented heart disease was too weak to support the routine promotion of the drugs, they argued, and the long-term effects were still unknown. Their prodding was partly responsible for the study that showed them to be right. In an article in the July 10 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the national study's researchers reported that heart attacks and other "coronary events" went up 29 per cent in women on the drug combination compared to those taking placebos; they also had twice the rate of blood clots in the lung and 26 percent more breast cancer.

Which is why the victory is bittersweet. For Maryann Napoli, the should-I-take-estrogen inquiries have been almost instantly replaced by worried calls "from women who have breast cancer and want to know if they got it from the hormones," she reports. She can't answer that question—no one can—but Napoli does have one hopeful message for patients everywhere: "We should all be skeptical of the next thing they try to sell us in a big way." ☺



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Faster pussycat

The Fasting Girl
tells the story
of the ultimate
starvation diet

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Before June 8, 1865, Mollie Fancher was an ordinary teenaged girl living in Brooklyn, New York, one of thousands of young women from fashionable families, seemingly destined to marry equally fashionable young men and live lives that were, if not at all noteworthy, at least comfortable and respectable. But on that momentous day, Mollie suffered an accident—she fell from a streetcar and was dragged behind it for nearly a block when her crinolines became entangled in an iron hook. And Michelle Stacey's fascinating new book *The Fasting Girl* is the story of how that unfortunate incident set Mollie Fancher on the path toward becoming one of the most famous women in New York—the object of endless, often heated speculation on the part of the medical establishment as well as a New York celebrity who the press wound up

dubbing "The Brooklyn Enigma."

It wasn't any disfigurement or deformity as a result of the incident with the streetcar that made Mollie famous; it was her very idiosyncratic psychological reaction to the accident that caught the popular imagination. Mollie remained in bed for the rest of her life, but that alone wouldn't have struck anyone as all that unusual; invalidism, as Stacey explains in her book, was a fairly common phenomenon among women during that period in history—a passive-aggressive reaction,

[revue] books

perhaps, to the very restrictive role women were assigned in 19th-century society. No, what was remarkable about Mollie was her claim—repeated and avidly publicized in a flurry of newspaper stories in 1878—that since late 1865, she had not eaten a single bite of food. Along with a whole host of miraculous claims including second sight and the ability to compose long poems and letters while in a deep, paralytic trance, Mollie and her supporters essentially believed that she had the ability to survive on nothing but the air she breathed.

Good golly, Miss Mollie

Stacey provides the harrowing details of enough scientific studies of the effects of prolonged starvation upon the human body (from a publicity-stunt experiment a doctor named Henry Tanner conducted for the benefit of the press in 1880 specifically to lend credence to the Fancher case, to a remarkable study conducted in 1940 by a group of Jewish doctors confined to the Warsaw ghetto who decided that, so long as the Germans were starving them to death, they might as well add to the store of scientific knowledge while they were at it) to convince anybody that Mollie's claims were false. But there is too little first-person information about Mollie and her family for Stacey to state conclusively what her motives might have been. Was she simply starved for attention, so to speak, and cynically willing to lie to the press to gain it? Did she have some kind of undiagnosed psychological ailment—perhaps some form of hysteria or multiple personality disorder—that manifested itself in this bizarre, very public way? Or was

fact that it was all so very obvious. It was hard to believe editor David Remnick could have missed it.

His female readers certainly hadn't. Within hours of posting the survey on my website, women started writing in. And they all said nearly the exact same thing—as one wrote, "Each week I count as well. And each week I am dismayed."

The response from men, meanwhile, with one or two notable exceptions, was just as strikingly uniform: each shifted the topic to point out that other magazines were just as bad. One correspondent, for example, sent me a careful breakdown of the table of contents of the literary journal *The American Scholar*—one of the few major literary publications run by a woman.

Meanwhile, I was receiving numerous insider tips telling me that my survey was the talk of the industry, but only one reporter—Peter Johnson of *USA Today*—called Remnick for an explanation. Remnick gave a terse, two-sentence response: "We are publishing a lot of women, some of the best journalists and fiction writers around, but it's clearly not enough. It will change."

By the next day, the magazine was getting so many complaints it had to issue a formal response—although it

Mollie not a mystical starveling at all, but one of the world's first victims of anorexia nervosa?

Stacey examines each of those possibilities in turn, as well as the theories of Mollie's most dedicated debunkers (Dr. George Beard, the so-called founder of American Nervousness" and the combative Dr. William Hammond, a disgraced former Surgeon-General of the United States who miraculously rehabilitated his career and staked his reputation on his assessment of Mollie Fancher as "a perfect humbug—a clear case of deception"). But she is more interested in using Mollie's story as a jumping-off point for all sorts of tangential discussions: the effect of the Industrial Revolution on the fragile American psyche; the history of the spiritualist movement in the United States and its bumpy relationship with the American medical establishment; the emergence of anorexia nervosa as a recognized (albeit difficult to treat) psychological ailment; not to mention the reasons for the emergence of numerous "fasting girls" (and men) around the time Mollie came to prominence.

Ology whiz

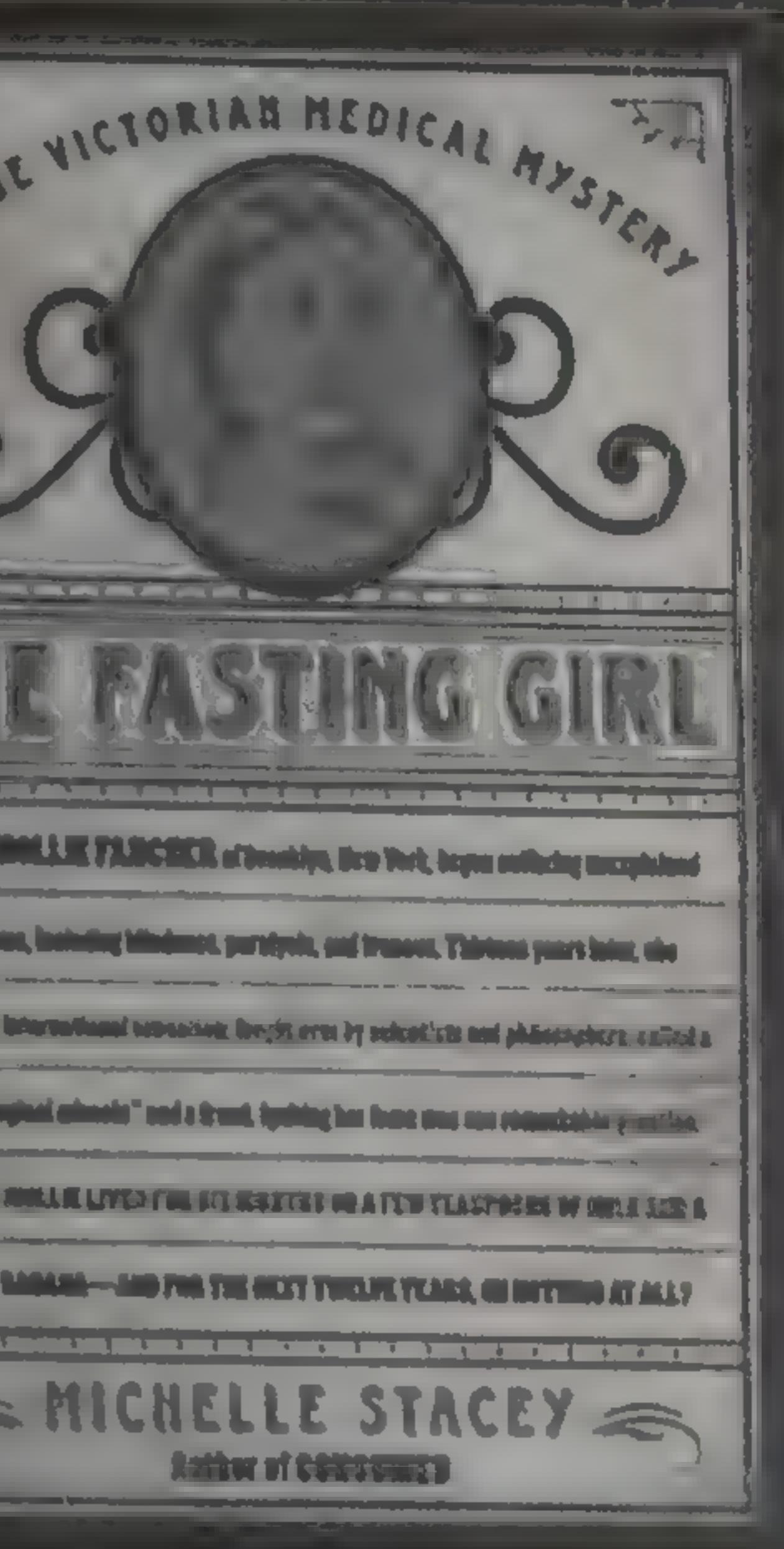
Stacey's penchant for digressions occasionally leads her pretty far afield from what her book is supposedly about—by the time you get to the next-to-last chapter, "Hysteria's Echo," Stacey is going on and on about newfangled personality-altering drugs like Paxil and Prozac

came not from David Remnick, but from someone named Brenda Phipps, who gave no title. Phipps cited a long list of women who have written for the *New Yorker*... all of whom, she seemed unaware, were hired by either founding editor Harold Ross or his successor William Shawn, who was fired 13 years ago. Then Phipps cited some women whose writing "continues to figure prominently in our pages" ... including two contributors whose work "figured prominently" only once so far this year (Daphne Merkin, Lillian Ross) and two more who aren't writers but cartoonists.

The only direct response to the complaint was Phipps's comment that "We don't look at the contents week to week and analyze the ratio of men to women" ... which came a line before she analyzed the number of women in the editorial staff, which she said was high.

So I suppose it was their fault.

In any event, why do I think that, any issue now, the magazine will indeed give thought to the male-female ratio and get out an edition jam-packed with women?



and the implications of Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*. But this grab-bag quality is also one of *The Fasting Girl*'s most appealing aspects; it's nice to be told a story by someone with as many offbeat enthusiasms as Stacey has. *The Fasting Girl* is a fascinating blend of sociology, psychology, biology and literary archaeology—and if Stacey is ultimately unable to crack the Mollie Fancher case wide-open even after gorging herself on all the available facts, not even Mollie herself would be surprised. As she once cheerfully (and not a little gloatingly) bragged to a friend, "I have broken the back of all the ologies!" ☺

The Fasting Girl

By Michelle Stacey • Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam • 336 pp. • \$34.99



BY DENNIS LOY JOHNSON

The talk of the rest of the town

Perhaps it's that the *New Yorker* has always been bourgeois, and that the bourgeois is so much uglier than it used to be. Even so, one thing I wouldn't have laid on the so-called "new" *New Yorker* was sexism.

Then one of my readers, a highly placed executive at one of New York's biggest publishing houses, wrote in: Did you ever notice the male-to-

female ratio in the *New Yorker's* table of contents? he asked. He said it was usually 12 to zero or 13 to one.

It sounded incredible—numbers like that are just too stark to go unobserved by editors. But this was a source I trusted. So the next time I passed a newsstand, I looked.

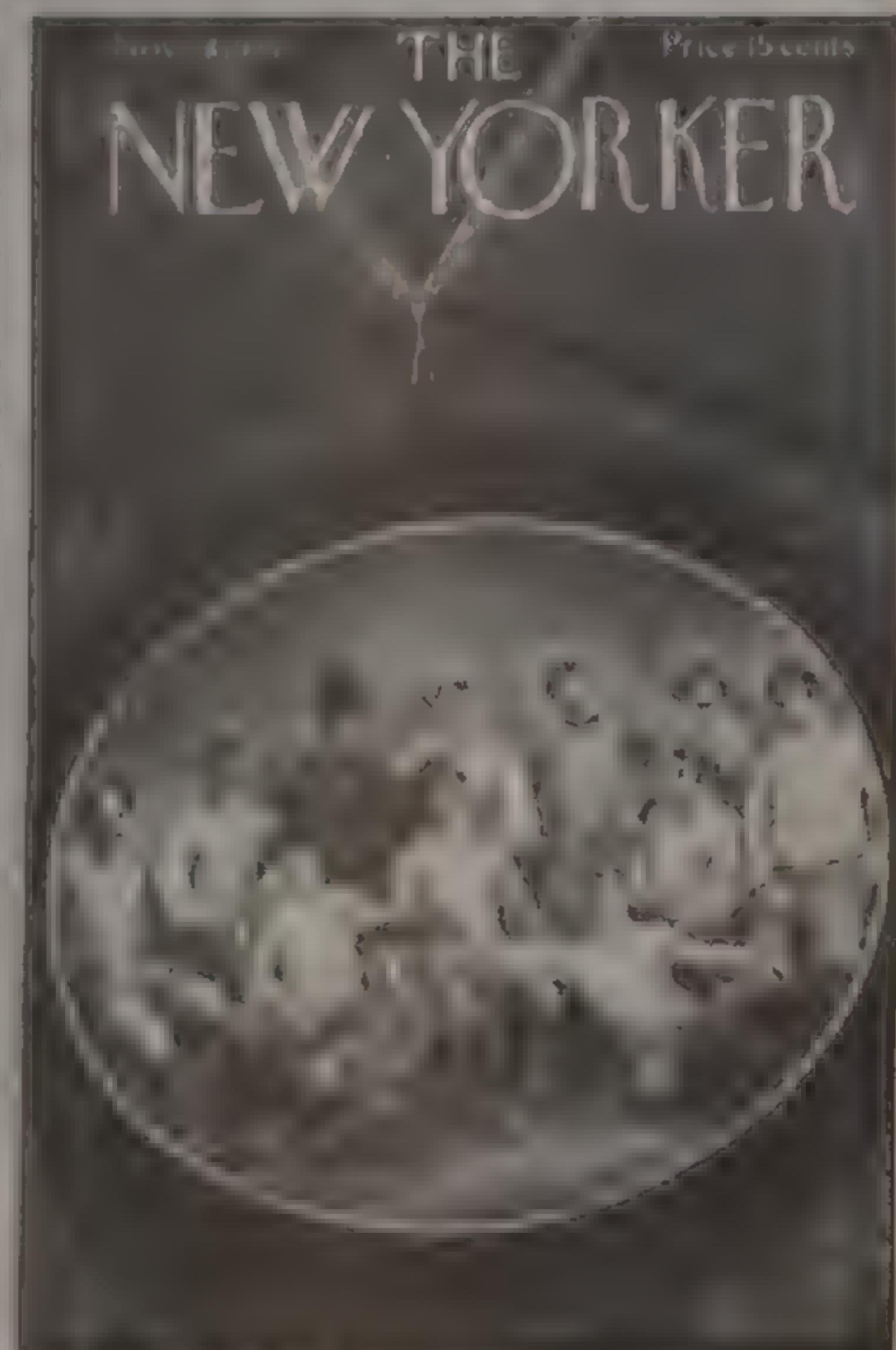
That week, the *New Yorker* table of contents featured 12 men and one man. A few days later I spotted the

previous week's issue at a friend's house—10 to 2.

So I went to the library and asked to see the entire stack of this year's *New Yorkers*.

It was pretty amazing. Going from one table of contents to the next, I found women never contributed so much as 50 per cent of an issue. Not even close. There were issues where the only contribution from a woman was a solitary poem. There was even an issue with no women at all. As it turned out, nearly 80 per cent of the *New Yorker's* articles were written by men.

There was more. The overwhelming majority of writing by women was by staffers and appeared in the magazine's back pages. There wasn't much in the way of poetry or fiction, and when there was, it was almost always by a star (i.e., a no-brainer to publish). It was a rare thing indeed for a woman to get a star turn in the magazine's glamourous front section. And making it worse, of course, was the



The New Yorker still an old boys' club?

In the meantime, the July 29 issue just hit newsstands. It features 10 bylines in the table of contents, two of which belong to women, and a headline for the lead story emblazoned on the cover: "Hormones for men."

Oy. It's worse than I thought. ☺

Unskinny bop: the reclaiming of Kate Moss

Is it finally okay to say nice things about much-hated model's looks?

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Last month, a strange thing happened in the fashion world: the online magazine *Salon* published a short article in which cultural critic Charles Taylor rhapsodized adoringly about supermodel Kate Moss (specifically a nostalgic fashion spread in the June 2002 issue of the British magazine *i-D*)... and nobody wrote in to complain.

Can it be... that it's finally okay to say you like Kate Moss? If so, it's about time. As recently as five years ago, you could search long and hard in the mainstream media and still be unable to locate a single person willing to admit to finding the British supermodel sexy—let alone call her “my idea of female perfection... a perfect '60s dream girl” the way Taylor did. Indeed, it was much more commonplace for Moss to be discussed in terms of outright loathing. “[I have] a predisposition against Kate Moss,” reads a typical Web posting, “and [think] she deserves a slow, agonizing death.... I mean, I’m not trying to be offensive to any of the skinny people, but she disgusts me.” “Hey women out there!” wrote the webmaster of a site called Heartless Bitches Interna-

tional. “Don’t believe the hype! If we buy into the horseshit of having to look like Kate fucking Moss we are going to collectively waste the rest of our lives in a quagmire of self-perpetuated self-hatred!” “Kate Moss and [similarly wailish French singer/actress] Vanessa Paradis are disgusting,” wrote another Web poster. “Even healthy non-obsessives know this.” For a while, street posters featuring Moss’s ultrathin image became a common target of vandalism—most often, the words “F*CK ME” would be scrawled across her belly, although I can recall seeing several posters in

fashion

Edmonton bus shelters where the vandal had gone so far as to scratch out Moss’s eyes and draw blood seeping from the “wounds.”

Anti-Moss sentiments weren’t confined to the Internet (traditionally a hotbed of anti-celebrity sniping); academics hated her too. When the author of the manifesto for an anthology of queer commentary called *Revolutionary Voices* lists the terrible social ills she saw around her that inspired her to assemble the book, she names the rape/murder of Brandon Teena, the murder of Matthew Shepard, the lynching of James Byrd... and the popularity of Kate Moss. (Oh yeah, and also the fact that the U.S. government was building more prisons than schools.)

A video by Maciej Toporowicz at the controversial recent *Mirroring Evil* exhibit at the Jewish Museum in New York actually juxtaposed scenes from Leni Riefenstahl pro-Nazi propaganda with Kate Moss’s Calvin Klein ads. (In other words: If you like Kate Moss, you’d probably find concentration camps sexy as well!)

American women, the vast majority of whom could never hope to duplicate Moss’s petite physique. Others, including Wolf, went so far as to blame the fashion industry for turning a generation of young girls into

and a handful of models who specialize in evening wear, but Moss is the rare model who actually looks her best wearing a pair of beat-up jeans. In the mid-'90s print ads for CK One perfume, Moss was photographed standing in her street clothes amidst a row of “ordinary people”—eight or nine average-looking non-professionals pulled off the street—and she blends in so well with them that it takes you a while to even realize that Kate Moss, the World-Famous Model, is in the picture too. (Twiggy, with her Cockney accent and free-spirited demeanor, had a similarly populist appeal.)

Moss examination

In fact, that somewhat atypical *Allure* photo aside, the true nature of Moss’s appeal has very little to do with how skinny she is. It’s Moss’s face that’s her fortune—those heavy-lidded eyes spaced just a little farther apart in her head than normal, those high cheekbones, that long hair, those cute, irregular teeth. Moss’s detractors—probably thinking of how she looked in that Obsession ad—like to describe her expression as “blank” or “childlike,” but to me, her gaze has always seemed mysterious, knowing, deeply sexual, the precise spiritual opposite of an elfin gamine like Twiggy. (Taylor describes Moss’s eyes as being “ready to surrender to seduction or signal you to fuck off... the image of a girl who’s just risen from bed and is looking at you with a frank, couldn’t-care-less provocation.”) It’s truly a classic, unforgettable, irresistible camera face, and it’s the reason you recognize Moss’s name immediately but have probably never heard of other, equally wafer-thin models like Tasha Tilberg, Josie Kidd, Amy Wesson and Shalom Harlow. And it’s the reason Moss continues to be in demand as a model when other well-known mannequins of her vintage—Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer—have faded from prominence... along with Moss detractors like the hopelessly behind-the-times Naomi Wolf.

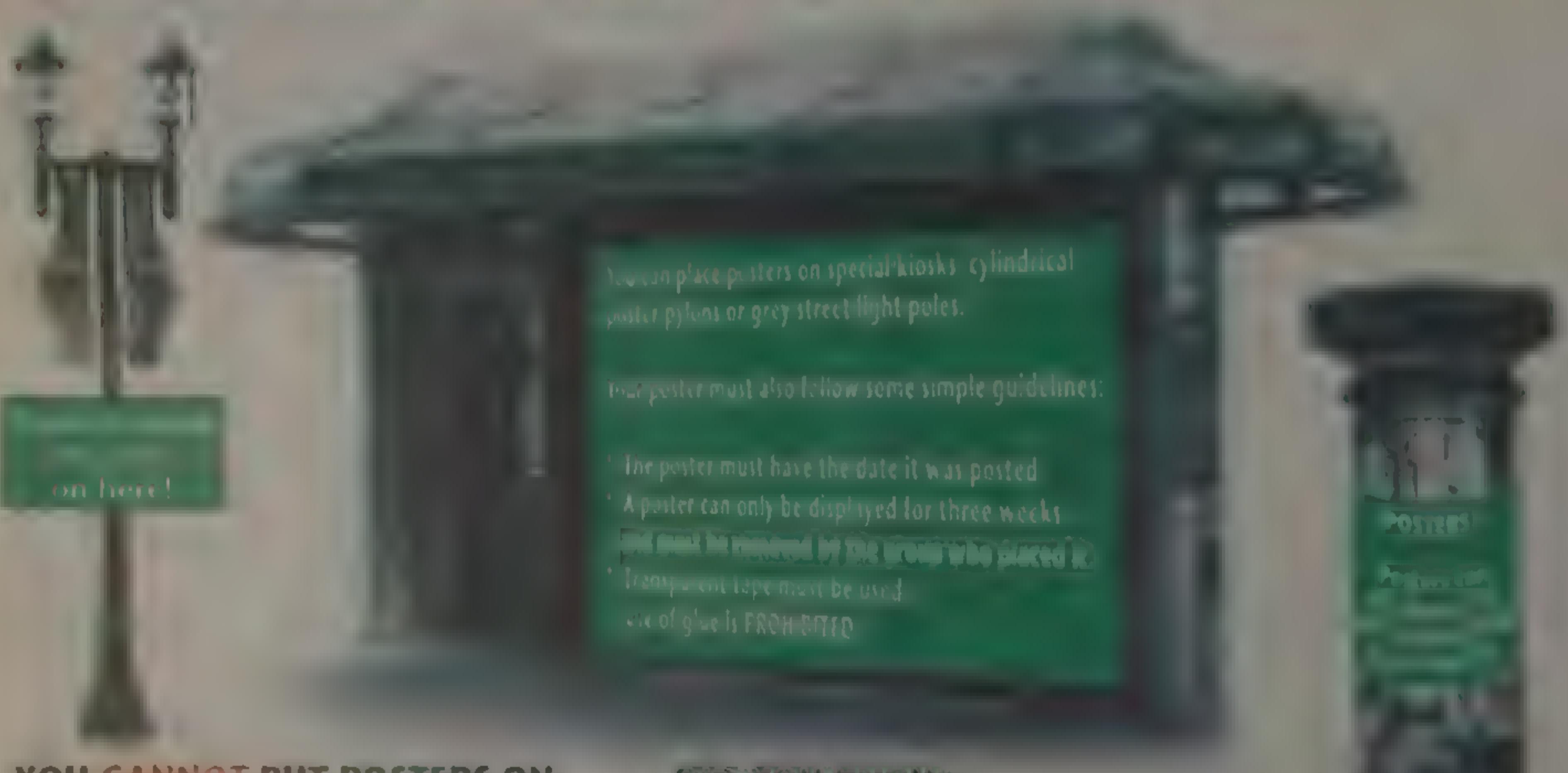
Fanning the flames of the controversy were two particularly extreme photos of Moss that appeared within a few weeks of each other in 1993: one was a photo by Sante D’Orazio that ran in *Allure* depicting her in a sheer Helmut Lang crop top and a pair of Gaultier hip-huggers that left her bare from her ribs to her hipbones; she appears to be sucking in her stomach so that the outline of her ribcage is visible beneath her skin—not exactly an erotic sight. The other photo ran as an ad for Calvin Klein’s Obsession perfume; it showed a naked, decidedly un-curvy Moss lying on a couch, her figure looking more like that of an adolescent boy than the then-popular, conventional notion of a fashion model.

However, it was the very fact that Moss didn’t look like a conventional fashion model that was part of what made her so very appealing. In the ‘80s, the most popular models tended to be tall, Amazonian types like Brooke Shields and Paulina Porizkova and über-California blondes like Christie Brinkley. Kate Moss has become so synonymous with the notion of “unattainable beauty” that it’s easy to forget what an anomaly she was, what a collection of flaws, when she burst onto the fashion scene in 1992. She was, technically speaking, too short for the runways. Her breasts were almost nonexistent, especially compared to the overflowing busts of Brinkley and Porizkova. Her teeth were irregularly spaced and obviously problematic. And unlike clean-living role models like Shields and Brinkley, Moss smoked too much, drank too much, liked wild men and stayed out dancing much too late at night. There are

Indeed, I’ve talked to several girls who see Moss as, believe it or not, a role model—or at least by far their favorite fashion icon. Skinny chicks with flat chests need people to look up to too, you know, and it’s about time Kate Moss’s reputation was rehabilitated. (My friend Judy, a naturally thin woman with a decidedly Moss-like figure, says, “The people who hate Kate Moss always go on about how she doesn’t have curves like a ‘real’ woman. And I always think, ‘Well, aren’t I real?’”) Few women have had their physical appearance as relentlessly and cruelly condemned in the media as Kate Moss, and you’ve got to admit, she weathered the criticism with remarkable grace and dignity. And even if you’re not a woman with a little more meat on their bones, can we at least agree that, on the grand scale of history’s greatest forces of evil, the Nazis were dreadfully worse? ☀

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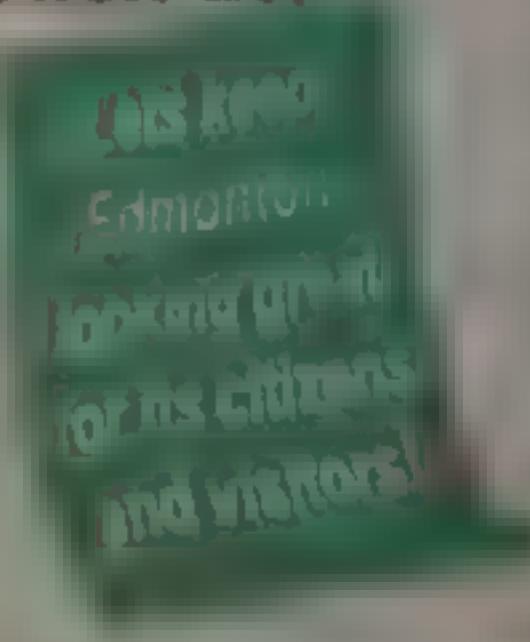
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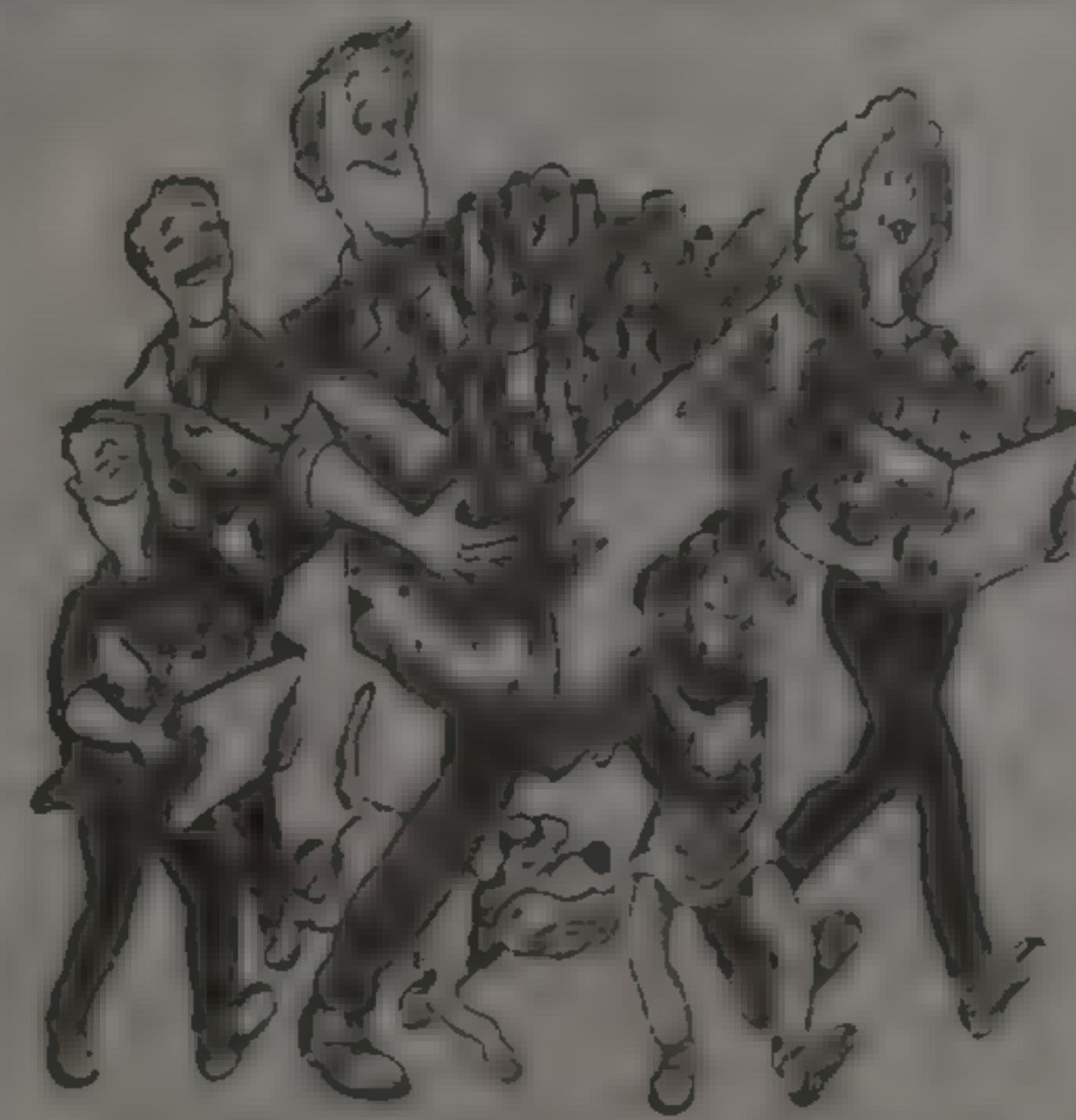
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Is that bun loaded?

The chefs at Motorauant burger joint have created a Monster

BY DAVID DIGENZO

It took mere moments for my buddy and I to decide what we were having from Motorauant's tiny menu—the Monster Burger, two whole friggin' pounds of beef at a steep, but seemingly reasonable price of \$13.95.

"Does it take two people to carry it, like in the picture?" asks Colin, referring to the menu cartoon depicting a huge, steaming burger hoisted up by a couple of Motorauant employees.

"No, but I'll bring a chainsaw to cut it," Carol, Motorauant's head honcho/server/cook, replies.

Carol wasn't kidding. Colin and I were in mid-conversation when I stopped dead and gawked in disbelief at the plate she was carrying toward our table. We had just been talking about how big we imagined the Monster to be but God's honest truth, it was the freakiest thing I've ever seen in a restaurant. Ever get one of those round loaves of bread that are about a foot in diameter? Well, that was the bun. I attempted to do some math—never a good idea for me—and concluded that scarfing down this slab of meat

would be equivalent to eating eight quarter-pound patties. Lucky us—we only had to worry about eating four apiece, seeing as we split the thing.

We studied it for a minute, trying come up with a plan of attack. Now Carol had mentioned the chainsaw, but she gave us a rather small knife to hack into the burger with. I started cutting down the middle and we then split our respective halves into quarters just to make the eating process somewhat manageable. Once it was all divvied up, the feast began. As far as burgers go, the Monster is a pretty standard item, if you can

restaurants

Ignore its size. The patty was charbroiled and all the toppings (lettuce, tomato and onion) were ultra-fresh. We split some fries on the side—those real nice ones with remnants of potato skin still on. Carol had asked if we wanted our own plate of fries each but she talked us down, noting that one to split would certainly be plenty.

RV makes a hamburger a beautiful thing

Fact is, Carol's friendly persona adds to the overall Motorauant experience, not that the place needed extra appeal. If the burger was the strangest thing I've ever seen at a restaurant, then the establishment itself was one the most unique restaurants I've ever

seen as well. We're not talking about a standard dining room. No, the Motorauant is a massive double-decker motor home complete with velvety red accents, set on the grounds of a whole complex featuring flowers, a garden and a lengthy barbecue pit.

"Velour, I had pantsuits made out of this," Colin says while groping the material on the wall beside us.

I couldn't believe that I had never made a trip down to this place in all the years I've spent in Edmonton. It's truly a fun experience—one that people have apparently been enjoying for almost two full decades. Ah, so what if I'm late figuring some of this shit out. Whaddaya gonna do?

After feebly attempting to make a dent in the Monster, we gave up hope and walked away with about a quarter for each of us in doggie bags. I squared up with Carol downstairs, told her thanks and mentioned that I would definitely be back there again. Tuesdays seem like a good night for a repeat visit. They're called "Toonie Tuesdays at Motorauant" and hot dogs are 99 cents each. Hey, wait a minute—Toonie Tuesdays? 99-cent dogs? Am I missing something here? I told you math wasn't a strong suit.

One equation I do know, however, is this: the Monster will not fit inside a mortal's stomach. ☺

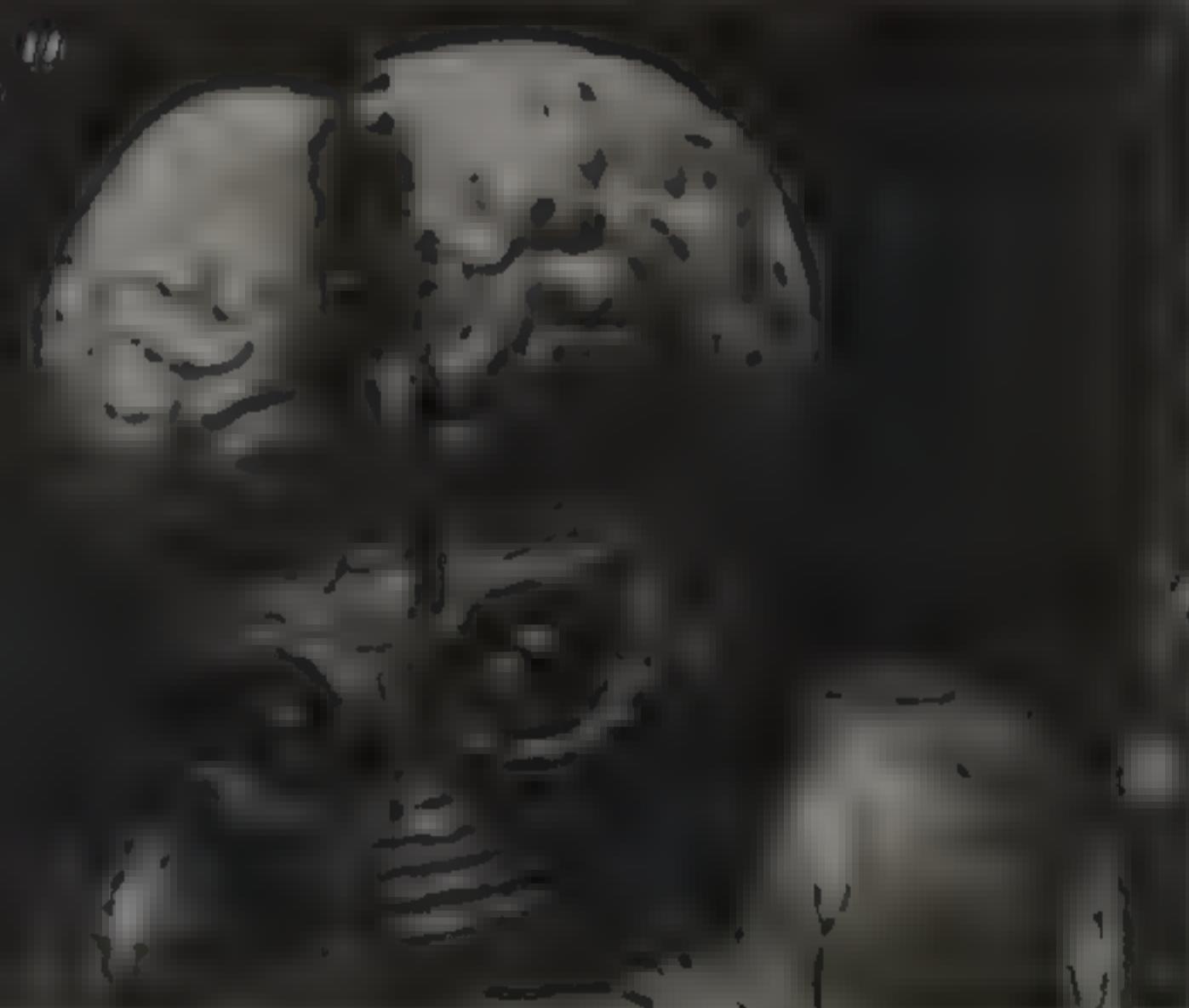
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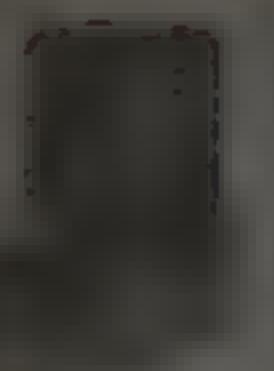
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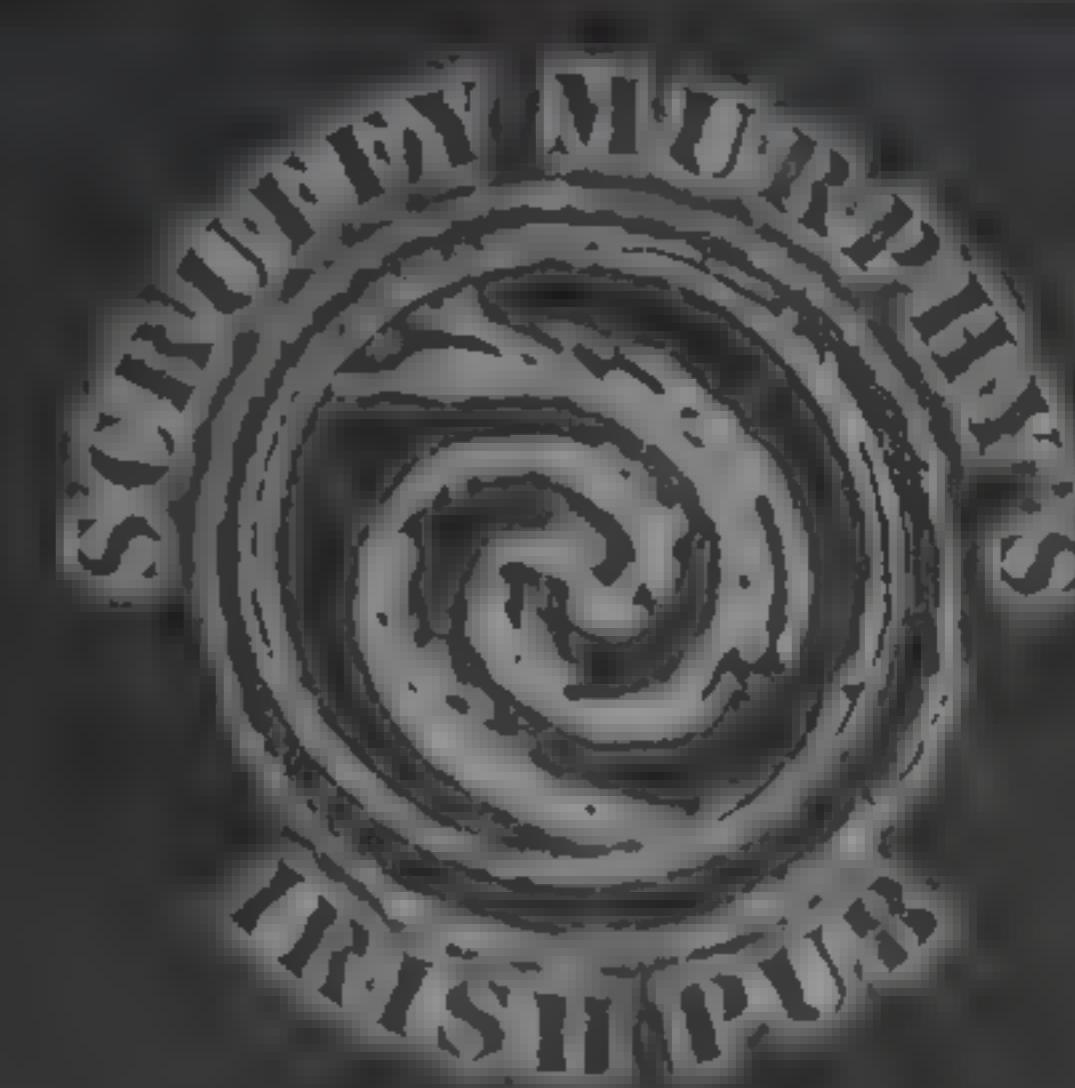
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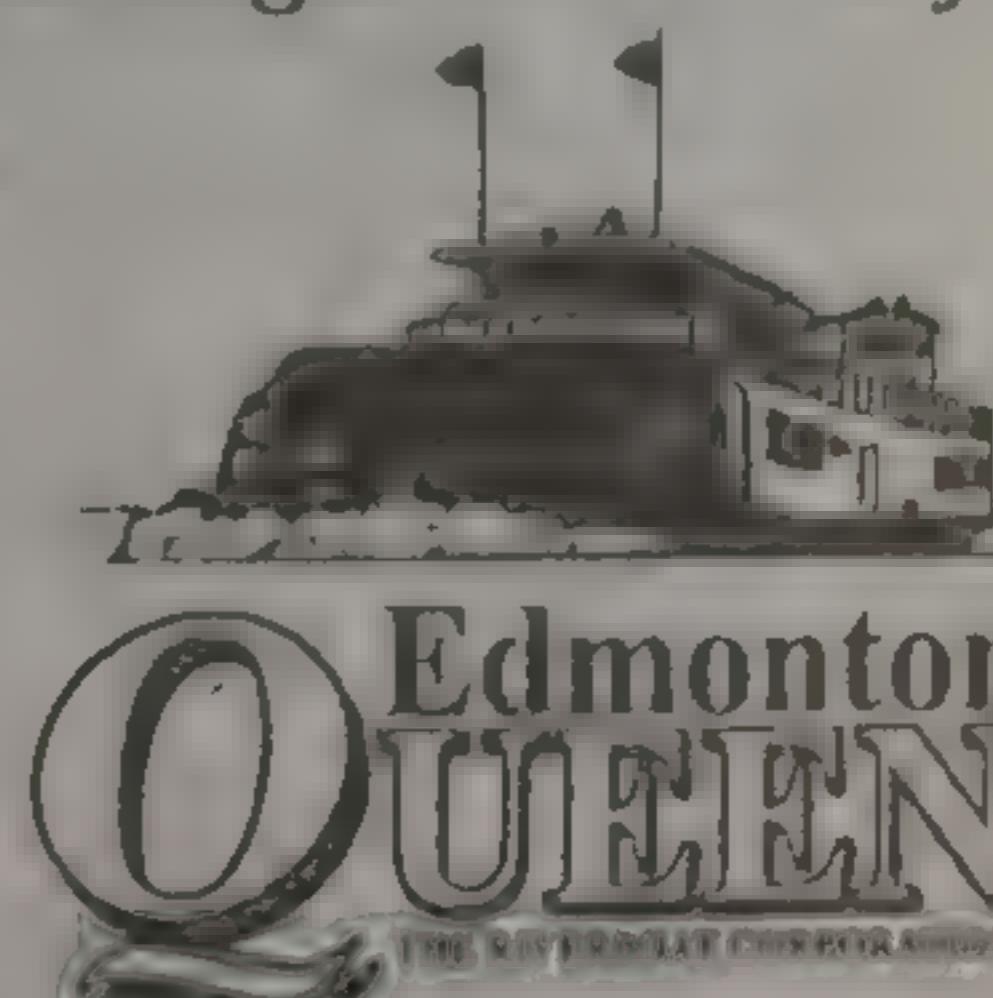

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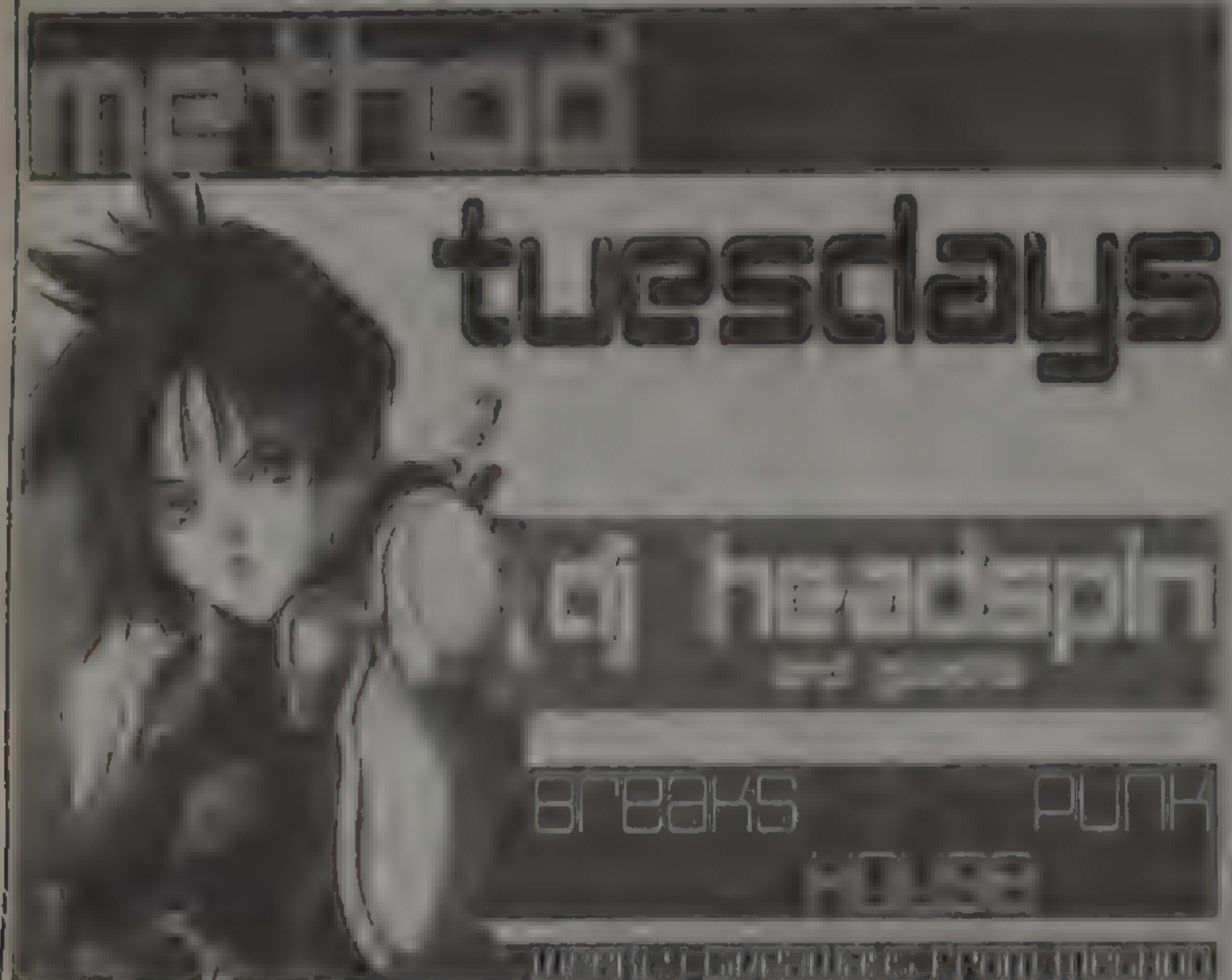
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Continued from previous page

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The Tee House (52404 Range Rd. 221, Ardrossan, AB, 922-2279, 922-6963.) Country fresh foods for lunch, dinners or breakfast. Antiques, local arts and crafts and unique gifts to browse around. Breakfast and lunch \$; dinner \$-\$\$. Non-smoking

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Genghis Grill (10080 Jasper Ave., 424-6197) "A Mongolian food experience." Soon opening dinner cafe. \$

Man's Café (12520-118 Ave., 452-3672) A super stop for a variety of tasty treats. Make sure to try the Oriental stirfry. Smoking. \$

Marco Polo (4206, 9700-T05 Ave., 428-3388) The classiest Chinese restaurant in Edmonton. Smoking. \$

Noodle Noodle (10008-106 Ave., 422-6862) The best dim sum in Edmonton. Non-smoking. \$

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Cilantro's on 111th (10322-111 St., 424-6182) Wide selection of dishes from kiwi mussels to blackened catfish or mini rack of lamb. \$

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Richie Mill Bar and Grill (10171 Saskatchewan Dr., 431-1717) Century old fieldstone walls create a cozy atmosphere in which to enjoy a variety of dishes or relax during happy hour 4-6 p.m. Smoking. \$\$-\$

Sidetrack Café (10333-112 St., 421-1326) Whether you like succulent steak, decadent eggs Benedict in the morning or late night chicken wings, the Sidetrack Café kitchen will do it for you. Smoking in the lounge. \$-\$

Teak Room (16615-109 Ave., 484-0821) Enjoy a fine dining experience with gourmet dishes prepared by our award-winning chefs. Non-smoking. \$\$\$

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Asian Hut Restaurant (4620-99 St., 436-8267) Try the best East India has to offer. \$-\$

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Continental Treat (10560-82 Ave., 433-7432) Enjoy excellent European cuisine in an elegant yet comfortable atmosphere. Non-smoking. \$

Madison's Grill (Union Bank Inn, 10053 Jasper Ave., 423-3600) Unique historical building; upscale regional cuisine with a European influence. Non-smoking. \$

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The Russian Tea Room (10312 Jasper Ave., 426-0000) Romantic, quiet restaurant in the heart of downtown. Best cheesecake in town. European and Ukrainian cuisine. Palm readings daily. Non-smoking and smoking. \$-\$

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The Blue Pear (10643-123 St., 482-7178) Open Weds-Sat. The Blue Pear serves a French style five course prix fixe menu that changes every two weeks. The current menu can be viewed at www.thebluepear.com. Reservations are highly recommended. \$

La Boheme (6427-112 Ave., 474-5693) A rare establishment where the alchemy of the surroundings, food, drink and service combine to create something approaching the art of living well. \$\$\$

Cafe Amadine (8523-91 St., 465-1919) Fine French cuisine. Entertainment on Friday and Saturday. Non-smoking. \$

The Creperie (10220-103 St., 420-6656) Award-winning Edmonton institution without haute price Non-smoking. \$

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VUEWEEKLY

DISHWEEKLY

Continued from previous page

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music



What part of Lowe don't you understand?

Nick Lowe's second stint in the spotlight is just as exciting as his first

By DAVE JOHNSTON

For much of his professional career, Nick Lowe helped out other people's careers. As a songwriter, he's crafted some of pop music's most sublime moments, while his production résumé stretches from Elvis Costello's early work to John Hiatt. Somewhere in

there, he also found some time to be a pop star himself, beginning with the 1979 breakthrough album *Labour of Lust*, which netted him two hit singles, "Cruel to Be Kind" and "Crackin' Up."

After a string of albums through the 1980s, Nick Lowe seemed to fall off the map. He stopped producing other people's albums. He was also a long way away from the top of the charts. Although many of his songs continued to be staples for other musicians, Lowe himself was no longer a big star. Which suited him fine.

"I just figured that I had to pull

myself together and really work out my career when my turn as a pop star came to an end around 1981, which I always knew was going to happen," the singer/songwriter chuckles over the phone during a festival tour stop in California. "It was no great surprise. I really enjoyed it when it was going on, but I was sort of glad when it was winding down because I was sort of getting fed up with it."

In a business increasingly unwilling to accept age, Lowe decided to take another route, looking toward his heroes in jazz and blues for inspiration. "In jazz, you can never be too old, or blues, or country music, for that matter," he says. "But in pop music, it's 'Nope, you're too old, next please!' So I had to work it out as an asset, the fact that I was getting older, so it would get to the point of 'Ooh, I can't wait to get as old as Nick Lowe!' It seems so ludicrously simple now, but at the time I couldn't fathom it."

Yep Roc heresy

In the last few years, however, the world appears to have come around to his way of thinking. Critics and fans have heaped praise over the trilogy of albums the Londoner has recorded for indie label Yep Roc, which have put Lowe back onstage in front of a new generation of willing ears. Starting with *The Impossible Bird*, through *Dig My Mood* and ending up with *The Convincer*, Lowe has reinvented his career by singing his familiar repertoire of songs about cheatin' and hurtin', but without compromisin' an ounce of creative integrity.

It hasn't been easy. Lowe had never been happy with the recording methodology he experienced in the business, where expensive studio time would be squandered on uneven performances as a result of overdubs and unnecessary technology like drum machines that seemed to rob his songs of their simple magic.

"I couldn't get anybody to help me with it or understand without metaphorically patting me on the head and telling me that I shouldn't be bloody Frank Sinatra and just do it like everyone else," he laughs. "I didn't want to make rock records. I'm fed up with it and I'm too old. It's too noisy. So I finally found some people that felt the same as me about music, and then suddenly all I needed was some really good songs."

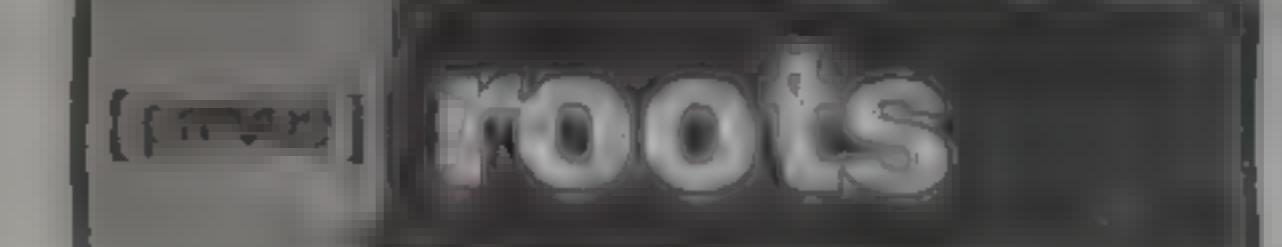
In a development like something out of one of his own songs, Lowe's own life provided his inspiration he sought when a relationship came to a catastrophic end. "It was

like somebody just reached in and pulled my heart out and squashed it tight in my face," he recalls. "It's something that happens to us all—it's a rite of passage. So when that happened, it was a beastly experience, but my God, a light just went on! I knew I could use this. I didn't want to set my diary to music—that's really dull—but I'm a pop songwriter, so I invent characters to tell my story."

In it for the long haul

Those stories inspired the songs on all three albums, but rather than pile the musicians into the studio to scribble out notes, Lowe turned to the simple environment of a community hall a mile from his home in west London. He frequently rented the space, usually reserved for aerobics classes and Cub Scout meetings, for afternoons at a time, sitting alone with his guitar and singing his ideas to the rafters until they started to sound like songs he heard someone else sing a long time ago.

"I'll spend the afternoon singing these songs over and over again," he explains. "I'll do them every which way—fast, slow—and when the songs come back to you down from the rafters, it's amazing how much clearer you can hear the song than if you were playing them in your liv-



ing room, recording it and listening to it back. Through a process of always pulling stuff out, you get to strip the fat out of the thing and get it all working for you, and you know this song inside and out."

From there, he would take the songs into the studio and record them with next to no rehearsal, straight from the floor. "I'd show them the song once or twice, so they hardly know it at all—and I know it intimately—and the red light goes on and I sing it. And the guys are so good that they know what I'm going for. It doesn't always happen, but there's a real good chance that having this other element come in, this atmospheric thing, that you don't know what's going to happen, I listen to a lot more jazz nowadays than I used to as a young man. I'm by no means a jazzman, but when I listen to those great Ben Webster or Lester Young combos, I think, 'Boy, why can't I have some of that stuff on my records?' I think that's what people are hearing in my records now."

Rich, creamy nuggets

Making each album became a process of topping the accomplishments of the previous disc, Lowe says, which he enjoyed immensely. "After we did *Impossible Bird*, we figured things turned out really well, but we still figured that we could do better. But of course we had to wait until we had some cool songs. You've got to wade through an awful lot of rubbish before you get to a nugget. And you've got to have about 20 ideas before you can think about making an album. So at the

end of each album, especially the last three, I thought, 'Right. That's as good as it gets,' but then we'd get excited and suddenly some more songs come along. Then finally we came to *The Convincer*. We really liked what we did on *Dig My Mood*, but we decided to see if we could get it even better. And at the end of each record, I think, 'That's it, the well's run dry.'"

As always, inspiration is waiting right around the corner. Lowe has made a comfortable living from other people doing his songs, a famous example being his million-dollar payday when Curtis Stigers covered "(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding" for the *Bodyguard* soundtrack—a song Lowe has been willing to dust off during his concerts to this day. There have been other lucrative covers, he says, but he's often more thrilled when he hears someone taking one of his creations and turning them inside out.

"I'm always pleased when someone cuts a version of one of my songs, but sometimes they can be artistically disappointing when you hear them do it," he says. "They'll love the song, but they'll slavishly pay homage to it. Paradoxically, the biggest compliment you can be paid is when someone does your song completely differently—they'll throw away the melody and chuck away half the chords, and basically keep all the words. What you've created has moved them—touched them—so much that they figure that they can tell the story just as well. 'I know what he's talking about,' is what they seem to say, 'and here comes my bloody version!' It's a two-fisted approach that really appeals to me."

Wisdom of Solomon

He counts Johnny Cash's version of "The Beast in Me" (from *American Recordings*) as one of his favourites, but he was happily devastated when he heard Solomon Burke's version of "The Other Side of the Coin" that was included on the legend's recent album *Don't Give Up On Me*.

"He did such a great job with that tune—I couldn't believe it. When I heard it, I fell on my knees," Lowe laughs. "It was so much better when it returned to London than it was when it left."

Lowe is partial to dropping a few covers on his albums, most recently a version of "Poor Side of Town" on *The Convincer*. He works them the same way he does his own material, toying with them until they begin to feel like something he would have written. It's a little bit of payback for all the spirits that have come before him and inspired him to pick up a guitar in the first place, at the tender age of eight.

"Even if I was really prolific, I'd always put a couple of covers on my albums because I think it demonstrates that you're not obsessed with yourself." He laughs again. "Even if you are."

Nick Lowe
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MUSIC NOTES



BY PHIL DUPERRON

Rudie can't fail

General Rudie • **With Bedouin Soundclash** • **New City Likwid Lounge** • **Thu, Aug 1** If you're a Montreal ska band in the middle of a tour looking for a hometown crowd, go to Banff. At least, that's the advice of Phil Rudie, lead singer/saxophonist for General Rudie. He was amazed by the number of Quebecers in the crowd looking for a down-home dancehall bash.

But few things surprise him anymore, it seems. The band's been around for nearly six years but he's the only original member left. "It's pretty tough, actually," says Rudie of the constant reformation, "but I think it worked out for the best in the end. When we started out, we didn't really know what direction we wanted to take, but as people are leaving you can bring on like-minded people. I think we have the perfect crew now. We get along pretty well, too. We've been on the road two months and we don't get into too many fights."

General Rudie were lucky enough to miss ska's mainstream "revival," so people are free to check out their shows and listen to "Cooling the Mark" without seeming trendy. He says much of the older ska crowd, once tired of rubbing shoulders with 2-Tone poseurs, have returned to the fold—and a host of young new fans have found their way to ska on their own too. At recent California date, Rudie says, "The club was packed, and no one was over 16." But it was Victoria's Ska-Fest that really showed him the genre is still alive and skanking.

"You think ska's dead," Rudie says, "and you get a huge show in Victoria with 1,000 kids and they were all buying discs and shirts like crazy. It gives you some hope for gigs in other cities."

Can I get a Witness?

Witness Protection Program • **With Parkade and Fractal Pattern** • **Spruce Ave Hall (10240-115 Ave)** • **Fri, Aug 2** If only there were some kind of resource for bands to hook up with reliable promoters across the country to book their own tours, you say. Ah, but there is. Ryan Wagner, guitarist for Vancouver's Witness Protection Program, took it upon himself to build an online database (www.jononation.com/tr/ctm) so others could benefit from his road experience, both good and bad. After booking the band's tours he realized he had valuable contacts he wanted to share with others instead of hoarding them. "I've dealt with people who want to hold onto their contacts," Wagner says. "To me it's ridiculous. I think it's total bullshit, really."

In fact, Wagner has taken the DIY attitude he learned in his early days a step farther. He owns Teenage Rampage

Records, both the Vancouver record shop and the label. It's small, but it's been picking up steam after signing the hot new metal act Three Inches of Blood and Edmonton's own Les Tabernacles. The operation has been getting a lot of media attention, but Wagner says it's still just about helping friends get their records out. By joining together and sharing resources, bands can make it easier to be heard. During a recent tour with other Vancouver acts, he realized his band was tapping into a bigger support network stretched out across the nation. "It's pretty rad knowing there's that kind of support," he says. "It makes it easier to book a tour now."

Witness Protection Program lives and writes together and shares all the responsibilities, which makes it easier on the individual members. They've just put out *Boom! Jam!*, a CD to take on the road this summer and things are speeding up. "We have a lot of momentum right now," says Wagner. "With four people helping, it's so much easier. There's a lot more interest from people if they have a part in what's going on. It's a lot more gratifying."

Mad about the oi

Emergency • **With the Cleats** • **Rev Cabaret** • **Sat, Aug 3** Twenty years ago, punk and its big, bald brother oi were fresh and new. Still scaring the piss out of normal society. Some bands from that golden age aren't worth remembering, but most live on as re-releases or collectors' items. When Fergus Stiver-MacLeod recorded a couple tracks on the infamous *Strength Through Oi* compilation in '81, he had no idea it would become a piece of history. They didn't even give him a free copy.

Four years ago, a chance meeting in a Vancouver record store showed him people were still listening to the Strike, his old band. "I just never expected anyone on the west coast of Canada to have records I was involved with. It's very cool," says Stiver-MacLeod, a native of Scotland.

The renewed interest in punk and oi impressed him so much that he formed Emergency with some like-minded skins from the Subway Thugs. He has no interest in resurrecting the past (other than a couple of covers) but wants to create new music in a similar vein. Emergency takes the power and anger of early punk and mixes it with the catchy, singalong qualities of oi. Stiver-MacLeod's seasoned voice turns it into pure magic.

He's seen the best and worst punk and oi had to offer (including a 1978 performance by the Clash) and is still alive to tell the tale, so he knows a thing or two about good songs. "We want to write songs people will remember," he says. "We don't like to have throwaway songs. Don't bother writing any duds."

A more perfect Union

The Jack Union • **With Stabilo Boss** • **Urban Lounge** • **Tue, Aug 6** The guys in The Jack Union still live in Vulcan and Nanton, the small Alberta towns they grew up in. But things are changing fast. They've got two singles off their first disc, *A Fine Madness*, which was engineered by Joey Moi of Nickelback fame at Vancouver's Green House Studios. Lead guitarist Simon Steele has already noticed the extra

attention he's been getting and thinks it's a bit strange. "We're kind of on the fast road, I guess," he says. "It's a little overwhelming at first. You can't forget playing in the basement, though. You have to stay grounded—a real person."

The Jack Union play the kind of guitar-driven, introspective rock that's doing so well these days and they're touring hard to keep the ball rolling. They've played some large festivals this summer and Steele is confident about the upcoming solo tour. He doesn't doubt the band's ability to win over a crowd, but still can't figure out what the fuss is all about. "It has changed," says Steele. "I was never the super-popular guy before. Now the cool people accept me, which is weird because I haven't changed. It's almost as if they have, towards me. I just play guitar, that's not so special. I don't consider myself above anyone."

Singin' in Ukraine

The Kubasonics • **Bonnie Doon Hall** • **Tue, Aug 8** Few bands have as deep a sense of history as the Kubasonics. Well-timed with the recent craze over Alberta's giant monuments, the band's recently released second album, *Giants of the Prairies*, extends their ambit to include Karmarno, Manitoba's giant mosquito and the enormous Ukrainian girl "Lesia" who welcomes visitors to the town of Canora, Saskatchewan. A self-described speed-folk band, the Kubasonics have taken traditional music to a new level, splicing old sounds from exotic instruments with blues and rockabilly rhythms chock full of Ukrainian/Canadian history. Aside from an aural version of his parents' *kyshka* recipe (a Ukrainian treat made from pig's blood and buckwheat), they also celebrate Billy Mosienko, a Ukrainian hockey player from Winnipeg who scored the fastest hat trick in history (three goals in 21 seconds).

As the designated leader of the Kubasonics, Brian Cherwick's appreciation of music as well as his personal background goes far beyond performing whimsical ditties at summer music festivals. Holding doctoral degrees in both Ukrainian folklore and ethnomusicology, Cherwick blends his academia with rich, personal knowledge to produce a truly exciting Canadian experience. "I do lots of shows in schools or community groups where I go out and play all these weird instruments and tell about their history," says Cherwick. "What I did to get that Ph.D. was crash weddings for about six years. I would hear where there was a wedding and drop in and ask the people if I could pull out my video camera. I usually had to wrestle with seven drunk uncles who were also videotaping."

A year later, Cherwick went to the Ukraine with another professor from the U of A studying Ukrainian dance to find some more weddings and continue documenting traditional music. "Crashing a wedding here takes you a day," he says, "whereas there it takes you three days because that's how long they usually last."

Along the way, Cherwick collected many rare and unusual Ukrainian instruments which he learned to play and are now an intrinsic part of the Kubasonics' live show. Besides providing both English and Ukrainian vocals on most tracks, Cherwick adds the

tsymbaly (hammered dulcimer), a Ukrainian hurdy-gurdy called a *hro* and has dedicated an entire song to the *drymbo*, a sort of mouth harp that produces distinctively eerie, eccentric twangs. "These are all instruments that I've collected on various trips to the Ukraine," Cherwick says, "and there'd be very few of them in Canada—maybe one or two, and those would be under a window in a museum someplace." —JENNY FENIAK

Chrome wasn't built in a day

The Chrome Magpies • Black Dog Freehouse • Wed, Aug 7 When Gabriel blows his mighty horn, what happens to true believers who were tying one on the night before and are too hungover to hear the call? The Chrome Magpies have the answer. But you'll have to pick up *Hung Over on Judgment Day* and hear it for yourself, 'cause singer Tim Balash isn't talking. Seriously, though; don't expect any gospel tunes on this disc, unless stripped-down rock is your idea of a religious experience. If that don't get you praying, there's also the necessary country influence. "I think you get

it down out there," he says. "People have that," says Balash.

The Chrome Magpies have been preening their feathers for two years and started playing seriously last summer. But with the release of *Hung Over*, recorded by Ian Martin at the enchantingly named Twilight Living Room, they're ready to take Alberta by storm with a six-date mini-tour. "We get to pretend we're a real band for a week," says Balash. It's their first time on the road so he expect to starve a little, but he didn't join a rock 'n' roll band to get rich. Balash figures he's made "about five cents an hour for 20 years" playing music, he says. "It beats punching the clock. Fun can compensate for a lot of basic nutrients."

James of chance

Rubella • With Woodabeen and Drive By Punch • Stars • Wed, Aug 7 When Rubella discussed touring to support their latest untitled disc, they decided to stick with Canada. Normal enough—if you're from around here. But this three-piece smart-punk outfit calls Portland, Oregon home.

"None of us were interested in tour-

ing the States," says James James (who has a family name, but only uses it at family reunions. I'd say he's the band's guitarist, but he plays an "Electromatic Sparkle Jet" and he sounds just crazy enough to take offence if I call it anything different). "We're not at all enamoured by the States. We'd be driving through middle America and we'd be really bored. We could be driving through Manitoba instead, which seems a lot cooler. I guess the grass is always greener on the other side of the border."

The rest of the band are busy at a tree-sit, shackled to some leafy friends in danger of being bulldozed. James says they tell bad jokes anyway, so I'm content to speak with him. It's a strange but lucid conversation about marketing surveys, border guards, books, language, his "psychiatrist-type person" and obscure musical genres like hard bop and post-bop. His own band plays short infectious songs with a lot of made-up lyrics. "Most of our songs are a minute, minute-and-a-half long," says James. "Our sets are really short. There's no point in playing more than 10 songs. We either stop when I break too many strings to play—or, hopefully, when we finish." □

celebrate the Alberta College centenary in the fall of 2003. The Alberta College Conservatory of Music, however, retains its name and its "exceptional environment."

Though neither Anderson nor Busby can fully describe what the future holds in store since some of the "synergy" will develop over time, they feel everyone should gain. Anderson is especially enthusiastic about the additional resources and opportunities that will be available to students. "We're excited about the opportunity to work with Grant MacEwan, and Grant MacEwan is excited about working with us," she says. She also sees the integration of the Conservatory as a whole as a sign the Alberta government understands what the Conservatory means to the community. Busby expresses similar enthusiasm and describes Grant MacEwan as "a very collaborative institution."

The Grant MacEwan Centre for the Arts (formerly known as the Jasper Place Campus) already has an active music program. However, it is mostly for post-secondary students who've already identified goals and are working for credits, while the Conservatory works with students at earlier stages, and with their parents. Ninety per cent of the teaching at the Conservatory is non-credit. "The two campuses are two different businesses," says Anderson. "What each does supports activities of the other.... We prepare the students, and they move into the credit program."

Though they've been in transition for the last few months—"closing operations, opening operations and continuing operations [all at the same time]"—the Conservatory is building on earlier initiatives such as additional ensemble opportunities and workshops to support private lessons. After all, says Anderson, "music is made together as a community project."

This summer, there has been a full range of activities at the Conservatory. John McCormick started it all off with his popular summer percussion workshops. Not only did McCormick give

students of all ages an opportunity to play music from around the world on authentic instruments, but he also taught them to play bowls, pots and vacuum cleaner hoses. (Perhaps you had to be there!)

Camp Alberta College, now in its fourth year, offers school-age children a full-day program while their parents are at work. In the morning, there's three hours in the computer lab with instructor Daniel Perry, where they learn everything from basic computer functions to using PowerPoint and designing websites. At noon, there's an Adventure Tour of a downtown facility such as the Winspear Centre, the Film and Video Archives (FAVA) or the water fountain at City Hall. Then there's an afternoon of mixed-media arts and percussion instruction with Greg Pretty.

Pretty not only crosses musical genres like McCormick and Damur, but he also mixes his arts. He normally teaches art at the University of Alberta and frequently English 30, which he describes as "art written in English," as part of Alberta College's summer school program. He's also the drummer for Daddy Longlegs, the eight-piece horn band playing the Sidetrack Café tonight (Thursday).

This is Pretty's first year with Camp Alberta College, and he's coping well with the drop-in nature of the program. "It's a very diverse group," he says. "Age doesn't really matter." He manages to keep up to a dozen students busy improvising with four drum kits and other percussion instruments, while in the art section he teaches concepts through a variety of projects.

Camp Alberta College has almost finished its run this summer. However, parents can still book spaces for next week. To register, call 432-6230. The Summer String Orchestra Workshop (August 12 to 17), and the Summer Band Workshop (August 19 to 23) are also open for registrations. Other summer programs—piano camps, theory classes, trumpet workshops, vocal accompanying seminars—are finished, but no doubt will be held again in July and August of 2003. □

CLASSICAL NOTES

inside the concert halls

BY ALLISON KYDD

A game of musical chairs?

Has one of the oldest post-secondary institutions in the province, Alberta College Conservatory of Music, actually spawned versatile, free-wheeling musicians such as Bill Damur, Don Ehret and percussionist John McCormick? Or have musicians with an entrepreneurial flair simply been attracted to management that handles paperwork and books students without making the faculty into employees? Ideally, faculty and administration should have a mutually supportive relationship, and Bonnie Anderson, director of the Conservatory for over three years, feels this won't change as the venerable college comes under the public education umbrella by becoming a campus of Grant MacEwan College.

The transition ceremony took place on July 2 and ended several years of uncertainty about the Conservatory's fate while Alberta College made several attempts to

restructure itself. Unfortunately, it was simply unable to rise above its financial and organizational challenges as a private institution.

That's over now, says Anderson, adding, "Now is the time to build and grow and thrive." Though Alberta College as an entity no longer exists, McCormick, director of marketing and communications for Grant MacEwan, is the only administrator to

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CIRCUS & AWOL ONE

MONDAY AUGUST 12 SHARPS
CIRCUS & AWOL ONE

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Fridays:
Clandestine presents
expressions
David Lee + Darcy Ryan

\$5 Cover / Doors at 9PM
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Saturdays
DJ CROWN ROYAL
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MUSIC WEEKLY

Get **wired**
with Shannon Tyler Weeknights at 11:30 pm

For a FREE listing, fax 426-2889 or
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Deadline is 3pm Friday.

ALTERNATIVE

NEW CITY LIQUID LOUNGE
10161/57-112 St., 413-4578. THU 1:
General Rudie, Bedouin Soundclash.
FRI 2: Paul Bellows and the Dead
Canadas, The Alun Piggins Band. SAT
3: Furnace Maintenance (CD release
celebration), 66 Breakout. THU 8:
Danko Jones. Adv. tickets @
TicketMaster, Blackbyrd Myoozik,
Listen, Freecloud, New City. FRI 9:
Folkfest After Party: Sqrt. Singalong and
the Military. SAT 10: Folkfest After
Party: Tanyss Nixi and the Western
Casket Factory, A Girl Named Sue.
WED 14: Warsaw Pack w/ DJs Cool
Curt and Slacks. THU 15: Old Reliable,
Agnostic Mountain Gospel Choir. FRI
16: Dale Morningstar, Jack Harlan,
Anita Athavale.

REV 10030-102 St., 423-7820. FRI 2:
Luther Wright and the Wrongs, The
Swiftees. SAT 3: The Cleats. FRI 9: The
Summerlad, The Politburo, Sylvie.
MON 12: Circus, Awol One, Busdriver.
WED 14: The New Pornographers, The
Gay, MidCity Team. FRI 16: Pangina,
Ham and The Organ. SAT 17: The
Makers, The Skinny, Vertical Struts.

BLUES AND ROOTS

THE ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL
7704-104 St., 432-4611. •Every THU
(9pm): Open mic night with Leona.
FRI 9-SAT 10: Acoustaholics.

THE BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE
10425 Whyte Ave., 439-1082. •Every
SAT (3-6pm): Hair of the Dog. No
cover. WED 7: Tim Balash and the
Chrome Magpies (CD release party).

BLUES ON WHYTE Commercial
Hotel, 10329 Whyte Ave., 439-5058
THU 1: Homestead Recorders
Showcase Feat: The Ghettoblasters,
LVCK, Coldspot and the Schematics,
Las Vegas Crypt Keepers. SUN 4:

House Party Blues Band. FRI 5-SAT 10:
J.W. Jones Band. SUN 11: House Party
Blues Band. MON 12-WED 14: J.W.
Jones Band. THU 15-SAT 17: R.J.
Mischo.

CAPITOL HILL PUB Blues at the Hill,
14203 Stony Plain Rd., 464-3063.
FRI 2-SAT 3: Doctor Boogie and the
X-Rays.

**CLIFF CLAYVIN'S RESTAURANT
And PUB** 9710-105 St., 424-1614.
•Every MON (8-12pm): Open stage
hosted by Randy Smallman, Pascal
Lecours, Umberto Madeiras.

DUSTERS 6402-118 Ave., 474-5554.
•Every THU: Open stage w/ Keep Six.

FILTHY McNASTY'S PUBLIC HOUSE
10511-82 Ave., 432-5224. •Every SUN:
Open stage hosted by Mike Caton.
•Every MON: Metal Mondays hosted
by the Bear's Yukon Jack. •Every WED:
Boogie Nites. THU 1: The Uncas Old
Boys. THU 8: Shift. THU 15: The
Wowzers.

GRINDER STEAKHOUSE AND BAR
10957-124 St., 453-1709. FRI 2-SAT 3
(9:30pm): Blue Gator. No cover.

HONEST MURK'S BAR AND GRILL
8937-82 Ave., 463-6397. •Every
THU/FRI: Live bands. THU 1 (9-
11:30pm)-FRI 2 (9pm-1am): Mr. Lucky
(blues, boogie, R&B).

MEZZA LUNA LATIN CLUB 10238-
104 St., 423-LUNA. •Every WED and
THU (9-11pm): Latin dance lessons.
•Every weekend: Live Latin music. FRI
2-SUN 4: Los Caminantes. FRI 9-SAT
10: Orchestra Energia.

O'BYRNE'S 10616 Whyte Avenue,
414-6766. •Every SUN (9:30pm):
Open stage hosted by Joe Bird.
•Every MON: Industry night with
music by The Suchy Sisters. THU 1
(9:30pm): Jon, Tim, and Troy (of
Northwest Passage).

ROSEOWL PIZZA AND LOUNGE
10111-117 St., 482-5152. •Every SUN:
Sunday night jam with host Mike
McDonald.

SCRUFFY MURPHY'S IRISH PUB
Whitemud Crossing, 485-1717.
•Every MON (9:30pm): Open stage
hosted by Chris Wynters. •Every TUE:
Industry Night.

SECOND CUP 10303 Jasper
Ave., 424-7468. •Every THU (7:30-
10:30pm): Acoustic open stage
hosted by Ron Taylor.

SIDETRACK CAFÉ 10333-112 St.,
421-1326. •Every THU (7-9pm): What
Happens Next? (comedy improv show)
hosted by Graham Neil of CFRN TV,
starring Donovan Workun of Atomic
Improv. •Every SAT (3-7pm):
Afternoons at the Sidetrack: Hosted by
Tim Lent. Special guests and a jam. All
ages event, kids welcome. No cover.
•Every SUN (8pm): Sunday Night Live:
Punchline Scramble - The Comedy
Game Show. THU 1 (9:30pm): Daddy
Longlegs, Feat, Jim Gray (Darkroom).
\$4 cover. SAT 3 (4pm): E.C. Scott. All
ages show. \$5 cover; free under 12.
FRI 2-SAT 3 (10pm): E.C. Scott (soul).
\$10 cover. SUN 4 (10pm): Sunday
Night Live: Joint Chiefs, Punchline
Scramble, DJ Dudeman. \$6 cover.
MON 5-WED 7 (9:30pm): The Ben
Sures Banditos. No cover. THU 8
(9:30pm): The Clumsy Lovers. \$4
cover. FRI 9-SAT 10: Fifth Season with
TwentyFold (CD release) and Haven.
\$6 cover. SUN 11 (8pm): Sunday
Night Live: Matthew's Grin, Punchline
Scramble, DJ Dudeman. \$6 cover.
MON 12-TUE 13 (9:30pm): My Huge
Ass, Frankly, I'm Stumped. No cover.
WED 14: (7:30pm) Early Show: Andy
White w/ Bob Kemmis. \$6 cover.
(10pm) Late Show: My Huge Ass. No
cover. THU 15 (9:30pm): Tom Wilson
with guests Linda McRae, Cheerful
Lonesome, Bob Kemmis. \$8 cover. FRI
16-SAT 17 (10pm): Painting Daisies,
Jon Nordstrom. (4pm): All ages con-
cert. \$6 cover. SUN 18 (8pm): Sunday
Night Live: Firewater, Punchline
Scramble, DJ Dudeman. \$6 cover.

SEE PAGE 43

PUR
SUNDAY



EVERYDAY

MUSIC WEEKLY

Continued from previous page

TUE 20 (9:30pm): Mike Band (folk, rock, pop). No WED 21 (9:30pm): Alejandro Tunes Nixi and the Casket Factory. TIX \$11. Sat 25 (8pm) show @ door. Adv. tickets \$10.

SUGARBOWL CAFÉ AND BAR 10025-101 St., 438-3469. • Every SUN (2-Spm): PROxyBOY (live chill-out electronica). • Every SUN (8:30pm): Brett Miles presents Rise. Inspirational instruments (pass the hat).

TIM'S GRILL 7106-109 St., 413-9606. • Every SAT: Open stage hosted by Tim Becker.

CLASSICAL

McDOUGALL UNITED CHURCH 10025-101 St., 428-3737, 420-1757. SAT 3 (8pm): Richard Eaton Singers, Camerata Vocale Freiberg. TIX \$15 adult, \$12 student/senior @ TIX on the Square, @ door.

CLUBS

BARRY T'S GRAND CENTRAL STATION 6111-104 St., 438-2582. • Every WED/FRI: Top 40 w/ DJ Damian. • Every SAT: '80s night w/ DJ Damian.

CASINO EDMONTON 9055 Argyll Rd., 463-9467. FRI 2-SAT 3: Hoffman and Brown Trio (pop/rock). FRI 9-SAT 10 (9pm-1am): Ozzie and Harriett. FRI 16-SAT 17: Madison County (country rock).

CASINO YELLOWHEAD 12464-153 St., 463-9467. THU 1-SAT 3: The Headlines (pop/rock). THU 8-SAT 10: Brian Sklar Tex Pistols. THU 15-SAT 17: Souled Out (pop/rock).

DEVLIN'S MARTINI BAR 10507-82 Ave., 437-7489. • Every SUN: DJ Diabolic spins the in sounds from way out.

FORTY-FOUR MAGNUM CLUB 8318-144 Ave., 475-8702. • Every SAT: Open Stage Jams. All bands, singers and musicians welcome. FRI 2-SAT 3 (9pm-1:30am): Math Debatoines. No cover. SAT 3 (3-7pm): Jam. No cover.

GALLERY LOUNGE Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave. 484-0821. • Every THU-SAT: DJ Steve.

CAS PUMP 10166-114 St., 488-4841. • Every TUE/WED: Karaoke. • Every THU-SAT: DJ.

GREENHOUSE NIGHTCLUB Neighbourhood Inn, 13103 Fort Rd., 472-9898. • Every WED-SAT: DJ Travis.

CONCERTS

BONNIE DOON HALL 9240-93 St., 942-2087, 420-1757. SUN 25 (6pm doors; 7-10pm music): Alberta Roots Music Society Presents: The Drum Brothers. TIX \$12 adv., \$15 @ door. Adv. tickets @ Blackbyrd Myoozik, Cleas Bookshop, Myhre's Music, Sound Connection, TIX on the Square.

DELWOOD COMMUNITY LEAGUE HALL 7515 Delwood Rd., 420-1757. • FRI, Aug. 9 (6:30 door), SUN, Aug. 11 (1pm door): From the Edge (live CD recording). All ages event. TIX \$10 @ door, @ TIX on the Square.

FESTIVAL PLACE 449-FEST (3378), 451-8000. WED 21 (7:30pm): Wednesday Night Patio Series: Dale

Nikkel (alt. folk), Samantha King (bluesy pop).

JUBILEE AUDITORIUM 11455-87 Ave., 451-8000. • WED, Sept. 11 (8pm): Kenny Rogers. TIX starting at \$79 @ TicketMaster. • WED, Sept. 25-THU, Sept. 26 (6:30pm door; 7:30pm show): The Tragically Hip, Sam Roberts. TIX \$39.50, \$49.50, \$59.50 @ TicketMaster.

LABATT BLUES FESTIVAL Hawrelak Park, www.BluesInternationalLtd.com. • FRI, Aug. 23-SUN, Aug. 25. TIX \$70 @ TicketMaster, Chateau Louis Hotel, Southside Sound.

RED'S WEM, 481-6420, 451-8000. • SAT, Aug. 3: Latin Fest: Orquesta Energia. No minors. • SUN, Aug. 4: Fiesta 2.0: Hip Hop R&B Beach party: Urbanopolis Sound Crew. No minors. WED 7: Edwin and the Pressure, Deep Fine Grind. TIX \$14.95 adv. All ages event. Licensed area. • SAT, Aug. 10 (7pm door): Strung out (punk), Snapcase, Rise Against. TIX \$17 adv. @ TicketMaster, Blackbyrd Myoozik, Freecloud, Listen, FS Snowboard and Skateboard, Method, Red's. All ages licensed event. • SAT, Aug. 17 (7pm door): Misfits, Marky Ramone, Dez (of Black Flag). All ages event. Licensed areas. • TUE, Aug. 27 (7pm door; 9:15pm show): Morrissey. No minors, licensed show. TIX \$35 @ TicketMaster. • WED, Aug. 28 (7pm door; 9pm show): Wilco. TIX \$28 adv. @ TicketMaster, Blackbyrd, Freecloud, Listen, Red's. \$35 Day of show @ door. Licensed event.

SHAW CONFERENCE CENTRE 451-8000. Sept. 10: Slayer, Soulfly, In Flames, Down the Sun, H82K2. TIX @ TicketMaster.

SKYREACH CENTRE 451-8000. • TUE, Aug. 27 (6:30pm doors; 7:30pm show): Bob Dylan and His Band. TIX \$39.50, \$49.50 and \$59.50 @ TicketMaster. • TUE, Sept. 10 (7:30pm): Rush. TIX @ TicketMaster. • SAT, Sept. 28 (8pm): Great Big Sea. TIX \$35. • THU, Sept. 12 (7pm door): Supertramp. TIX \$45.50, \$49.50, \$59.50 @ TicketMaster.

THE STANLEY MILNER THEATRE • 432-7633. THU, Aug. 1 (7pm door): Maria Dunn. • 709-6923. FRI, Sept. 20 (8pm): Jennifer Berezan with Nina Gerber, Jami Sieber and Anthony Costello. TIX \$22 @ Orlando Books.

WINSPEAR CENTRE 428-1414. • TUE, Nov. 5 (8pm): Global Country's an evening with Ian Tyson. TIX start at \$25.

COUNTRY

WILD WEST SALOON 12912-50 St., 476-3388. • Every WED (8:30pm): Beginner dance lessons. • Every THU (7:30-9:30pm): Intermediate dance lessons. THU 1-SAT 3: Wendell Donovan. WED 7-SAT 10: Brian Burns. WED 7: Thomas Wade in concert.

JAZZ

FOUR ROOMS RESTAURANT Edmonton Centre, 102 Ave. Entrance, 426-4767. THU 1 (9pm): Craig Charles. THU 8 (9pm): Chris Andrew. SAT 3 (9pm): Chris Andrew. SAT 10 (9pm): Brett Miles.

ZENARI'S ON 1ST 10117-101 St., 425-6151. FRI 2 (8pm-midnight): Rhonda Withnell (drawing from Ella Fitzgerald, Sheila Jordan and Shirley Horn).

PIANO BARS

LION'S HEAD PUB Coast Terrace Inn, 4440 Calgary Trail S., 431-5815. THU 1-SAT 3: Eric Martin. MON 5-SAT 10: Richard Blaze. MON 12-SAT 17: Richard Blaze.

ROSE AND CROWN PUB Sheraton Grande Edmonton Hotel, 10235-101 St., 441-3036. THU 1-FRI 2: Chuck Belhumer. TUE 6-FRI 9: Dave Hiebert. TUE 13-FRI 16: Tim Becker.

SHERLOCK HOLMES CAPILANO Capilano Mall, 5004-98 Ave., 463-7788. • Every THU and SAT: Celtic night. THU 1-SAT 3: Jimmy Whitten. THU 8-SAT 10: Tim Becker.

SHERLOCK HOLMES DOWNTOWN Rice Howard Way, 10012-101A Ave., 426-7784. THU 1-SAT 3: Tim Becker. TUE 6-SAT 10: Jimmy Whitten.

SHERLOCK HOLMES WEM Bourbon St., W.E.M., 444-1752. THU 1-SAT 3: Mark Magarrigle. MON 5-SAT 10: Yves Lecroix.

SHERLOCK HOLMES ON WHYTE 10341-82 Ave., 433-9676. • Every THU and SAT: Celtic night. THU 1-SAT 3: Tony Dizon. WED 7-SAT 10: Boom Boom Kings.

POP AND ROCK

Also see VURB Weekly on page 26.

J.J.'S PUB 13160-118 Ave., 451-9180. Every Wed (10pm): Open stage hosted by Juke Joint Band. FRI 2-SAT 3: Lixx Band (rock). SAT 10 (10pm show): The Judas Priest Show: Tyrant. \$5 cover.

KINGSKNIGHT PUB 9221-34 Ave., 433-2599. THU 1: Secret Sauce. FRI 2-SAT 3: Firewater. THU 8: Bluntside. FRI 9-SAT 10: Exit 303. THU 15: Good Morning Winston. FRI 16-SAT 17: Crush.

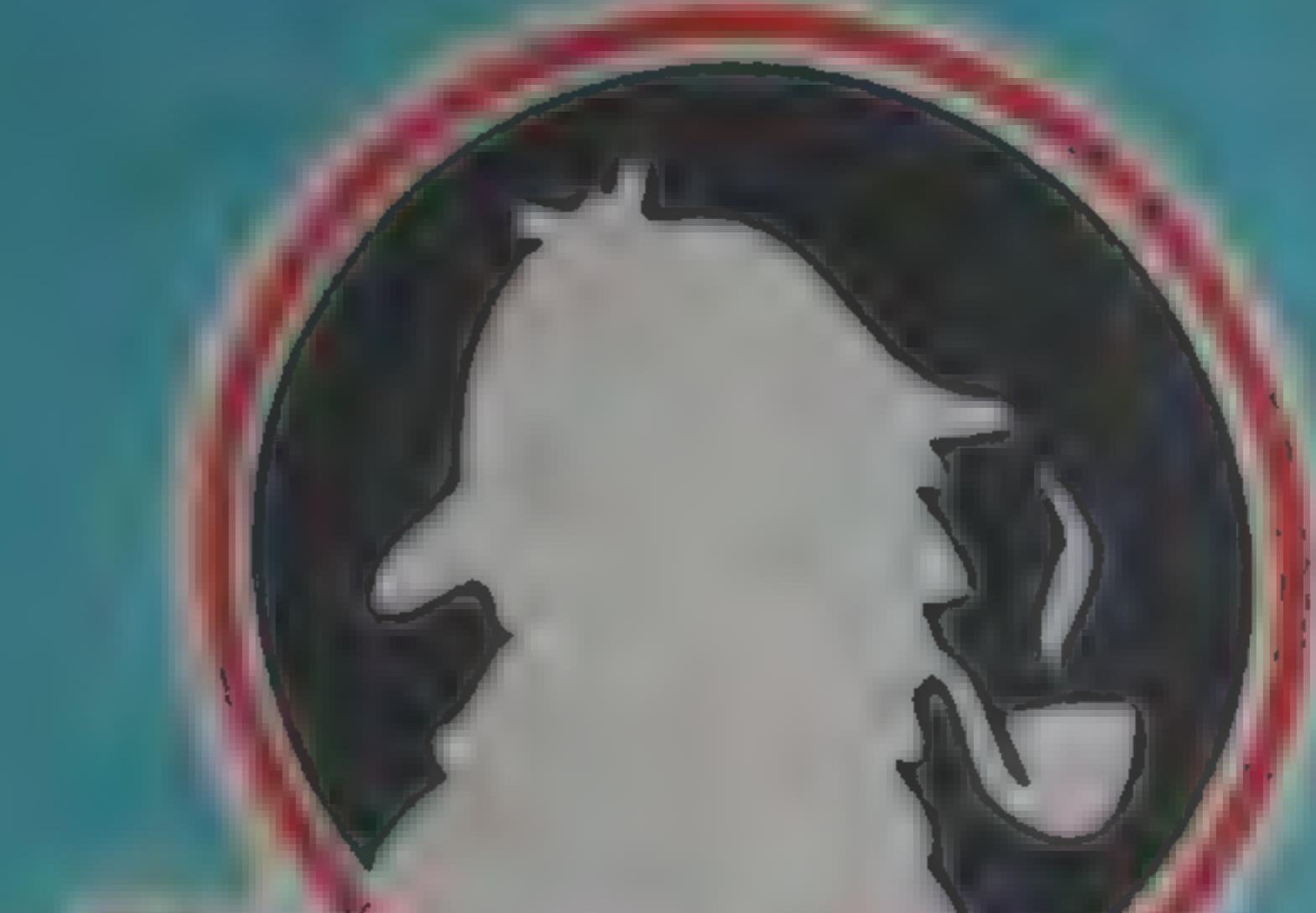
LONGRIDER'S 11733-78 St., 479-7400. • Every TUE: Live traditional country music hosted by Bev Munro. • Every WED-SAT: Top 40 country, dance, classic rock. • Every THU: Thirsty Thursday w/ DJ Doc Lou. TUE 6: Destiny (country). FRI 9-SAT 10: Clayton Bellamy (rock). TUE 13: Nash Ramblers (country). FRI 16: Monkeys Uncle (classic rock). SAT 17: Harlequin w/ Monkeys Uncle (classic rock).

OTTEWELL PUB 6108-90 Ave., 450-5953, 970-7063. • Every THU: Battle of the Bands.

STRATHEARN PUB 9514-87 St., 465-5478. • Every THU (8pm): Wide open stage hosted by Dustin Zawalski.

URBAN LOUNGE 8111-105 St., 439-3388. • Every TUE: Urban Unplugged. THU 1-SAT 3: Exit 303. \$3/\$5 cover. SUN 4: DJ Gilligan. TUE 6: The Bear presents The Jack Union, Stabilo Boss. \$5 cover. WED 7: Portal, Divided Mind. \$5 cover. THU 8-SAT 10: Granny Dynamite. \$3/\$5 cover. WED 14: King Ring Nancy, One-900. THU 15-SAT 17: Firewater. \$3/\$5 cover. WED 21: Kybosh (CD release). \$5 cover.

WEISERS LOUNGE 116-957 Fir St., Sherwood Park, 464-3939. • Every THU-SAT: DJ.



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AUG 1-3 TONY DIZON
AUG 7-10 BOOM BOOM KINGS

WEST MALL

AUG 1-3 MARK MAGARRIGLE
AUG 9-10 YVES LECROIX

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AUG 1-3 TIM BECKER
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423-LUNA

CLUB WEEKEND

4 PLAY NIGHTCLUB—10338-81 Ave •
THU: Urban Substance, hip hop and R&B
with DJs Spincycle and Invincible

THE ARMOURY—10310-85 Ave, 702-1800
• MON: Go-Girl Night • THU: Lo Ball Night
• FRI-SAT: top 40 dance and R&B • SUN
AUG 4: Goldclub Series presents Gold:
Colour Party Series Part 3

BACKROOM VODKA BAR—10324 Whyte Ave • MON: Local Motive, house, techno and progressive with DJ Waterboy and guests • AUG 5: Lowtek (house/breaks) • THU: Deja Vu, house with Khadija Jetha, Johnny Five and guest DJs • FRI: The Next Episode, with Simon Locke, Aneil & Roel and guests • SAT: Flava, hip-hop with weekly guests

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE—10425 Whyte Ave, 439-1082 • TUE: Digital Underdog, hip hop with Sonny Grimezz, C-Sekshun, and Megalorce • SUN: What The Hell, downtempo beats with DJ Tryptomene and Soilt Milk

BRONZE—10345-105 Street, 423-7884 • FRI
Expressions, progressive house with resident

Dis Darcy Ryan and Dave Lee, with guests

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB—10815 Jasper Avenue, 425-0850 • FRI: Funktion Friday, with DJ Invincible, and guests • SUN: Ladies Night, with DJ Invincible, MC J-Money and guests

**CLIMAXX AFTERHOURS—10148-105 St. •
(780) 425 2582 • THU: guest DJs • FRI:
Thunder Dave, Mr. Anderson, Slav • SAT
Wil Danger, Denovan, Pratique**

CRISTAL LOUNGE—10336 Jasper Ave, info 426-7521 • SAT: Urban Saturdays, with DJ Al-V, Wayne B and guests

**ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE—
10314 82 Ave, ph. 439-4545 • TUE:
Methodist breaks hip-house with DJ Headspin**

EUPHORIA— 4605 - 50 Ave., Red Deer, AB
(late night/after hours) • FRI-SAT: deep
house, trance and hard house with residents
Sesek, Travisty and Devilish, with guests

LY BAR—10314-104 St., 421-0992 • THU
Musica del Alma, with Fung (live Latin jazz

house fusion music), DJ Remo, Slacks • FRI-SAT: DJ Mikee, downtempo and house •

HALO—10538-Jasper Ave., 423-HALO • WED: Copecetic, Brit pop and indie rock with DJs Fuch and Shane • THU: Classic Night, retro with DJ Davey James • FRI: How Sweet It Is, hip-hop and R&B with Urban Metropolis (DJ Ice, Kwake) • SAT: For Those Who Know, with Junior Brown, Amedeo, Remo Williams and guests • THU AUG 8: DJ Heather (Chicago)

LUSH/THE REV-10030A-102 St., 424-2851
• MON: Rinse, rappin', breakin' and scratchin' with Advice, Punch Brothers, C. Seckshun, Abstract, Choice Kutz; open mic every week • WED: Main, The Classics, sets

with DJ Loki; Velvet—progressive house with Ariel & Roel • THU AUG 15: Sander Kleinenberg (Hol), with Cary Chang and Greg Wynn • FRI: Future Funk—main room: The House of DV8, house and progressive with residents David Stone and Derkin with guests—AUG 2: Flying Solo Night, with David Stone (house/progressive); Velvet The Trauma Room, drum 'n' bass with residents Degree, Phatcat, Skoolee and guests

- SAT: Turbo, progressive trance and house with alternating guests; Velvet: Forties 'n' Nines, with Rerun and Sundog

Wednesday: reggaeton—TUE • 1 (Techno b/IDM) • FRI: disco house with DJ Drag
SAT: DJ Dragon, eclectic dance music

MAJESTIK—10123-112 St. • MON: Skool, house and tech house with Charlie Mayhem, Anthony Donohue and guests • TUE: DJ Karaoke • WED AUG 7: I Love Techno, with Chris Liberator (UK), OS/2 (Toronto), Tryptomene, Neal K • THU: House night with residents Tripswitch, Sweetz, Kristoff and guests • FRI: Slammin', hard house and trance with Charlie Mayhem, Crunchee and

THE ROOST—10345-104 St. • TUES.
Upstairs: Roots, R&B and hip-hop with
Break Fluid and Alvaro • FRI: Upstairs: I
with Alvaro, Headspin, Diabolik, Topaz,
and guests • FRI AUG 9: Genexis, with
Manny Mulatto, S2, Astrotrip

SAVOY—10401 Whyte Ave, 438-0373 •
FRI: Indie Rock, with DJs Rich and Shane
SAT: Beats, with Ariele & Roel • SUN: FM
Pop, with Deja DJ

THE SPOT—10148-105 St. (late night hours) • THU: DJs POW, Randall Pink, Ambiguous • FRI: DJs POW, Andreas Benjamin, Randall Pink and guests • SAT: DJ Andreas Benjamin and guests

SUBLIME (late night/after hours)–1014-
104 St., Bsmt. 905-8024 • FRI: Astrotrip,
Darcy Ryan, S2 • SAT: house with Mann,
Mulatto and Locks Garant

THERAPY (late night/after hours,
18+)-10028-102 Street (alley entrance).
Info 903-7666 • Fri: Upstairs—Gundam
Prime & Propa, Tripswitch, LP; Bunker
Saki & Spanky, Alias, Charlie Mayhem •
ameel (progressive), Sweetz (breaks), Da
Thierman (hard flow), Tiff-Slip (funky ha
ouse), Crunchee (hard house)



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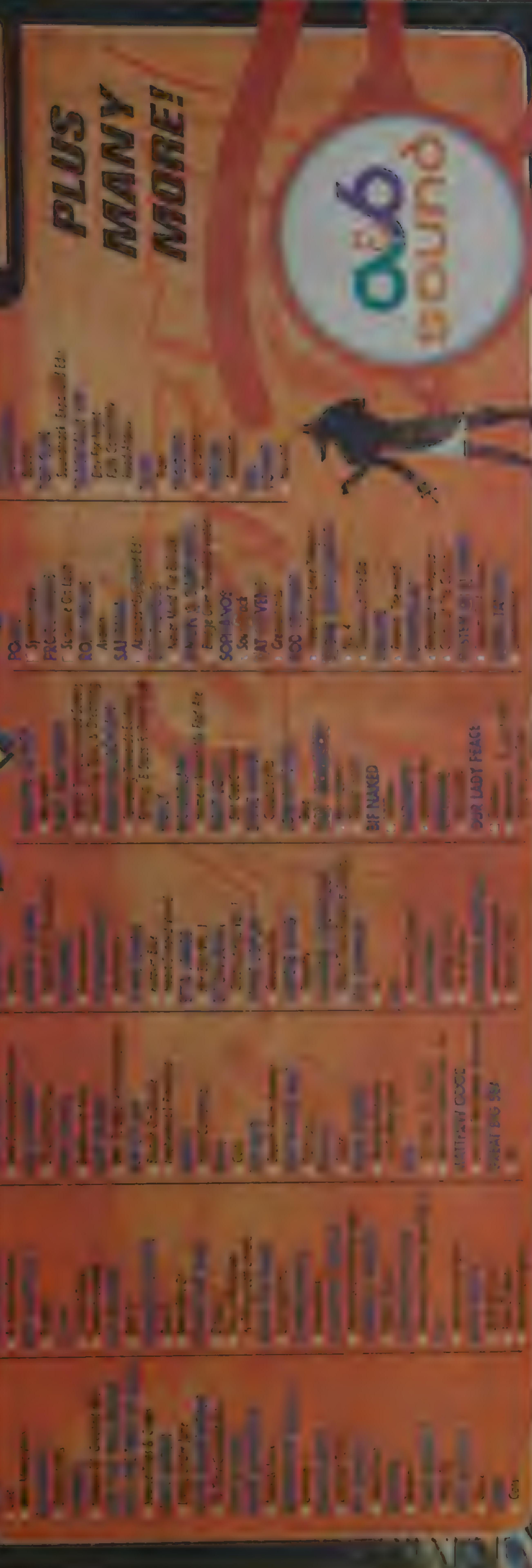
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VUEWEEKLY





Cleats, don't fail me now

Edmonton punk giants disband as guitarist trades in Docs for docs

By PHIL DUPERRON

All good things must come to an end, and so it goes with the Cleats. For six years, the band have been ripping it up in Edmonton, banging out an original mix of fast-paced ol' punk tunes. They've grown into one of the city's best live acts and their disc, *Last Voices Broken Strings*, is a strong record and a future Canadian punk classic. They're at the top of their game, which makes it even sadder to hear about the band's demise. But Chris Venner, the band's guitarist, is moving to Calgary to study medicine—and instead of trying to place him, which would change the band's dynamics, the other members decided it was best to quit while they were ahead.

"It kinda sucks to be happening right now at this time, because this is like the most creative we've ever been and we're writing the best songs we've ever written," says Nik Kozub, the band's bassist/singer. "It's a bad time to break it up, but it's inevitable. Med school is a big deal and Chris has got to go do his own thing."

It's always been difficult for the band's lead vocalist/guitarist Paul Phillips and rhythm guitarist Eric Udd to juggle careers and find time to work. Venner doesn't have to worry about exams during soundchecks at shows and the likelihood he'd be able to live in Calgary, the books and still squeeze in

time for the Cleats wasn't good. Venner is too committed to do anything without giving it his all. So, for now, he'll exchange his guitar for a stethoscope. It was a difficult decision, but he has no regrets.

"It's tough, man," says Venner. "I've poured my heart and soul into this band for so long. I was lucky because I got to play exactly the kind of music I wanted to play—with great people. It's going to be so

[PUNK] **punk**

tough. I love getting up there and just playing, just rocking out, acting like a jackass. It's fun and it's such a release. It's a great balance. Something like medicine in school, the way I've pursued it, can be really intense. And not having that balance is gonna be tough. I'm gonna have to find another outlet."

Take a picture, it'll last longer

Venner and Kozub are the Cleats' primary songwriters and they've just penned a new batch of songs. The band is almost finished recording them in Kozub's studio for an upcoming EP on Longshot Music. For Kozub, having a permanent reminder of the Cleats is important. He's been engineering and producing a wide range of music in the city, so he knows a recording can be a snapshot of a particular moment in time, one that can take on a life of its own.

"I'm really proud about putting out a record that goes beyond and like outside of Edmonton," says Kozub. "As long as you put out a real record, someone's going to be looking for it down the road. We

have a lot of people who are listening to our music all over the world. Which is pretty awesome, considering we never really did much touring other than western Canada."

Midnight at the oasis

Over the years, the Cleats and their friends in other local bands have helped the scene grow and prosper, often making the leap from cramped hall-show stages to bigger venues like the Rev. There have been triumphs, tears and buckets of sweat poured out at gigs big and small. The Cleats' farewell show this Saturday at the Rev is a chance for them to relive some past glories and share the stage one last time with some of their favourite musicians. Edmonton is like an oasis, far removed from other urban centres but booming with life. Bands know this town is a vibrant microcosm, but it's often difficult to figure out where to go from here.

"You can be a local hero, but to get away and branch out to other markets is tough because of geographical reasons," says Kozub. "You know, everything is far. I think the Edmonton scene is just killer, and it has been for ages. You really realize it when you go to other places like Vancouver and you see how rundown their local scene is—how hard it is for bands to get a gig and how shitty the venues are and stuff. You see it also in bands that come here and can't believe how good it is. They just freak out about how great of a response they got and how many kids came to their show."

The Cleats
With Wednesday Night Heroes,
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By DAVID STONE

For whom the bill tolls

There's something really scary going on down in America right now.

Back in June, the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee put a rubber stamp on the Reducing Americans' Vulnerability to Ecstasy (RAVE) Act of 2002. According to a report in the *Washington Post*, the act is on the consent calendar, meaning it could receive final approval without a roll call vote at any time. At the same time, coincidentally, the U.S. House of Representatives have the Clean, Learn, Educate, Abolish, Neutralize and Undermine Production (CLEAN-UP) of Methamphetamines Act pending.

They sound like moral plans, but there's a sinister atmosphere about the RAVE Act—not so much because it pledges to wage a war against illegal drugs, but in the way it plans to go about fighting them. As well-intentioned as the senators and representatives may be in this matter, the vague

and sweeping scope of these acts will do more than wipe out drug usage among the American youth. It's an attack on freedom of expression. Bear with me.

The RAVE bill would expand the existing US federal "crackhouse" law (which makes it a felony to provide a space for the purpose of illegal drug use) to cover promoters of raves and other events. Over a year ago, federal prosecutors attempted to convict two New Orleans promoters under the "crackhouse" law and failed, as the prosecution could not adequately define an all-night dance event as a deliberate venue for the consumption of drugs. At least under the wording of the law at the time.

The RAVE Act was introduced in June by Senator Joe Biden (D-Del.) who told the *Washington Post* that "most raves are havens for illicit drugs," and congressional findings submitted with the bill label as drug paraphernalia such rave mainstays as bottled water, "chill rooms" and glow sticks. The findings go on to state that "the trafficking and use of 'club drugs'... is deeply embedded in the rave culture." Those findings will become part of the legislative history of the bill and could support any prosecutor's claim that any rave—or rock concert, for that matter—should be suspect.

The bill would make it a federal crime, punishable by a fine of up to \$500,000 and a prison term of up to 20 years, to "manage or control any place" and "knowingly and intentionally... make [it] available for use, with or without compensation, for the purpose of unlawfully... using a con-

trolled substance."

Now the American Civil Liberties Union has stepped into the picture, calling the bill a "violation of the First Amendment" of the U.S. Constitution and have begun lobbying for a senator to put a hold on the bill. Marv Johnson, a lawyer for the ACLU, told the *Post* that while there is no constitutional right to smoke crack, there is, in fact, a right to dance. Music and dance are protected forms of free expression. By extending the crackhouse law to dance parties, the RAVE Act would discourage promoters from sponsoring this kind of art, he said.

Sen. Biden and his office are understandably surprised by the uproar, which has also included hundreds of thousands of signatures on petitions from across the United States that have been brought to his office in Washington D.C. His intention was to go after the drugs, not the music, and only promoters who willfully set up events for the purpose of drug consumption will be prosecuted.

As Jacob Sullum, senior editor at *Reason* magazine, recently pointed out in an editorial, there's a huge problem with the bill, despite whatever intentions the senators might have had. "You thought it was bad when you heard that you could lose your house if your son planted a few marijuana seeds in the corner of your yard. That was nothing," he writes. "You could go to prison for letting him hold a party where someone passes around a joint."

He further adds that "the perverse effect of discouraging event sponsors from taking precautions that could be viewed as evidence that they knew



U.S. Senator Joe Biden

attendees would be using drugs, such as providing bottled water and chill-out rooms for ravers to protect against overheating and dehydration. Likewise, by driving raves further underground, the legislation would make it less likely that drug users who need medical attention will get it in time."

What this boils down to is the freedom of expression. Not the consumption of drugs, but the music. The dancing. The visual art. The right to assemble. And this extends far beyond the dance scene. Under the RAVE Act, property owners may be unwilling to rent their holdings for things like rock concerts or hemp festivals.

To bring this home, if we had a law in Canada, the Edmonton Folk Festival would be illegal, and organizer Terry Wickham would be hauled off to prison for letting someone on the hill have a toke. Even if he didn't know who sold the smoker the joint.

Drug use comes down to personal responsibility and education. It is more of a health issue on the user's end. If the governments of the world want to fight the drug war, it would be more effective to go down from the top, to kill the flow of drugs into the raves and clubs, as opposed to simply shutting everything down. After all, there's always the living room. ☺



BY CAM HAYDEN

See Scott run

It's been close to four years since E.C. Scott last made a trip through Edmonton. Her first appearance here was on the first, sweltering night of the first edition of the Labatt Blues Festival, when she left the crowd sweating, cheering and begging for more. If you weren't there, you can make your way to the Sidetrack Café



this weekend to see what you missed.

Scott grew up in Oakland, California and spent most of her childhood singing gospel in the St. John Missionary Baptist church. Gospel singers Inez Andrew, Shirley Caesar and Albertina Walker all made a big impression on her, but the first time she went to a secular R&B show turned the tide. "I can remember seeing my first R&B show with Bobby Womack as a headliner," she recalls. "From then on, I was in love with the music business."

Seeing her 1990 debut album—released through her own independent label—sell more than 5,000 copies sealed the deal. Her contemporary form of blues, which she describes as "blues with a hip-hop flavour," benefits from her powerful voice, which has been moulded and tempered by years of gospel singing, and her knack for writing songs that get to the meat of personal relationships and everyday living with style and a sly wit. She's got an ear for a hook and you'll find yourself humming her tunes for days after you see her live.

A three-record deal with Blind Pig Records in 1994 allowed Scott to concentrate on the musical end of her career. The result has been a steady growth of her talent, as witnessed by her best album to date, 2000's *Masterpiece*. Scott's versatile voice has made her welcome at everything from the grand opening of the San Francisco Opera to festivals around North America to blues dives in her hometown of Oakland. This weekend it's Edmonton's turn.

Here comes the Twisters

The new disc by Vancouver's

Twisters, *Long Hard Road*, turned up in my mailbox last week and was a very pleasant surprise. Recorded at Lemon Loaf Studios in Burnaby, the disc sports much better production values than *Fulla Hot Air*, which has served as the band's calling card for the past few years. The egalitarian nature of the quartet (none of whom will admit to being the leader) is apparent as each member gets a chance to shine. Drummer Sandy Smith penned four tunes for the album, as did young guitarist Brandon "Yukon Slim" Isaak. Harp player Dave "Hurricane" Hoerl chips in with a couple of numbers, while Peter Turley holds it all down with his stellar work on the doghouse bass.

The disc has only two covers, relatively obscure pieces by Willie Dixon and Percy Mayfield. Kenny "Blue Boss" Wayne plays piano on a Chicago-style shuffle penned by Smith, who also contributes an old-fashioned boogie titled "Goin' to Mexico." The harp showcase, "Zig Zag," gives Hoerl some room to stretch out and the disc comes to a soulful conclusion with "I Had a Dream," a slow ballad written by Smith. The breadth of material on *Long Hard Road* mirrors the band's wide-ranging approach to the blues, and is a satisfying listen into the bargain. ☺

Cam Hayden hosts the Friday Night Blues Show, 9 p.m. to 11 p.m., on the CKUA Radio Network, 580 AM, 94.9 FM, 106.9 FM, 107.1 FM, Blues International Ltd., producers

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Attack of the Jones

Confidence is the mane ingredient in Danko Jones's *Born a Lion*

BY DAVE JOHNSTON

As a performer, Danko Jones is lethal. He attacks the microphone, lunges into his guitar and shakes maniacally in the middle of it all, as if his very skin were unable to contain the primal fury of the rock 'n' roll he's attempting to channel.

Some people call this a stage persona. Mr. Jones would like to disagree. According to Jones, there's no difference between the person folks see in concert and the man who you might see walking down the street. "I'm not going to scream in your face and stuff instead of just shaking your hand," he says. "If I did that, I don't think I'd have any friends. Onstage, I'm just getting into the music."

If there's a character trait Jones has that people might misinterpret, it's his confidence. Some call it "honesty. To paraphrase one of his songs, he ain't boastin', he's truthin'. Jones loves the music he plays, a high-octane, intoxicating version of the blues that harks back to the raw, relentless power of garage rock, AC/DC and Robert

War me roar

That disc is *Born a Lion*, an appropriate title since there was one lion, recorded earlier this year with producer Bill and company. Other unrecorded tracks with

newer material written especially for the session. It's the only true album the band has ever made, according to Jones. "*My Love Is Bold* was only a demo we did to get signed, which didn't work," Jones says of the 2000 EP that lit up Canadian radio, thanks to the success of the "Bounce" single. Those songs were subsequently bundled up with other scattered recordings last year on a disc called *I'm Alive and on Fire*, instigated by Swedish label Bad Taste Records.

In fact, Jones thinks that if it hadn't been for Bad Taste, who also look after Satanic Surfers and Last Days of April, it's unlikely that *Born a Lion* would have ever been made (soon after it was completed, the

[previe] **rock**

album was picked up by Universal Music). "They asked us to do it," Jones says about of Bad Taste. "They wanted an album, so we did it. If we hadn't, we would have kept on playing in clubs and writing songs."

Sweden has become a second home to Jones and his band (bassist John Calabrese and drummer Damon Richardson), and the friendly relationship they've developed with Bad Taste made the label an obvious choice to sign up with. Europe in general has embraced the Danko brand of punk rock blues, the benefits of which haven't been lost on Jones. "Sweden is the third largest exporter of music in the world," he states. "They've got a population of, what, nine million, compared to our 30 million? I always feel over there, 'So besides you guys, Celine Dion and Bryan Adams, what else does Canada have?' It's embarrassing, in a way. So when we can succeed in a country like that, it has to mean something."

There's Germany, too. When people back in Canada hear about you doing well in Germany, they'll go, 'Oh yeah... in Germany.' What they fail to realize is that there's something like 50 million people in that country. It's a big deal."

Nothing nü here

A recent set during Ozzfest's stop at England's Castle Donnington might be a sign. Reviews clearly singled out the band from their nu-metal tourmates, and the 10,000-strong crowd that flocked to the second stage where the group played that day were handily won over. As Jones says, it wasn't a bad place to be. "We were the only non-nu metal band playing on the side stage that day, so we won because we didn't sound like the band before us or after us. But I think we kicked it just as hard as they did."

As heavy as the guitar attack might sound on *Born a Lion*, there's nothing as hard as the sentiments Jones has poured into the songs. Every song is about a real event or person, he insists, which is why he believes that people connect with the music. Now he wants as many people as possible to take it in.

"It's such a rush to play in front of 5,000 people and they're all screaming your name, and they all want to hear the music you and your friends wrote at the corner of Queen and River in Toronto, Canada," Jones says. "But playing a show in front of 200 people in Berlin is amazing too. Any band that says that they've got to keep it real and don't ever want to get to another level is lying to you, because if they were really sincere about it, they wouldn't let anyone listen to their music."

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PULSEFM
MC DEADLY
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ELECTROPHILAPIC
DJ Kuchi
Techno/House/France
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8AM - 6AM

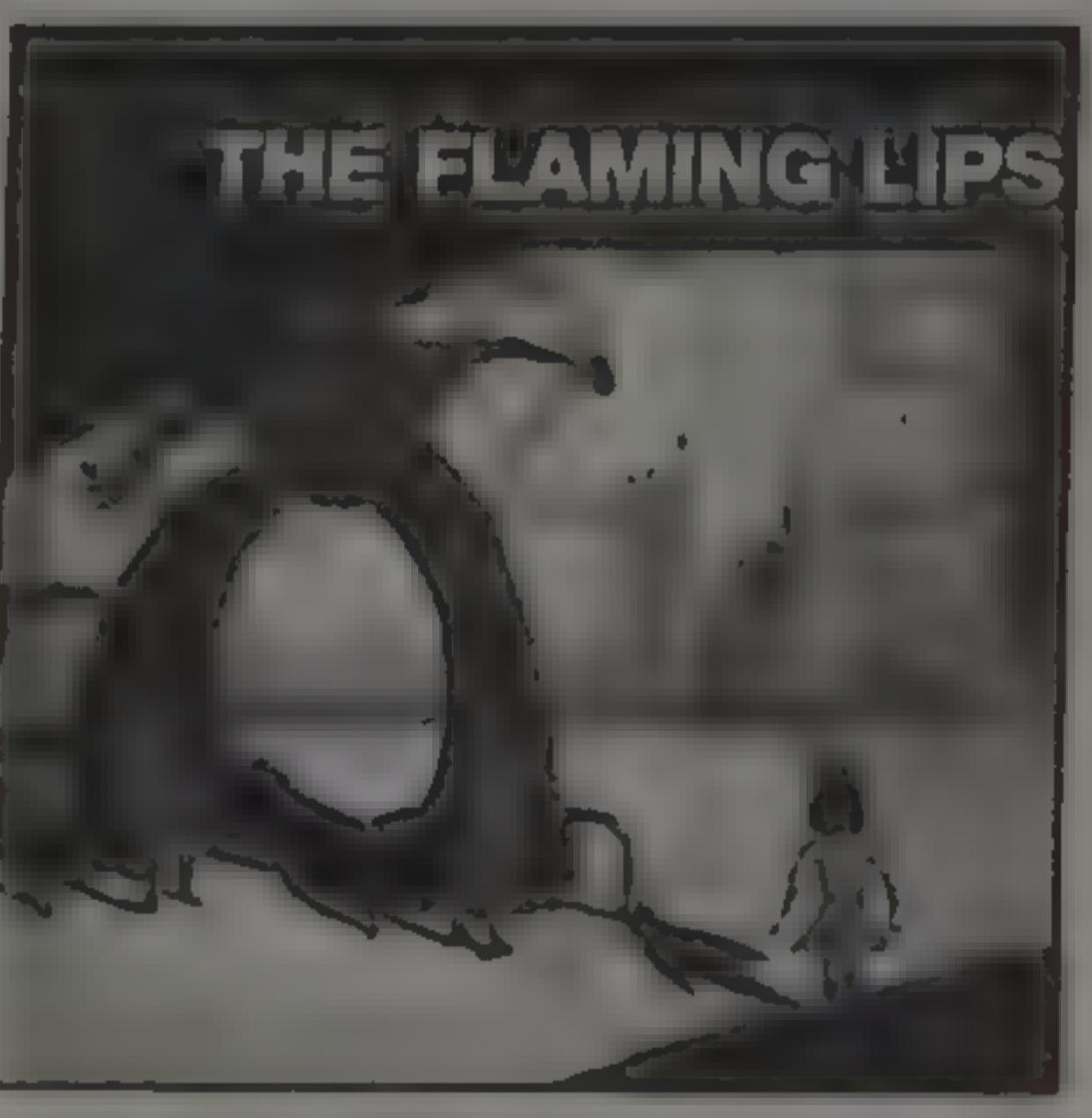
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Spill Milk
HipHop/Breakbeat
Saturdays
4PM - 6PM

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CARIBBEAN SPONGE
KC (& Kinki)
Reggae/Calypso/Soca
Saturdays
8PM - 10PM

URBAN HAMM SOUTHE
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HipHop/RnB/Soul/
Dancehall Reggae
Saturdays
12AM - 2AM

NEW SOUNDS



THE FLAMING LIPS
Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots (WARNER)

How many times has a really great band signed on with the majors and been ditched after one underpromoted, underachieving release? (I'm not good at guesstimating, but it's at least five.) I will always have a soft spot in my heart for Warner Records for going out on a limb and nurturing the fragile genius of the Flaming Lips. The fact that the four-disc opus *Zaireeka* ever saw the light of day is simply fucking astonishing. It buoys the spirit and makes me think momentarily that the industry's universal money-over-art policy maybe isn't so universal.

Well, kudos to Warner for again betting on the dark horse and releasing another inspired, cranial, excruciat-

ingly well-orchestrated Lips record. *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* continues the band's transmogrification from demented noise anarchists to lyrical and musical utopians. This is as ethereal and lush a disc as 1999's *The Soft Bulletin* yet it manages to push boundaries both sonically and lyrically—it always amazes me how Wayne Coyne can successfully tackle so many complex issues in three minutes flat. It's rare that a record renders me speechless, but this one does, and will probably continue to do so for quite some time as my tiny human brain unravels the complexities contained herein.

★★★★★ —WHITEY HOUSTON

BETH ORTON DAYBREAKER
(HEAVENLY/EMI)

Few artists have proven to be as consistent as Beth Orton. When she stepped out of the shadows of the Chemical Brothers with her debut disc, *Trailer Park*, people realized that Orton was a stunningly talented chanteuse in her own right, although she stayed close to the electronic garden she was nurtured in. The vulnerable humanity that rippled through each delicate note she sang made you feel like falling in love every time you heard it—so much so that like-minded artists like Ben Harper leapt at the chance to play on her follow-up, the equally

astounding *Central Reservation*.

Simplicity must have been on Orton's mind when she settled on the single-word title of her new album, *Daybreaker*, but there's much lying beneath the surface. With more allies on board, Orton is feeling confident enough to step even further away from the electronics, but she still delivers the goods. With solid help from Ben Watt and Victor Van Vugt behind the console, not to mention a crack band, Orton lays down 10 superb tracks that soar with elegant arrangements. Ryan Adams figures prominently on several tracks and provides perfect harmony on "Concrete Sky" and "God's Song," which also features Orton's kindred spirit Emmylou Harris and the best opening line on the album: "My house was built for loving, not a theatre of war." Even her old cohorts the Chems turn down the acid machine on the title track, letting Orton revel in the simple poetry of "silently watching the flames and the old life disappear."

The most satisfying thing about *Daybreaker* is seeing how fully Orton has lived up her potential. Her voice and pen are as luscious and evocative as ever, even as she taps into some dark corners of herself and finds an aching, astonishing splendour inside that we instinctively understand the minute we hear it. Like a bird in the clouds, Orton is flying high and never seems to come back down.

★★★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

JIM LAUDERDALE, RALPH STANLEY AND THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS
LOST IN THE LONESOME PINES (DUALTONE)

If you're a bluegrass fan—or even if you simply thought the music in that *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* movie was kind of pretty—you couldn't ask for a more effortlessly satisfying disc than *Lost in the Lonesome Pines*, the second collaboration between Jim Lauderdale

(who oscillates between working with alt-country icons like Lucinda Williams and mainstream country songwriting gigs for the likes of George Strait and the Dixie Chicks) and Ralph Stanley (the veteran hardcore, pure-country vocalist whose career got a huge unexpected boost from the Grammy-winning *O Brother* disc). Except for Bill Monroe's "Boat of Love," all the songs on *Lonesome Pines* were written or co-written by Lauderdale, and yet they all have an eloquent, unaffected simplicity that makes them sound like they were carefully selected from a list of the best bluegrass tunes of 60 years ago.

It helps that Lauderdale has such a great ear for mimicking bygone song styles, which he displays on everything from the rousing, gospel-tinged "Zacchaeus" to the vaudeville humour of "She's Looking At Me" (in which the various band members argue over which one of them is getting the eye from a pretty girl in the audience) to the spooky "She Would Not Tell Her More" (about a woman who gets an eerily incomplete forecast from the local fortune-teller) to the Ozark nostalgia of "The Apples Are Just Turning Ripe." Best of all, perhaps, is Lauderdale's comically rueful ode to 20/20 hindsight, "I Should Have Listened to Good Advice." Don't you make the same mistake he did; pay attention to what I'm telling you and give this disc a spin. ★★★★ —PAUL MATWYCHUK

DANKO JONES BORN A LION
(UNIVERSAL)

Long before garage rock became the rage, Danko Jones was prowling stages in natty attire, barely able to control his animalistic urges. Backed with sexually-charged anthems like "Bounce" and "Mango Kid," which leaned heavily on the rawest of blues riffs, Jones became a figure you could love (because of a punchy attitude that was sorely lacking in rock music) or hate (because of a punchy attitude that rock music had apparently outgrown). With a loyal following out east and overseas—particularly in Sweden, home of the raw rock rebirth—Jones and his band have returned with *Born a Lion*, and they're leaner and meaner than ever before.

The blues figure even more prominently this time around, a point hammered home by the opening track, "Play the Blues," and its provocative shout-out, "If you want to play the blues, get yourself a woman." From there on, the band reinterprets the genre, screaming and pounding about being loved, left behind and broken apart until they bleed. Subtle music this isn't. They also know how to work a good riff—tracks like "Sound of Love" and "Word Is Bond" recall the days of AC/DC and Thin Lizzy, a time when it didn't matter what you were playing as long as it could put the fear of God in whoever was listening. Keep this loud—it sounds better that way.

★★★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

SUPERDRAG

LAST CALL FOR VITRIOL (ARRCO)

I was slightly disappointed by my first listen to *Last Call for Vitriol*. Nothing about it struck me as bad; I just couldn't find the anthemic ass-kicking goodness that I usually associate with Superdrag. But after a couple of listens more, I noticed myself humming along—not just with one or two songs, but pretty much the whole



album. Constantly. All the goddamn time. These guys can write a pop song. Not five-guys-in-a-row-singing-into-headsets-and-grabbing-their-crotches pop, but good, solid rock 'n' roll with catchy melodies. In fact, it wasn't until after several additional listens that I even realized how pissed off a lot of the lyrics are—which shouldn't come as a surprise at all, considering the band's messy break from Elektra and frontman John Davis's recent conversion to sobriety.

Vitriol also effortlessly changes gears from poppy choruses to blues-rock romps to toned-down lullabies to 4:4 downstroke indie rawk. "Her Melancholy Tune" is a standout track that sounds like all the good bits of Revolver mashed together—even the backwards guitar riffs. In the end, it all comes out sounding like Superdrag, and for this I am thankful. ★★★★ —REGGIE FROM DETROIT

**DIRTY VEGAS (CREDENCE/CAPITOL)**

Mitsubishi car commercial notwithstanding, "Days Go By" is a pretty decent pop song. If you can remove it from the context of flashy visuals and low-interest financing, the track has everything you'd want from a clever dance number—excellent production, a bumping rhythm and some genuine soul. It's that quality that separates Dirty Vegas from many of their electronic relatives, as they're willing to take a more seductive route rather than rush toward the next breakdown. The trio of Paul Harris, Steve Smith and Ben Harris owe a large debt to groups like Underworld on this first album, and perhaps the quieter moments of Pink Floyd as well, as they nod toward

"The Wall" on "Simple Things."

Either way, they concentrate on taking the path less travelled to find their groove, which means they approach composing with a mind toward making real songs with the tools reserved for creating dance floor rockers. The album opener, "I Should Know," begins with a simple acoustic guitar before making way for a bottom-heavy kick, while the lush ballad "All or Nothing" resists the temptation to explode into an overwrought anthem. That isn't to say Dirty Vegas can't make the speakers shake when they want to, as the rattling and rolling double hit of "7 AM" and "The Brazilian" will attest. As commercially appealing as Dirty Vegas might be, they also manage to be credible no matter what side of the dance music fence you sit on. ★★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

**BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
THE RISING (COLUMBIA)**

When Bruce Springsteen released *The Ghost of Tom Joad* in 1995, I was excited. Despite the stadium success (and excess) of 1984's *Born in the U.S.A.*, my childhood hero was aging gracefully, evolving musically and finding fresh new ways to share poignant stories from the underside of the American dream. When I first learned that much of Springsteen's first studio release since *Tom Joad* was inspired by September 11, I was afraid, a fear compounded by the fact that he was reuniting with the E Street Band for the disc. Middle-aged rockers and biting street-corner political commentary tend not to mix well.

The Rising, thankfully, rises above its patriotic potential. Springsteen has never been one for blind faith. Several tracks may be anthems about finding hope and strength when so much has been lost, and much of the music may resemble *Tunnel of Love*-era pop, but at least Springsteen remains humble and honest and hopeful, pining for life's simple staples: family, faith, a future. Alas, these songs, while pleasant and universal enough, lack the spare, poetic details that give Springsteen his critical edge. And he's at his best when he's critical, an approach there's ample opportunity to take in present-day America. *The Rising*, musi-

cally and lyrically, is somewhat soft. The boomers should like it, but don't expect *The Rising* to win over any kids other than Springsteen's own. ★★★ —DAN RUBINSTEIN

JOY ELECTRIC**THE ART AND CRAFT OF POPULAR MUSIC 1994-2002 (TOOTH AND NAIL)**

Since Kraftwerk first introduced all-electronic music into pop back in the '70s, there have been two basic approaches to synthesized songwriting. First is the busier Kraftwerk approach, which layers synths into a virtual electronic symphony. Then there's the more popular approach, favoured by the likes of the Human League and Depeche Mode, which sees songs revolve around a single synthesizer melody.

Joy Electric (a front name for solo musician Ronnie Martin) certainly falls into the second, minimalist school of electronic-music thought. That's not to say his music is shallow; after all, it's as much of a challenge for a lone synth to captivate an audience as it is for any other soloist. And in this collection of recent and brand-new material, Martin shows that he knows his craft well.

Yes, the message in the music is hardline Christian (the label is Tooth and Nail, after all—all it releases is Christian music). But while Martin sometimes settles for making his songs too simple, too transparent, for the most part his melodies are engaging enough to be heard more than once. And when he pushes the beat, especially with nuggets like "Ringing Bells" and "We Are Rock," he measures up to the best secular electronic dancefloor wizards like Depeche Mode or the Human League could make in their primes. ★★★ —STEVEN SANDOR

**QUARASHI JINX
(TIME BOMB/COLUMBIA)**

If rap metal is done and dead, then somebody forgot to get the word over to Iceland. Happily, like fellow Reykjavik natives Björk and Sigur Rós, the members of Quarashi have actually found a way to push their genre of expertise forward. As a result, *Jinx* is more hip hop than metal, closer to the thinking man's fury of *Rage Against the Machine* than the adolescent tantrums

of Limp Bizkit, with a dose of Beastie Boys and Jurassic 5 dumped in the mix. In some ways, *Jinx* is like a reinterpretation of *Check Your Head*, as socially conscious lyricism on tracks like "Stick 'Em Up" happily jam with the musical eclecticism of "Mr. Jinx" and "Malone Lives." They also proudly raise the Icelandic flag on "Tafur," rapping completely in their native tongue over a killer vocal loop. It's only when they fall back on the stale formula of "Copycat" that you'll wonder if *Jinx* is a promise of things to come, or a complete fluke. ★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

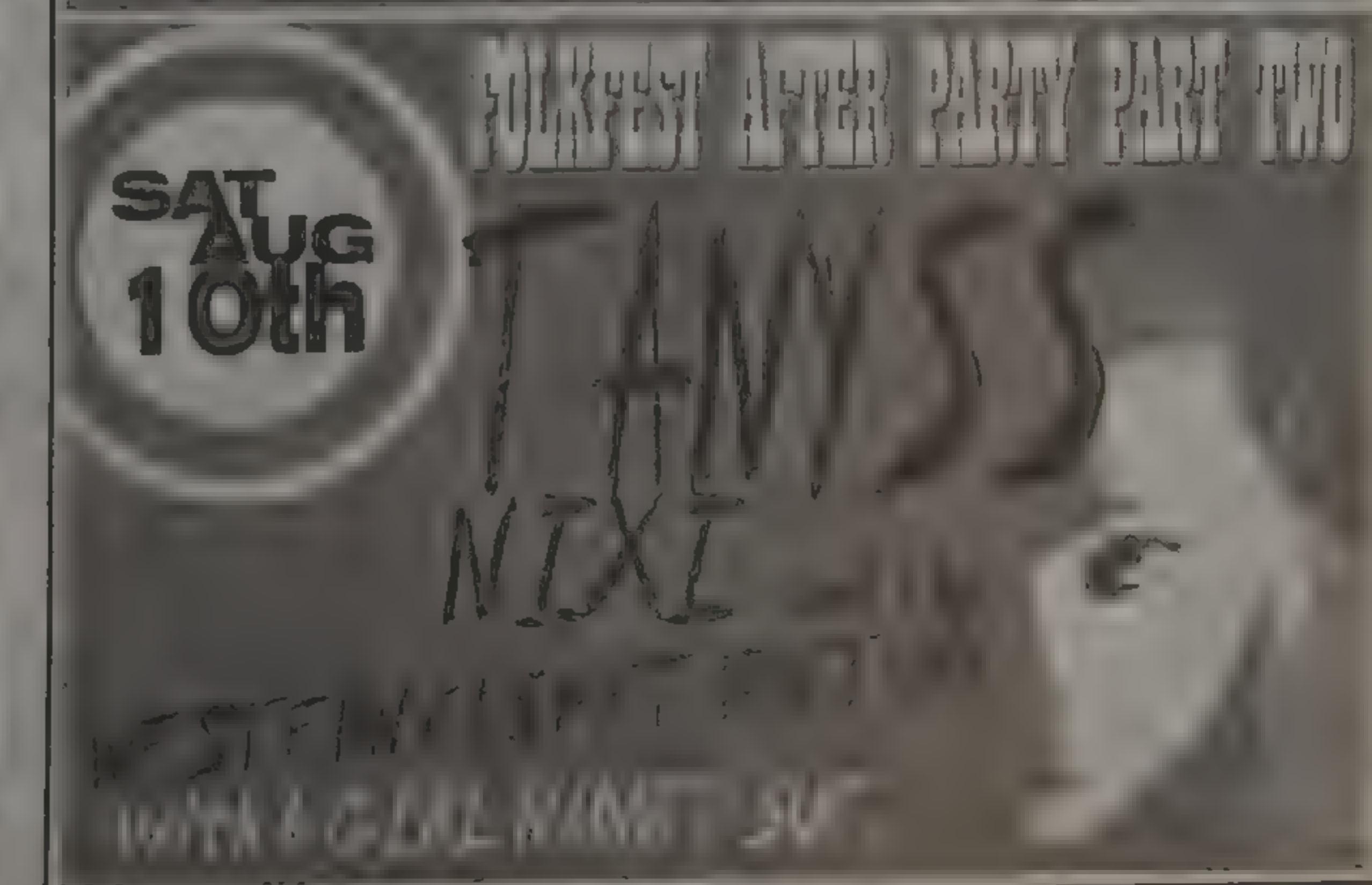
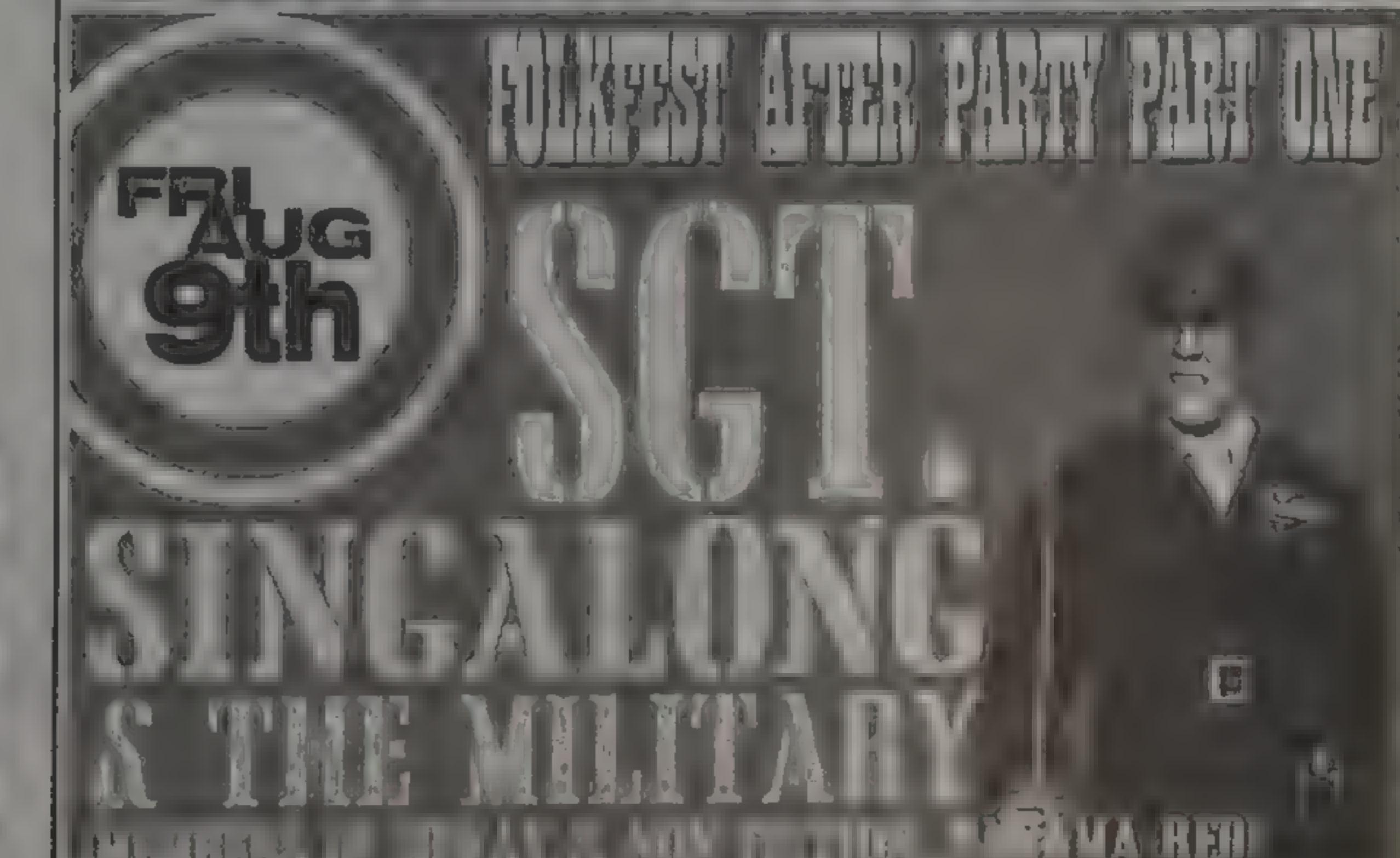
Syndicate sing. "I know you should understand if you like Ozzy." That addictive track sets the tone for the rest of *XL From Coast to Coast*, which pulls from every great rock act of the last 30 years—from southern rock to filthy punk—and smashes them together into a great middle-finger scream. There are no historic rock milestones being set here, but the album is loaded with spastic, urgent hooks like the high-octane "Break the Record" and "Ya Blink It's," which provide a welcome alternative to Eminem in the summer car stereo abuse sweepstakes. My hands still haven't come down. ★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

NEW FOUND GLORY STICKS AND STONES (MCA/DRIVE-THRU)

I've never heard New Found Glory before, and yet I've heard them a zillion times. *Sticks and Stones* is so many generations removed from anything remotely subversive that I have a hard time classifying it as anything but kids' music. Maybe that's the point, though. I'm sure the band members think they're dangerous individuals (hey, they've got tattoos, fer Chrissakes) but the record company certainly knows which side their bread is buttered on. The music on this disc has been polished and scrubbed so squeakily clean that even Mom and Dad will like it (and perhaps even buy it for Junior). To be fair, the band is proficient, and the songs, while touching on all of the important issues plaguing junior high schoolers everywhere, are palatable enough to put up with at least once. Indeed, there may even be a hook or two in here, but it's all far too formulaic and benign to be of interest to anyone older than 16. ★ —WHITEY HUSTON

**ALIEN CRIME SYNDICATE
XL FROM COAST TO COAST (V2)**

There was a time when people would never admit to liking Ozzy Osbourne or Mötley Crüe, lest they be shunned by their Jesus Lizard-loving friends. What real cats have always known is that guys like Ozzy rocked long before his life was turned into a sitcom. This is the reason why the heart glows when the chorus for "Ozzy" kicks in—"Please just lift up your hands if you like Ozzy or Mötley Crüe," the Seattle lads of Alien Crime

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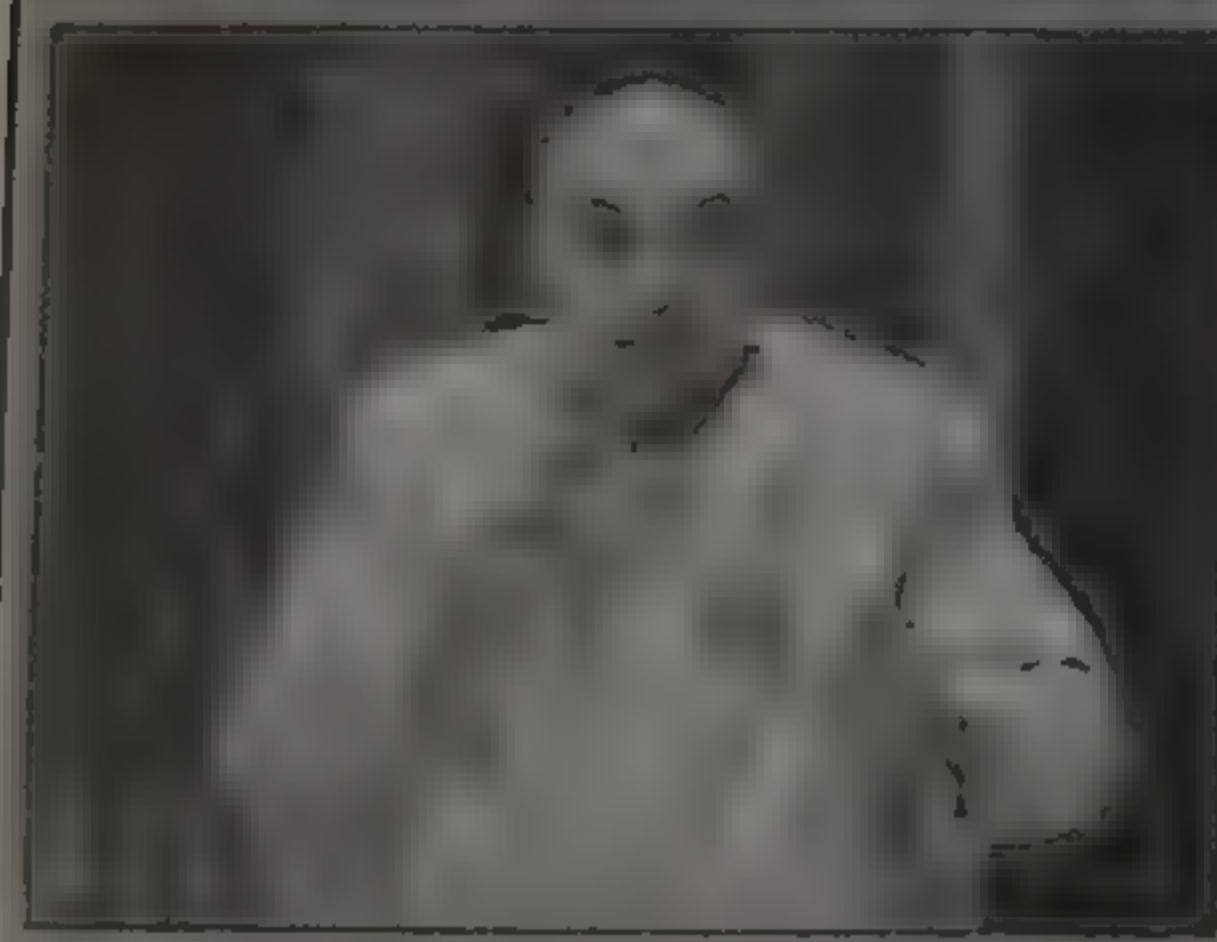
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- ④ Men in Black II terrified 8.7 million moviegoers who weren't prepared for Michael Jackson's cameo!
- ⑤ K-19: The Widowmaker's Russian accent flickered on and off 7.3 million times!
- ⑥ The Country Bears sucked down 5.2 million bottles of honey!
- ⑦ Mr. Deeds smacked its tennis partner in the head 4.2 million times!
- ⑧ Reign of Fire spent \$3.3 million on Matthew McConaughey's temporary tattoos!
- ⑨ Minority Report featured 3.1 million billboards customized specially for you!
- ⑩ My Big Fat Greek Wedding registered for \$3 million worth of gifts!

THE ASTERISK

Witchblade star Yancy Butler asked that the studio not give permission for Witchblade action figures, because her religion forbids the making of "graven images" of oneself. The studio has pressed ahead despite her concerns*

Donnie Wahlberg has become good friends with Wallace Shawn.

Before being cast in *The Shield*, Michael Chiklis was doing odd jobs and working as a Bruce Willis lookalike for mall openings*

Comedian Bonnie Hunt gave up a semi-pro career in badminton to pursue show business*

James Woods once dismissed the daily changing of underwear as "cowardly and shortsighted"

Anna Nicole Smith is now threatening to get an injunction against the E! network over the soon-to-be-aired *The Anna Nicole Show*, claiming she was unaware

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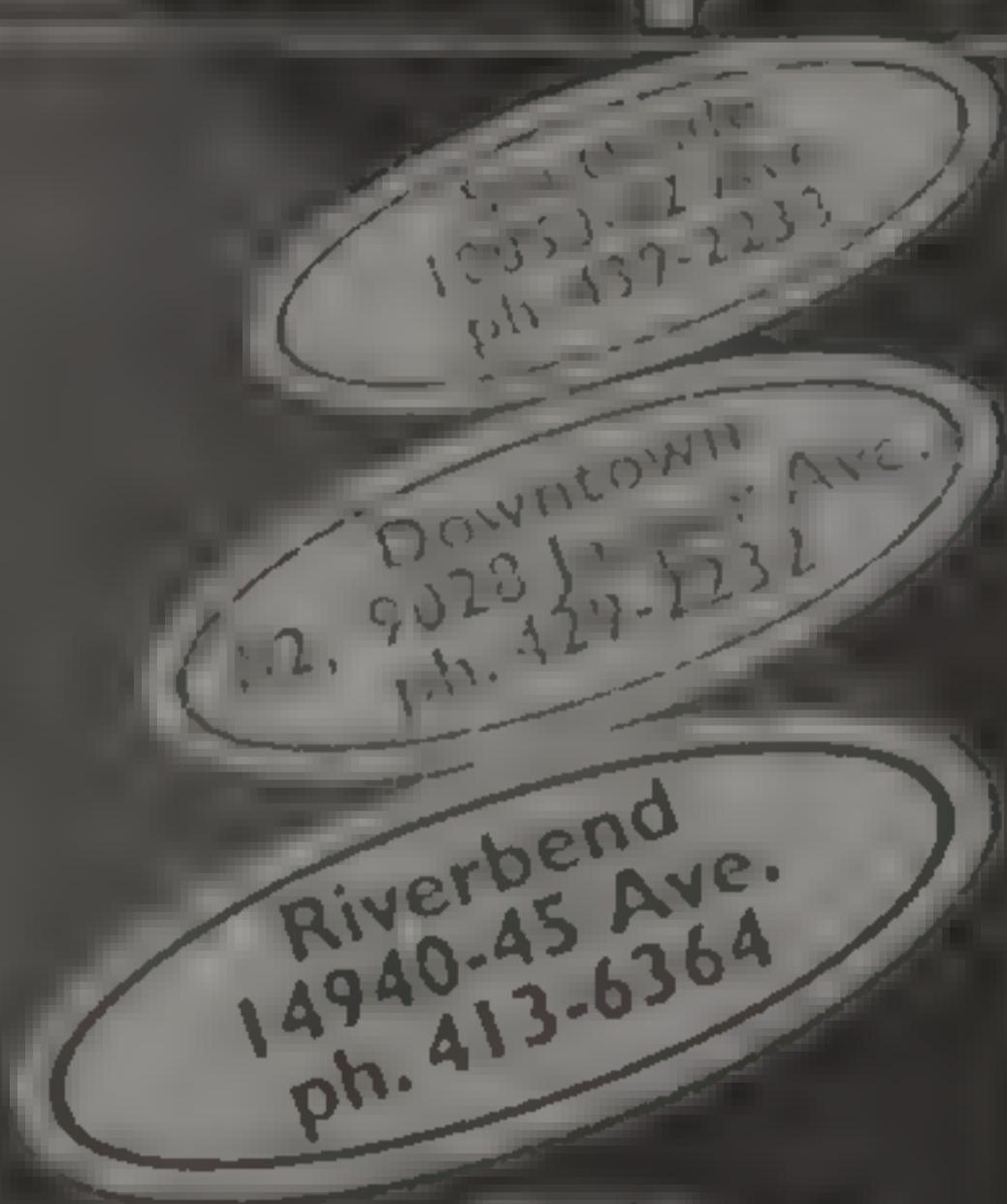
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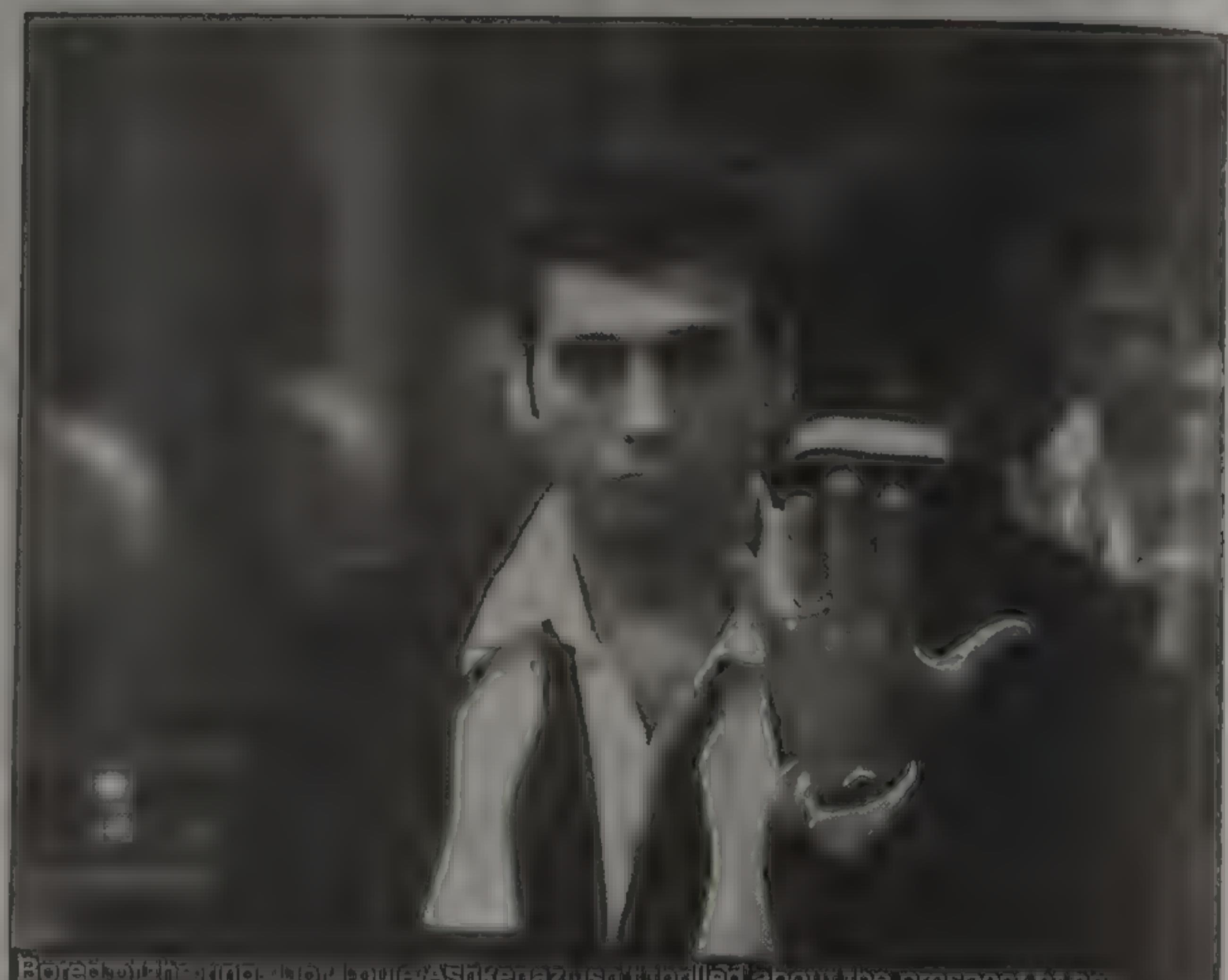
Late Marriage combines black comedy and humane, pro-feminist message

BY JOSEF BRAUN

The first image in Israeli writer/director Dover Kosashvili's feature debut *Late Marriage* is that of a middle-aged couple, the plump, amiable wife bathing her petulant, absurdly idle baby of a husband. "Rinse me from the top of my head," the cigarette-chomping buffoon cries, as though his own flabby arms were broken. It's abysmally clear that the scenario is one of well-established routine, the wife almost cheerful in her token, rehearsed resentment. The characters in this scene are, in fact, minor ones in *Late Marriage*, having little direct connection to the narrative; rather, they embody all that the film proceeds to appraise, lambaste and prophesy. And like much of what follows, it's a brilliant example of what smart black comedy is really all about: you just can't help but burst out laughing at the outrageousness of these people, but as the reality of their situation becomes increasingly bare, you realize it's anything but funny.

After this curious thematic introduction, *Late Marriage* transforms into a very tightly structured story, at the centre of which is Zaza (Lior Louie Ashkenazi), a 31-year-old bachelor and philosophy student whose stridently traditional Georgian-Jewish family is rapidly and methodically putting the vise grips on his romantic life. We see his parents introduce him to yet another potential wife, an attractive 17-year-old who Zaza's father Yasha has approved of. "Anyone can see she's not pregnant," he boasts with a smile. As the two families half-heartedly amble through their parts in the matchmaking ritual, the would-be lovers chat briefly in the girl's room about their marital aspirations: he wants passion and discourse; she wants money. Clearly, this is no match.

The romance Zaza is looking for can be found, however, in his secret mistress Judith (Ronit Elkabetz), a gorgeous Moroccan divorcée and single mother only a few years his senior. (Elkabetz, with her pale skin, inky black hair, tiny nipples and seductive gaze, closely resembles Edvard Munch's Madonna, a fact Kosashvili is clearly aware of since he names



Bored of her life in the sticks, Ronit Elkabetz isn't thrilled about the prospect of an arranged wedding in *Late Marriage*.

Judith's daughter Madonna.) Kosashvili unveils the nature of their relationship in a beautiful extended love scene that's every bit as down-to-earth, balanced and tender as the interaction between Zaza and his potential bride is forced and airless. We see how Zaza and Judith challenge each other and inch closer to a greater intimacy, their naked bodies both vulnerable and relaxed. The tragedy of *Late Marriage* is that, no matter how precious Zaza and Judith's love may be, their culture vehemently prohibits a man to marry such a woman not only because she's "used goods," but because she's radiantly beautiful, relatively confident and perfectly capable of independence. In short, Judith is no bride

fire. *Late Marriage*, on the other hand, feels like the work of a natural storyteller who lands on sociological hot spots by merely relaying what he sees as accurately and pointedly as possible. Character is Kosashvili's foundation, social commentary his polish.

Kosashvili prefers shades of gray to black-and-white moralizing. While Zaza's family is menacingly constricting, seizing upon any opportunity to bully him and Judith (sometimes violently), Zaza's own passivity is just as much to blame. Zaza describes his study as forever asking himself whether or not God exists, and Ashkenazi portrays him as a man whose faith in something pure still resides deep within him, but which is hopelessly unable to penetrate his surface. Zaza's mother Lily, on the other hand, develops into a surprisingly sympathetic character, the overwhelmingly manipulative lecturing of her son the product of her desperate pursuit of what she believes to be her son's best interests and her own resilient sense of religious conviction. (No wonder Kosashvili wisely cast his own mother in the role.)

Late Marriage is a remarkable debut that boasts a rare combination of attributes: it's political, funny, very smart and deeply humane. Those attributes don't always sell tickets, though, and it may not be around too long in the theatres. So see it while you can. ♦

foreign

because she's a woman instead of a child, and as Yasha warns: "Women have ruined whole empires!"

Almost Amos

Though both films deal with socio-religious repression in contemporary Israel, *Late Marriage* is a very different sort of movie than Amos Gitai's recent *Kadosh* (a film whose haunting images still come back to me years later). *Kadosh* is a superbly crafted, devastating lament about the vicious circle of sexism that pervades Israel's orthodox Jewish population, but it's nonetheless a film that feels as though it were conceived from its political agenda upward, an element which no doubt lends it some of its

Late Marriage
Written and directed by Dover Kosashvili • Starring Lior Louie Ashkenazi and Ronit Elkabetz • Opens Fri, Aug 2

In praise of older women

Inassumingly comic *Tadpole* will wriggle its way into your heart

BY JOSEF BRAUN

Oscar, the young hero of writer/director Gary Winick's witty little film *Tadpole*, is very bit the antithesis of your average 15-year-old boy in an American sex comedy. Oscar prefers reading *Voltaire* to listening to Moby, tasteless wool sweaters and button-down shirts to logo-sporting Ts or ball-caps, and middle-aged, sophisticated women to cute and nubile teenage girls. As an adult, Oscar (Aaron Stanford) might turn out to be a stuffy know-it-all intellectual, but as a handsome boy on the verge of manhood, he's pretty darn adorable—especially if you're a woman over 40, feeling randy and tired of dorky middle-aged men.

It's Oscar's Mrs. Robinson fixation that supplies *Tadpole* with its dramatic thrust. Oscar goes to a private school and, being home only for holidays, has managed to see his father's new wife Eve (Sigourney Weaver) not as any kind of surrogate mother but a potential lover. Home at dad's luxury apartment on New York's Upper East Side for Thanksgiving, Oscar plans to seduce Eve, but, after too much drink, hap-

lessly finds himself sleeping with her best friend instead, a sultry chiropractor named Diane (Bebe Neuwirth). What follows mostly concerns Oscar's amusingly panicked attempts to keep the teasing Diane from revealing their night of passion to both Eve and his father (played deftly as a permissive, oblivious buddy-dad by John Ritter).

Tadpole is the kind of film that can take an unfair bashing largely on account of overabundant expectations. It's not a great or flawless movie, but a perfectly enjoyable one,

[review] **comedy**

with some terrific, memorable performances at its centre. It was filmed cheaply, suitably and efficiently on digital video and has a humble running time of 77 minutes. It doesn't offer startling revelations about its touchy subject matter and I don't really think it was trying to, but instead it presents its situation with humour and warmth and maintains an impressive, very playful sense of tension. Unlike *Y Tu Mamá También*, it shies away from displaying the biological realities of a mature woman copulating with an inexperienced, trigger-happy boy, and in a way that's too bad because this particular quality lent such comic richness and resonance to *Y Tu Mamá También* and kept it far from the realm of mere fantasy. But at the same time,

the older women in *Tadpole* (who are considerably older than *Y Tu Mamá También*) clearly aren't as attracted to the idea of great, youthful sex as they are to great youthful passion, conviction and energy.

Is you is or is you ain't my Bebe?

However sound the emotional mechanics of *Tadpole* may or may not be, Neuwirth sells her character with verve to spare. With parted lips and a sassy stare, her giddiness alone is seductive (and delightfully torturous for Oscar) and reveals why I always found her so oddly beguiling on *Cheers* when I was a kid. (If I were Oscar I would have gone back for seconds!) Though more serious, Weaver too exemplifies older woman allure with subtlety and depth. It's revealed at one point that she feels like something is missing in her life, and this melancholy notion no doubt contributes to Oscar's naively romantic desire for her and lack thereof for comparably innocent girls his own age. Stanford plays Oscar with just the right balance of anxiety and arrogance. A natural in silent close-ups, it's easy to see why Stanford was cast in the role, though he's so anemic-looking you'll want to feed the guy some vitamins or a piece of meat.

Winick approaches *Tadpole* largely unobtrusively. When he does show his hand, it's pretty corny, as



Aaron Stanford and Bebe Neuwirth do it froggy-style in *Tadpole*

when he inserts cheesy French love songs into the soundtrack or creates old-fashioned fuzzy cameos around fantasy sequences. But nothing he does or doesn't do affects *Tadpole*'s simple charms too much one way or the other. It's not really a director's movie, just a sweet little sentimental

story told well and unassumingly. ©

Tadpole

Directed by Gary Winick • Written by Heather McGowan, Niels Mueller and Gary Winick • Starring Aaron Stanford, Sigourney Weaver and Bebe Neuwirth • Opens Fri, Aug 2

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Edmonton

The Mira has two faces

Mira Sorvino leaps into the breeches in whimsical *Triumph of Love*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

Periodically throughout director Clare Peploe's new film version of Pierre Marivaux's 1732 comedy of manners *Triumph of Love*, the middle-aged spinster Leontine—or perhaps it's Fiona Shaw, the actress who plays her—looks up and out of the corner of her eye spies a small audience in modern dress sitting on folding chairs right there in front of her, programs in hand, attentively watching her every move. These brief moments of self-consciousness, where your awareness of the audience's presence quietly and unexpectedly intrudes into the world of the play you had nearly lost yourself in, will be familiar to anybody who's ever performed onstage—audiences don't realize that the so-called "fourth wall" exists for the actors too. (These scenes recall the stunning point-of-view shot in Kon Ichikawa's masterpiece *An Actor's Revenge*, in which a noh actor notices his enemies watching him perform from the theatre balcony, which he perceives as floating in front of him in the

middle of the sky—like a small window into the real world that's intruded upon the 360-degree fantasy world of his play.)

These shots are just one of the many ways in which Peploe deliberately (and yet subtly) calls attention to the artificiality and the theatricality of her film. She shoots several scenes with a handheld camera, often using jump cuts in the middle of scenes—it's like a cross between classical theatre and an episode of *Homicide: Life on the Street*. Of course, the most artificial thing about the film is Mira Sorvino's lead

[rowe] comedy

performance as a princess who disguises herself as a young man, "Phocion," in order to infiltrate the estate of Hermocrates and Leontine and get close to the handsome prince Agis, who she's fallen in love with from afar. (The disguise is necessary because not only are the super-rational Hermocrates and Leontine plotting to overthrow the princess, but they've also raised Agis to hate all women—especially her.) Sorvino's disguise doesn't make her look the least bit masculine, but that's part of the joke; Leontine has chosen a life of such isolation and lovelessness that when she hears "Phocion" flatter her shamelessly about her beauty,

she's so blinded by this sudden flood of romantic words that she never even pauses to notice it's actually a woman speaking them to her.

Hot thespian action

Peploe seems to realize this type of cross-dressing romantic scheming is the kind of conceit that really only works onstage—and so she doesn't expend much effort on making this material "work" or even seem plausible onscreen. Instead, she turns *Triumph of Love* into a light-hearted essay about the nature of acting. In the early scenes where the princess, disguised as Phocion, meets the various inhabitants of Hermocrates's estate and tries out different ways of bowing and standing and masculinizing her voice, it's as though Sorvino is trying to puzzle out the proper approach to the role—the right mixture of girlishness and boyishness—at the very same time. Peploe creates a similar effect with Ben Kingsley's performance as Hermocrates by cutting together what are obviously different, contrasting takes of the same scene, so that you can see him experimenting with various line readings

and approaches to the material.

That description probably makes *Triumph of Love* sound like a cold, intellectual exercise, but Peploe approaches the material with a very light touch and always gives her cast plenty of breathing room to find the humour in every scene. Kingsley and Shaw are particularly delightful as their characters, against their better judgment, succumb happily to Sorvino's charms—they're so defenceless against her and their defences crumble so quickly that these scenes would seem almost cruel if it

weren't for the blissful expressions they wear on their faces. Even though the princess breaks their hearts at the end of the movie, you get the feeling they'd still say it was all worth it just to be that happy, even for a day. How do actors do it? *Triumph of Love*? This movie is more like a triumph of acting. v

Triumph of Love
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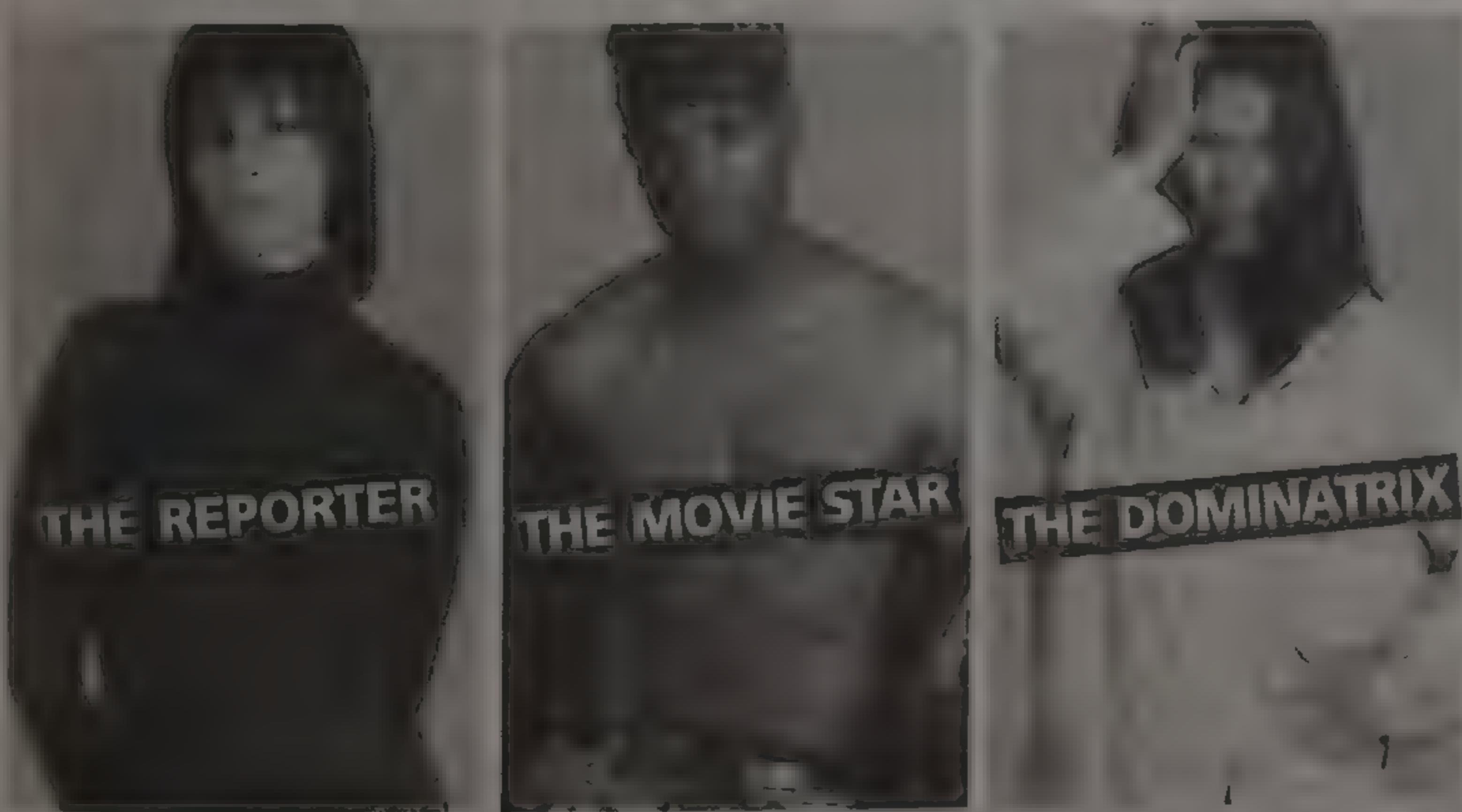
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Goldmember is merely shagiocre

Austin Powers's new adventure makes little sense, but has a few good laughs

BY JOSEF BRAUN

To review *Austin Powers in Goldmember*, the third—and most certainly not the last—installment in Mike Myers's likable spoof of 007 flicks and everything "1966," is not to analyze a movie but to bask in a phenomenon. (Not so different from the tautologous 007 movies themselves.)

That's probably why *Goldmember's* lack of narrative sense or general cohesiveness (something I heard some fellow audience members commenting on) didn't bother me. Most movies featuring *Saturday Night Live* alumni suffer greatly because they awkwardly try to adapt spastic sketch comedy into the form of the well-made populist movie; Myers clearly couldn't care less about form at all. *Goldmember* has a smattering of goofy new ideas, truly outrageous 360-degree plot twists, surprisingly amusing cameos, juvenile sight gags and incredibly obvious cinematic references, and Myers, working with co-screenwriter Michael McCullers and regular director Jay Roach, delivers the whole package in

one big, sloppy mess. And the movie is no worse off for it.

I didn't see the first Austin Powers film until long after it gained cult status—so long after, in fact, that by the time I caught up with it, I felt like I had already seen it. Never a good sign. (At the risk of being a bad film critic, I lapsed in my homework and skipped the universally panned *Austin Powers 2: The Spy Who Shagged Me*.) In this regard, I actually think of *Goldmember* as an improvement; the characters have gone far beyond their original spoopy stereotypes and become altogether malleable to Myers's considerable comic vision.

Pleasingly, little emphasis is placed on Robert Wagner's dull Number

Two character; instead, Verne Troyer's endearing, Harpo-like Mini-Me is thrown into the film's forefront. As well, Destiny's Child's Beyoncé Knowles, in her first significant film role, takes on the part of *Goldmember's* obligatory hot female sidekick (a spy from 1975 unimaginatively named Foxy Cleopatra) with a disarming earthiness and utter lack of the sort of camera-mugging that Myers indulges in with all four of his kooky characters (one of whom, Fat Bastard, is more than ready for retirement). Throw in the fact that she's deliciously attractive and you've got, for me at least, the movie's highlight.

[REVIEW] **comedy**



The 30-year-old Beyoncé Knowles won't mug for the camera, but Mike Myers sure does in *Austin Powers in Goldmember*

Fecal attraction

Still, for all that, I have to wonder what is up with people going so crazy for this movie. I don't mind a bit of dumb fun, but no one ever gave this much credit to, say, the *Naked Gun* series, which is arguably only a notch or two below *Austin Powers* in cleverness. (More frustratingly, much less credit has been given to Ben Stiller's *Zoolander*, which, while it's as much a goofy stream of pop-culture references as *Austin Powers*, is far more inventive and subtle.) For all his talent as a performer, Myers is little different from his old *SNL* cohorts in that he never knows when to let a gag die; thus, we're subjected to one mind-numbingly lengthy riff on poo and pee jokes after another. Myers is

more amiable than the makers of *South Park*, but he could learn something from Trey Parker and Matt Stone's ability to go straight for the nerve with a shock gag and move on.

In any case, there's no denying that *Goldmember* does do its job. It's engaging and occasionally even fresh. Michael Caine is sadly wasted as Powers's father, but Dr. Evil has humorously become more and more like Bill Murray. The musical numbers are terrific as ever and any movie that reveals Britney Spears to be a robot can't be all that bad. Groovy... I guess. ♦

Austin Powers in Goldmember
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Vidocq and bull story

Flashy French period thriller has heavenly visuals, Hell-ish screenplay

BY JOSEF BRAUN

French outlaw/hero/memoirist François Eugène Vidocq has been immortalized in several films from the '20s onward, but few, save perhaps Douglas Sirk's *A Scandal in Paris*, have left a lasting mark on cinema culture, despite Vidocq's iconic place in French history. Vidocq was known as a scoundrel, a turncoat, a *bon vivant* and a master crime-fighter to boot, and in his lifetime he witnessed some of the most significant events in modern French history. His biography supplies more than enough ingredients for rousing movie entertainment. So it seems odd that the latest film to (very liberally) dramatize Vidocq's adventures will be remembered not so much for its historical or entertainment value as its technical innovation.

Vidocq is the directorial debut of French visual effects director Pitof, who worked on Jean-Pierre Jeunet's *Alien Resurrection* and *City of Lost Children*—and the film fulfills all the expectations, good and bad, that accompany movies made by onetime techno wizards. Good: Pitof and cinematographer Jean-Pierre Sauvage

made visually stunning, innovative use of the new Sony/Panavision high-definition digital cameras, just before George Lucas was to exploit this same technology for *Attack of the Clones*. Bad: Pitof and co-scenarist Jean-Christophe Grange don't put nearly as much effort into providing *Vidocq* with a convincing script. While they set up an intriguing if incredibly far-fetched detective story, they let it dissolve into messy mystical mayhem.

Vidocq caught my eye when I spotted the box on the shelf of my local video store: the garish, grotesque colours on its cover, the ghoulish delights promised by the blurb, the

[REVIEW] **video**

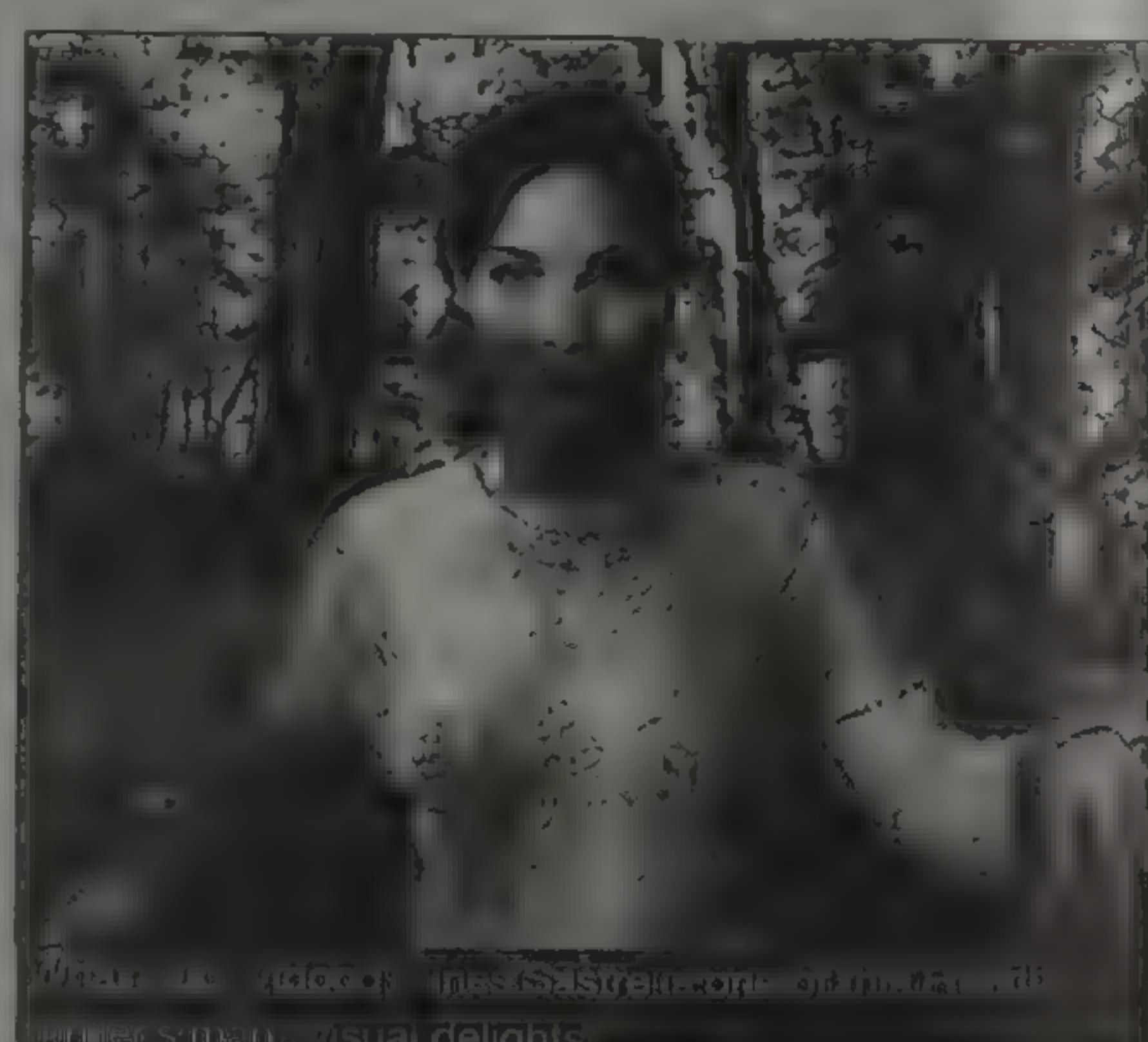
mysterious presence of a major star like Gérard Depardieu in a movie by a pretentiously single-named filmmaker I'd never heard of. "What is this and why haven't I heard of it before?" I wondered. *Vidocq*'s entry into Edmonton video stores after never having been screened anywhere in Canada may be more a result of bad timing than faulty filmmaking. Pitof's flashy style might have sold well on this side of the Atlantic, where large audiences tend to flock toward expensive-looking spectacles—but had it not been thoroughly upstaged by the Hughes Brothers' incredibly similar (and I would argue superior) English-language thriller *From Hell*, which was

released the same time that *Vidocq* would likely have shown here.

Pitof more than he can chew?

Like *From Hell*, *Vidocq* is set in a seedy, miserable 19th-century European metropolis—1830 instead of 1888; Paris instead of London. The vintage vices of *From Hell*—opium, orgies, et cetera—are placed on rapturous, voyeuristic display here as well. *Vidocq* opens with a battle over a fiery pit as its hero (Depardieu) dies at the hands of a mirror-masked villain known as the Alchemist, who resembles something concocted by comic artist Todd McFarlane. From this point forward, Pitof's camera clings to the coattails of young journalist Étienne Boisset (Guillaume Canet), who claims to be Vidocq's biographer and wants to solve the mystery. *Vidocq* was in the midst of investigating when he died: an overly-complicated, sometimes ridiculous plot to electrocute-by-lightning Parisian political figures and entrap helpless young virgins in the hope of developing an elixir of eternal youth.

Vidocq does all this and keeps a revolution against Charles X raging in the background for good meas-



Depardieu's Vidocq is a star-studded visual delight

ure. How, you might ask, is so much potent plot dressing dealt with? Well that's the thing... it's not. Pitof and Grange have no aspirations toward developing scintillating conspiracy theories or providing historical social commentary—or even to clean up the substantial mess their screenplay leaves behind. There is thrill in the chase, however, and the *mise-en-scène*, all filters, deep focus, fisheye lenses (to mimic the point of view of the masked killer) and deliberately cut-and-pasted backdrops, does have its allure. Those who like their movies orgasmically trippy will not be disappointed. Just a warning though: all the DVD extras come sans English subtitles. ♦

Vidocq
Directed by Pitof • Written by Pitof and Jean-Christophe Grange • Starring Guillaume Canet and Gérard Depardieu • Now on video

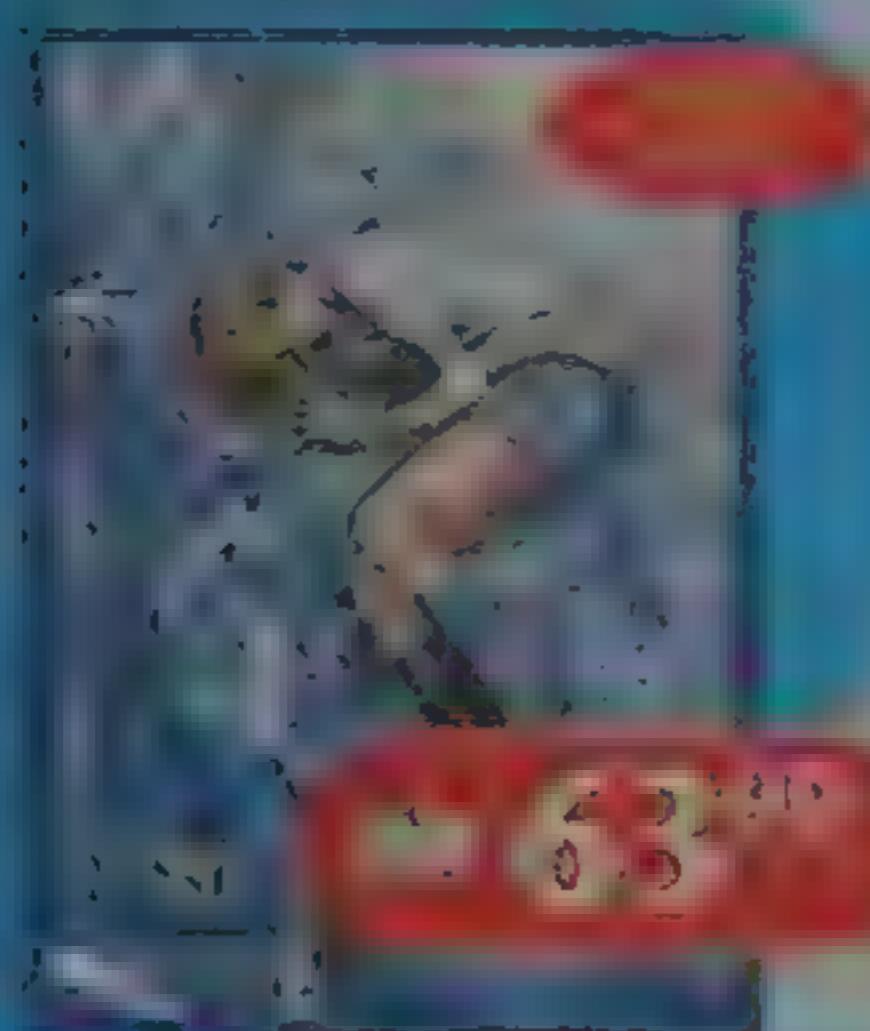
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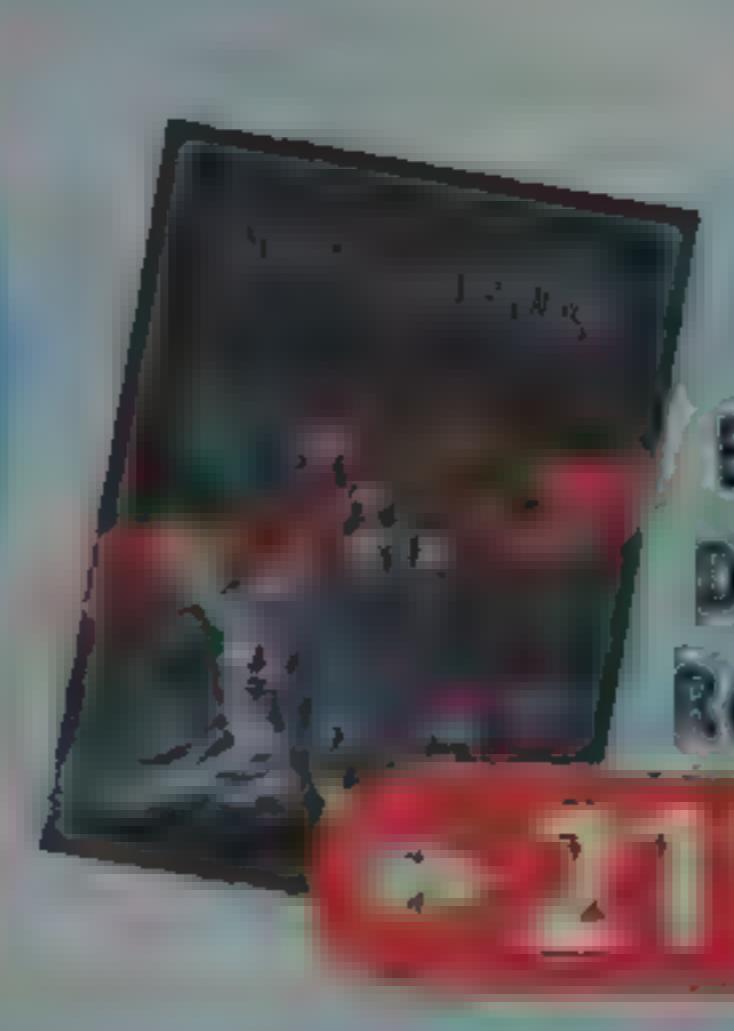
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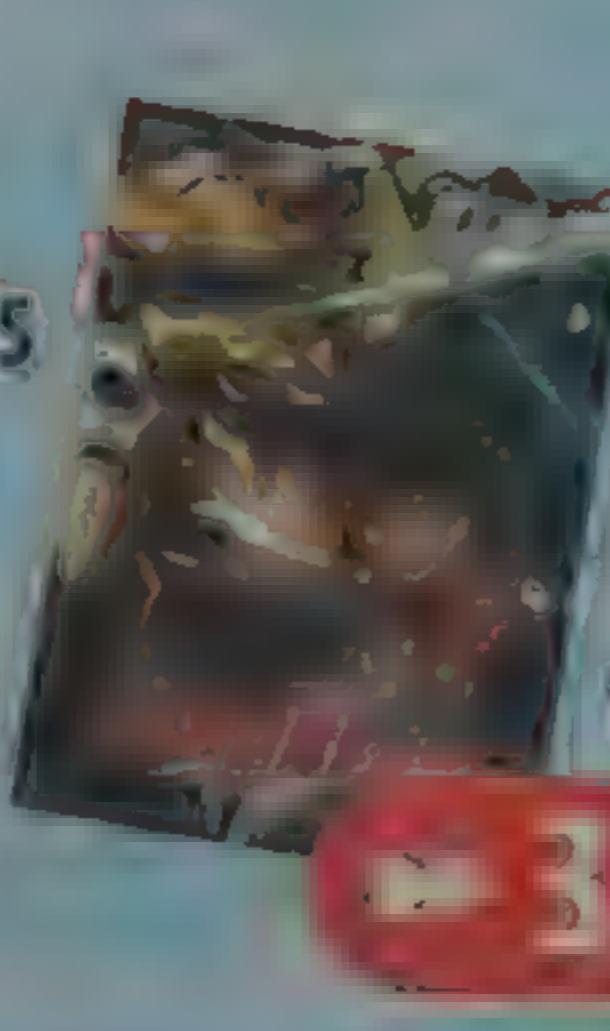
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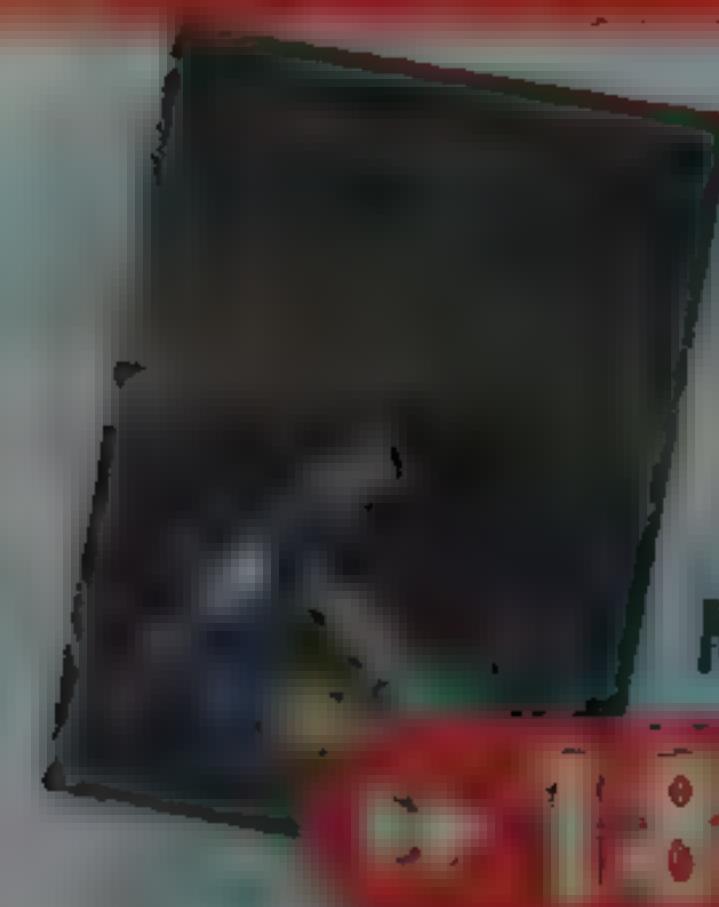
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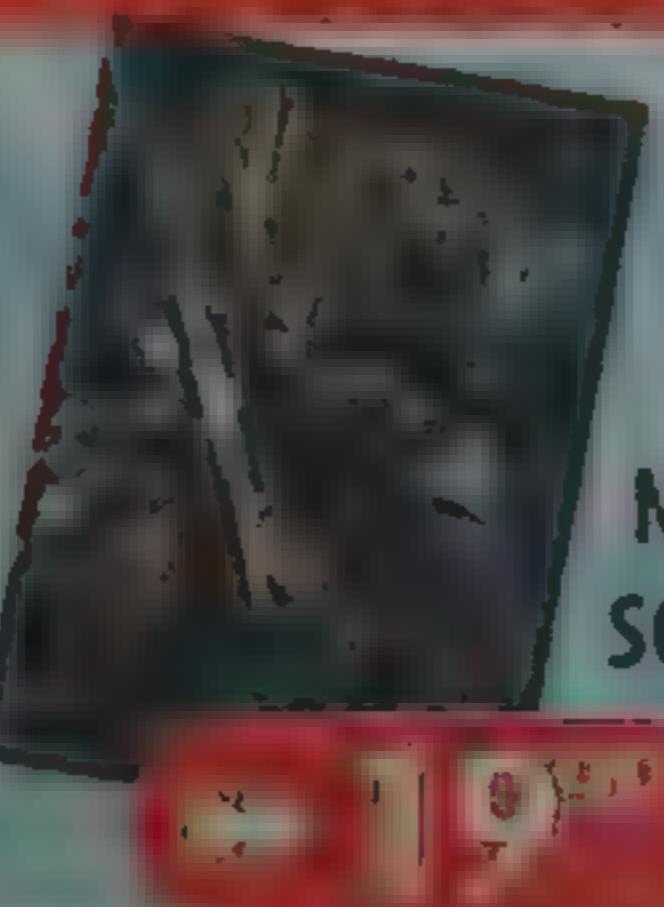
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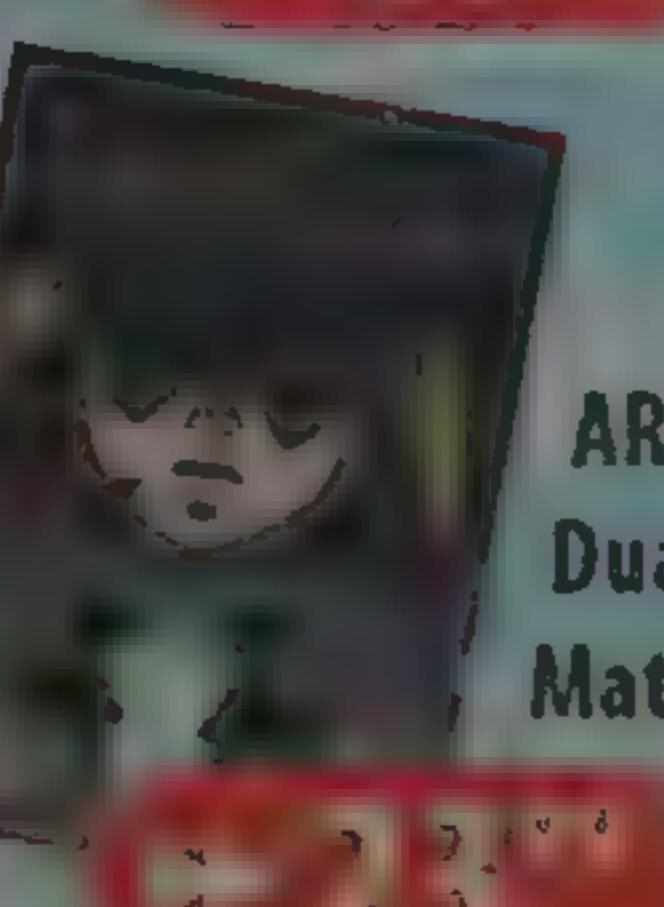
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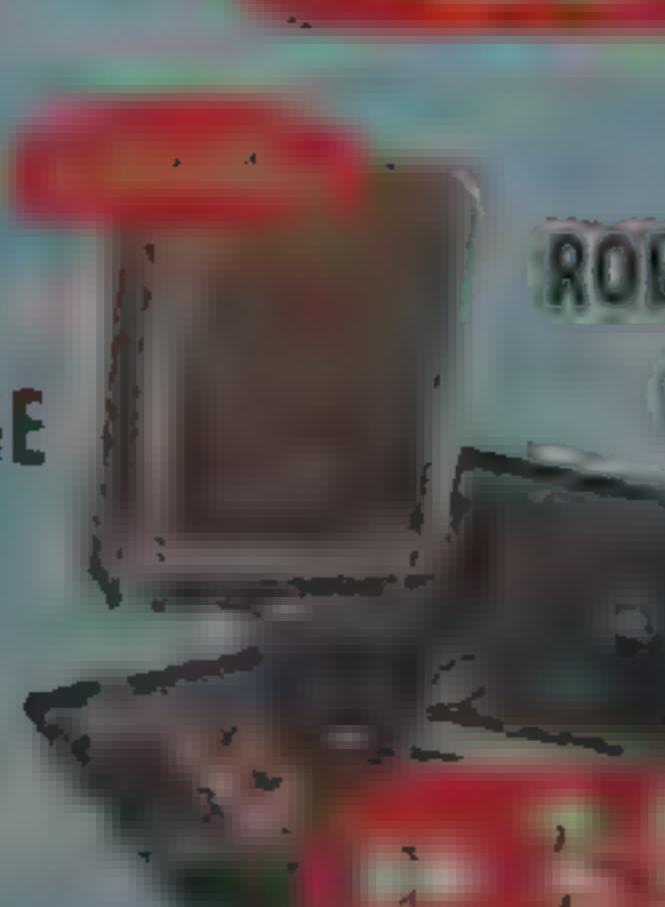
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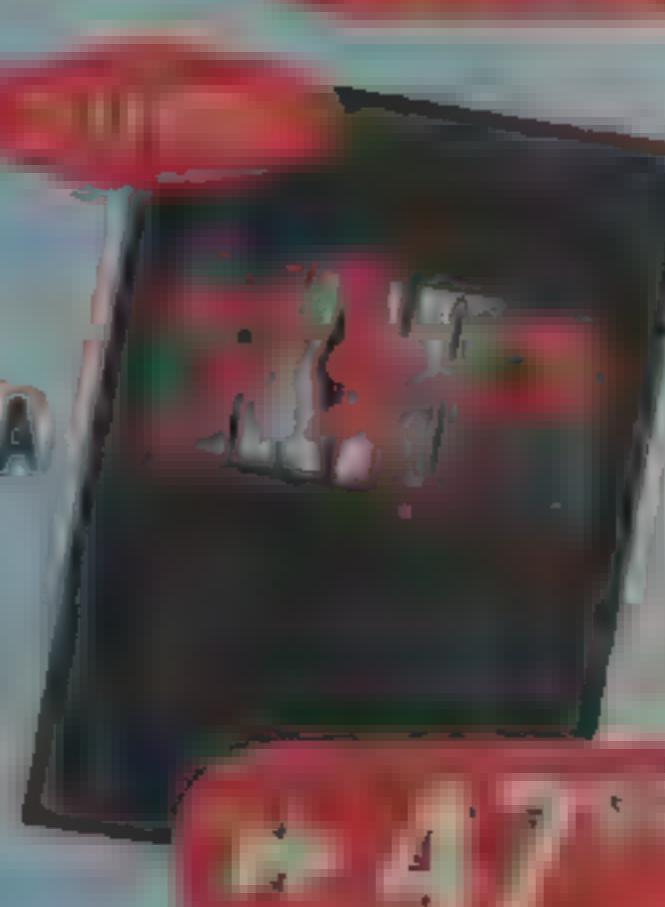
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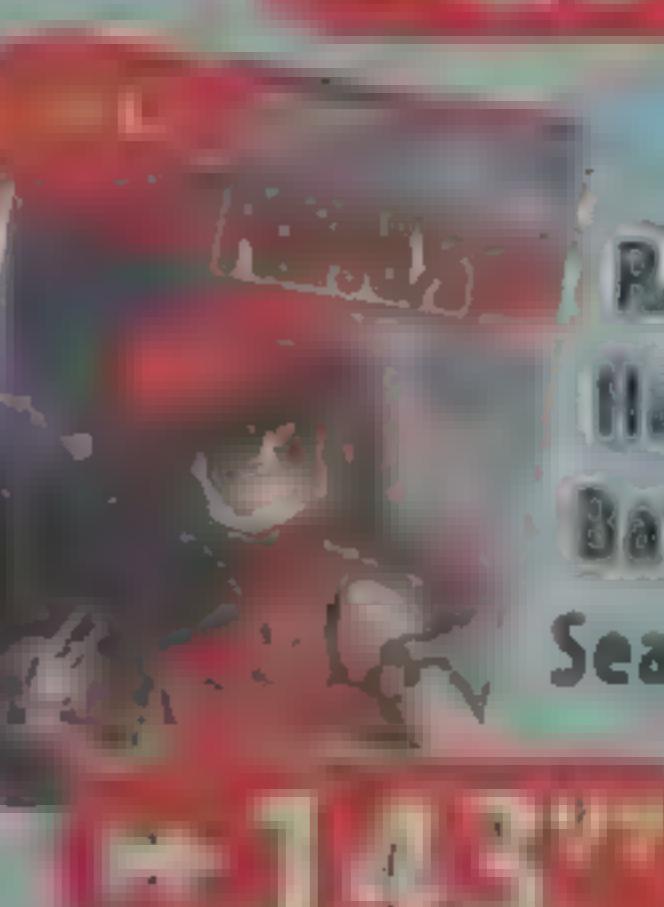
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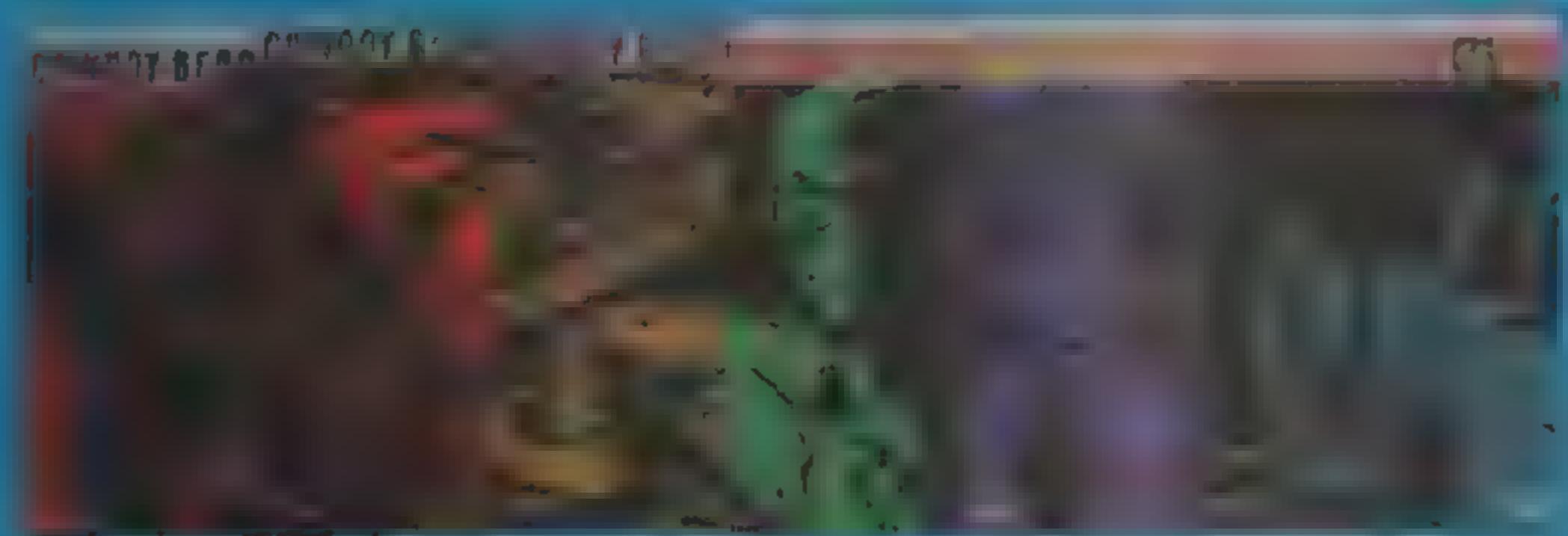
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DIVINE SECRETS OF THE YA-YA SISTERHOOD

arts

SOSA to fine

Student artists find a SmARTer way to bring their work before the public

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

Why aren't students exhibiting artwork? Why aren't we getting that experience in art school?" asks Amber Rooke, one of the founding members of SOSA (the Society of Student Artists) and one of the curators of *SmARTer*, the society's second annual members' show. "[In university,] you don't learn how to market your work—you are all on your own," adds Stacey Marz, a University of Alberta student and an executive member of SOSA. "You learn how to make art better, but you don't learn what to do with it."

Rooke and Marz's words echo the urgent concerns of many fine art graduates across the country. The number of visual artists who drop out of the field after graduating from two-, four- or even six-year programs is staggering. Only a small percentage of students survive the ruthless pressures of the "real world" and continue to create art. Is that just the harsh reality of the art-world, or are Canadian art-training institutions failing to provide emerging artists with some basic survival strategies?

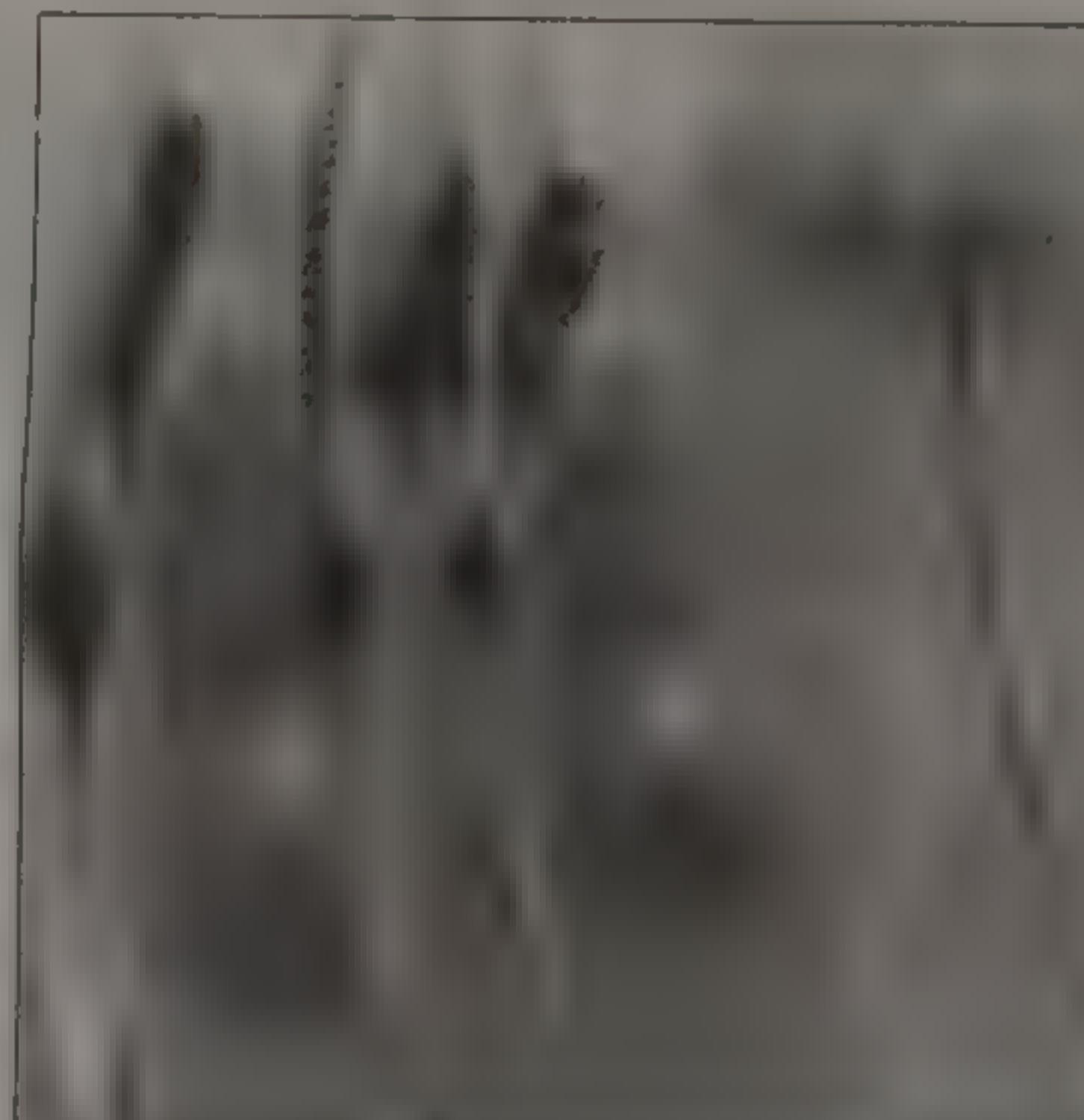
"When people get out [of university], they don't make art because they were not given the tools," says Rooke. "Something as basic as taking slides of your work is not focussed on in art school, and something as important as exhibiting is ignored. It's as if it's not important that the student succeeds. Once you get out of school you're on your own, and who comes up on top is on top.... It doesn't need to be that way; I don't think we need to be in direct competition. If we're all out there scrambling individually we might not get as far as if we worked together."

With six you get art group

Rooke, together with a group of six other fine arts students, decided not to just stew over their concerns but to take constructive action. A year and a half ago, they hung posters all over campus to see how many students would be interested in creating a student-artist group. They were surprised to see 20 people turn up at the meeting; on that day a support group

for emerging and student artists was born. "Once we started SOSA, it was like entering a whole new world," says Rooke. As a university student, she says, she felt isolated from the rest of the art community, but as soon SOSA took off she learned that Edmonton is "teeming with supportive arts organizations."

In fact, interest in the group became so great that the members could not keep up with the offers. "It



Art Chin's *Shanty*

was almost too much to handle," she says. The luckiest break came when the manager of a downtown property offered the group a space in the basement of the present PITS Gallery location. Unfortunately, the large basement space was packed from floor to ceiling with junk. Undeterred, SOSA held a giant garage sale and used the profits to pay for dumpsters to haul out all the leftover debris. As a reward for their hard work and ingenuity, the management gave them six months' free rent. (These days, the rent is paid for by regular fundraisers. "Sometimes it takes a large bake sale to make rent," laughs Rooke.)

The majority of members exhibit-

visual arts

ing in this year's members' show are still currently enrolled in university, but it's the recent graduates who most acutely feel the loss of a supportive community. "At first after graduating you have all these plans, but it turns out different than you expected," says Katarah Vedda, who completed her B.F.A. a year ago. "The year after graduation was one of the hardest I have ever had, both creatively and professionally. Doing the degree nurtured the creative process, but didn't prepare me for the practicality of exhibiting my work."

Despite the obstacles, Vedda's

determination prevailed. She has already had one solo show in a café and presents three captivating pieces in the members' exhibition. Her miniatures of intimately intertwined bodies suggest furtively captured zoom-in camera shots of lovers. "Within my own life and within the lives of other people there is a sense of dissociation from our bodies, from our feeling," she says. "There is a sense of emptiness and a need to reconnect with the source of who we are and how we fit into life. It's as if parts of your being are missing and people search for that in others. The romantic relationship represents the desire for connection for wholeness. It's like finding a reflection of the missing parts of yourself."

Art for Art's sake!

Art Chin joined SOSA for entirely different reasons. His degree is in computer-aided design (CAD) and he currently works as an industrial animator simulating aerospace flight. Chin has never taken more than a few art courses and needed the support and creative stimulation of other young artists to help him to pursue his idiosyncratic blend of art and digital photography. "How do you paint with a camera?" he asked himself. Chin has succeeded in this elusive quest: the untitled digital photograph that hangs in the show has an enigmatic quality, one that combines the familiar with the mysterious. "This is a negative image of high-gloss reflections on a glass bowl, taken with a macro-lens," he explains. "This is why it's not obvious to the viewer how this image came about. The hot-spots [sharp highlights] are black. The different depths are created because the focus is in the foreground, but you can still see through the glass." Chin, encouraged by this show, is now planning a solo exhibition in a local café.

The community support and encouragement that SOSA provides is invaluable to all these young artists (who range in age between 19 and 25). "Looking at these works [in the show] makes me want to know who these people are and encourages me to develop my skills," says Chin. "We are all trying to help everybody to exhibit." And that sense of a supportive, thriving community is palpable to anyone who enters the space. ☀

2nd Annual SmARTer Exhibit

By Society of Student Artists (SOSA) •
PITS Gallery (10154-103 St) • To August
8 • www.societyofstudentartists.org



Stubble Jumpers' youthful cast is full of Army brats

Serenading Private Ryan

WWII musical *Stubble Jumpers* has problems, but its youthful cast isn't one of them

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Roy Benson's ensemble musical *Stubble Jumpers* is an odd creation—it spends its entire first act very clearly setting up a very specific theme, which it then spends the entire second act compulsively avoiding. The play is the culmination of this summer's Imagine program (the theatre youth "camp" run by Fringe Theatre Adventures), but let me get my gripes with the play itself out of the way before I praise the contributions of the kids.

Stubble Jumpers begins in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, in 1939; war has broken out in Europe, and the prospect of enlisting in the Army and travelling overseas to fight seems like a tremendously appealing, romantic notion to the callow young farm boys, most of whom have never even been to Saskatoon, let alone London, and are starved for adventure. In scene after scene, Benson plays up the boys' naivety—almost all of them leave home expecting to shoot a few Nazis, chase a few pretty European girls and return home in time for Christmas—and the very structure of the play would seem to demand that in the second act, he'll show us the boys' innocence being shattered as they are forced to confront the grim realities of war.

Instead, the play's theme gets lost amidst a tangle of tangential scenes and musical numbers—a fantasy ballet as one young soldier dreams about French, Dutch, English and Irish girls dancing seductively around his bunk; a long sequence in which the boys flirt gawkily with some pretty girls they meet in an English pub; an out-of-place musical salute to the women

theatre

way, you could say *Stubble Jumpers* encourages the very same romantic, idealized notions of what soldiering is all about that it supposedly correcting. It's true that a few characters die near the end of the play, but... well, let me just say that you probably won't be terribly surprised by which ones they are. (I was able to pinpoint two of the three casualties after literally their very first lines of dialogue.)

A Berg in the hand

All right—I've got that off my chest. Now here's what I like. Besides two adult professionals (Tony Sharkey and Sylvia Wong), there are 23 people in the cast, a teenagers, many of them as inexperienced as actors as their characters are as soldiers—and perhaps that's why their performances seem so free from condescension. I like that they don't play these Saskatchewan kids as rubes—even when they get their first taste of the big city, they're not ashamed of where they come from. (One of the best songs in the show occurs when they tell those English girls in the pub that they hail from "Prince Albert, Capital of Canada.") Standout cast members include Don Nyback and Britt Mayer, who are quite sweet together as a soldier who enlists in the army and pro-

SEE NEXT PAGE

THEATRE NOTES

all the world is a stage

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

Dressed up for the carnival

Every year, the Fringe Theatre Festival holds a "media launch" at the Arts Barns, where the various shows are encouraged to set up booths and hand out press kits and assorted novelty items to TV, radio and print reporters. Typically, two or three acts are also invited to perform short excerpts from their shows for the TV cameras. This year's media launch took place last Thursday, and while I was eager to snap up my copy of the glossy 2002 Fringe program (hey—it's square this year instead of rectangular!) and get my first taste of this year's crop of productions, I came away from the event with the vague feeling that the launch is not that great a way to find out what's going on at the Fringe. And when I got home and watched the TV news reports from the media launch, I was able to put a finger on why I felt that way.

First of all, the media launch is designed mainly for the TV cameras,

which means that when it comes to inviting shows to perform live, preference is given to musical numbers with outrageous costumes—this year's launch, for instance, featured the cast of *Nonsense II: The Second Coming* singing their opening number and the cast of *Scantily Clad Women Who Might Kiss* belting out "Lady Marmalade" while wearing skimpy Moulin Rouge-style showgirl costumes. I've got nothing against either show and I wish both of them well at the box office—and I fully appreciate the fact that both performances provided "great visuals" for the evening news reports. Those pieces also featured a lot of footage of actors in wacky outfits sitting at their tables, clamouring for the cameras' attention and making their best, most frantic three-second sales pitches as the reporters strolled by.

It's great to see local TV stations taking an interest in theatre and giving local artists some on-camera exposure—except they're more interested in portraying them not as serious artists, but as kooky, colourful characters willing to go to any extreme just to publicize their show, as people desperate for media exposure instead of deserving of it. (This is one of the many reasons I'm glad the Fringe lineup was abolished; call me a snob, but I don't think all those news stories showing the entire Edmonton theatre community huddled in their sleeping bags in the Arts Barns parking lot exactly showed our community in the most dignified light.) I'm not saying that TV Fringe previews have to consist solely of moodily lit actors reciting grim Sarah Kane monologues, but it also seems to me that

there's a large contingent of serious-minded but still entertaining plays that play the Fringe every year that neither the TV stations nor the Fringe seems all that interested in promoting.

Let me hasten to add that the Fringe is a big, cruel, Darwinian rat race and it's up to every individual show, no matter how serious or heavy, to figure out a way to attract audiences and promote themselves to the media. (Two new shows by local playwrights figured out similarly imaginative ways to do precisely that: the press kit for Scott Sharplin's *Burnt Remains* is a charred notebook full of cryptic sketches and diary entries as well as bios of the cast and crew, while the kit for Morgan Smith's *Cheerleader!* looks like a miniature high school yearbook and came complete with personalized signatures from the characters in the play.)

But perhaps the Fringe could aid the less flashy shows even further by staging two media launches—one for the TV cameras and one for the press. The TV launch could be colourful and boisterous and full of flashy visuals, while the press launch could feature performances from more dramatic or interior shows, focus less on attention-getting gimmicks and offer more opportunities for longer, more thoughtful interviews with the actors, playwrights and directors. At the media launch, newly installed Fringe associate producer Miki Stricker expressed her desire to see the festival go "back to basics," to emphasize the indoor shows and the artists who create them. This might be one way of accomplishing that goal. ☺

that she masochistically joins the army herself just to stay close to him, even though he ignores her or acts like a jerk whenever she's around—and makes her into probably the most interesting, lively character in the play. (And boy, does Benson ever let Berg down with Betty's big song, the half-heartedly written "Always a Bridesmaid," which could have been a classic comic number in the vein of "I Cain't Say No" from *Oklahoma!*)

I may not be all that wild about

the material, but I still salute the young members of the *Stubble Jumpers* cast, crew and orchestra, who should be proud of themselves for pulling together a big, complicated show while holding themselves to a professional schedule and professional standards. They—along with director Darryl Lindenbach and his team—deserve some kind of medal. ☺

Stubble Jumpers

Arts Barns • To Aug 3 • Fringe Theatre Adventures • 448-9000

EXTENSION CENTRE GALLERY

Second Floor, University Extension Centre, 8303-112 St., 492-3034. Open Mon-Fri 8am-4pm. • INTO THE IMAGE: Graduating presentation by Mary Brackenbury. Until Aug. 7. • Suzanne Loutas graduating student exhibition. Aug. 12-21.

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave., 432-7535. Open Mon-Sat 10am-6pm; Thu-Fri 10am-9pm; Sun 12-5pm.

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Astronomical Horoscope

By MATT SHORT

ARIES (Mar 20-Apr 19): Who knows what you're going to do next? Your impulsive nature leaves every opportunity open. Large bodies of water and artistic recreations are featured this week. Your planetary ruler, Mars, continues to harmoniously move through your fifth house. Children, sporting events, romance, music, film and general creativity are all applicable topics. Your sign has a very favourable outlook this week, even if something appears to be negative, it could very well be a blessing in disguise. The signs Pisces or Leo may apply.

TAURUS (Apr 20-May 20): Who knew you could be so picky? As your planetary ruler, Venus, continues through Virgo, details, diet, hygiene, clothing and situations involving pets are all forecast. You may find yourself expressing love to your honey-bunch through criticisms, but fault-finding isn't much of an aphrodisiac. It might be a better idea to keep your opinions to yourself unless you are going for a second virginity. Use caution around August 2, when there are signs of heavy financial obligations problems with romances or children and difficulties with parental and authority figures. Cancellations, travel challenges and bad timing are shown for August 4. Capricorn involved.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): Visions of romance and children continue to dance through your head as your planetary ruler, Mercury, moves through Leo for the last week. Artistic and creative endeavours are generally shown. Secret love affairs, fantasies, dreams, sleep and not seeing things very clearly are forecast for August 2. By August 4, reality will become apparent as Saturn touches your ruler bringing practical decisions and communications involving your career, parental figures, older people and the signs Capricorn or Aquarius. Prepare to start out next week with unexpected events on August 5. Problems with trips, timing, cars, cancelled plans and sudden visits from friends are all possibilities.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): You worry too much! When Saturn touches your ruler this week, heavy workloads, negative mindsets, domestic responsibilities, parents, older people and the signs Capricorn and Aquarius could somehow fall into this week's forecast. Worrying about money and your secret fears doesn't help anyone, and it could make you feel depressed. Try to deal with unresolved issues and put this negativity aside. Besides, lucky Jupiter has just moved into your second house of finances, bringing the possibility of increased income.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Actions speak louder than words, but who am I telling? You've been more active than usual either onstage or behind the scenes within theatre, film, music, dance or visual arts. Places involving sports, recreation and entertainment are seen for your sign this week. Although your energy levels are high, you may need more sleep and solitude than usual to recharge yourself. Secrets and deceptions are shown on August 2, along with possible problems concerning water, oil and gas. A Pisces or Aries could be involved.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): You are seeking perfection like never before. Your sign is being challenged by hard work and difficult changes. Your subconscious mind and fantasy life may be getting out of hand, especially around August 2 when you could be faced with negative visualizations and situations of deceit. Don't let your creativity get the better of you. Use it for fun, artistry, music, drama and playing with children. You may have to work this weekend, but if you don't, visits with parental figures and Capricorn friends are encouraged. Your daily routine will be interrupted beginning next week on August 5 by means of sleeping patterns, work, transportation, cancellations and bad timing. Dreams, bedrooms and the time you spend alone are also highlighted.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Your planetary ruler, Venus, continues moving through the sign of Virgo, and is currently in your twelfth house. New clothing, dream analysis, psychic communications with animals and diet and hygiene concerns are all in this week's forecast. These influences could lessen your opportunities for romance or maybe just force you to keep them secret. August 2 will be an especially challenging day, with signs of overwork and added stress on close relationships. You're going to have to put in extra effort if you want to get any lovin' this week. The signs Capricorn and Aquarius could apply.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): When you get your mind on something, that's it. You can't seem to think about anything else. Still, this tendency hides a great ability to never give up once you have made a decision and to push through your obstacles toward ultimate success. The planets are aligned in such a way that you might have to go through some anger and grief before you can tap into your true inner power. The planet Uranus continues to touch your ruler, Pluto, influencing you to change residence and making you have unpredictable emotional upheavals. An Aquarius could be involved.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Part of your transformation is finally complete. Your planetary ruler, Jupiter, will move into Leo on August 2 and restore your inner harmony. Working with children, romantic activity and artistic endeavours involving music, drama, film and visual art are in this week's forecast. Your natural expansive ability will be sprung into action by means of foreign travel, higher education, interest in religion and spiritual evolution. Increased faith and positive visualizations are also seen. The signs Leo and Aries could apply.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 20): You're turning into a homebody this week. The Moon is approaching your ruling planet, Saturn. This particular interaction should bring out your latent domestic qualities. Your emotional intuitive side will surface, with possible psychic connections with parents and family. Real estate, kitchens and houseware sections are also featured. Beware of vanity, lack of appreciation, unwise purchases and problems with relationships on August 2. Use August 4 for making plans, catching up with friends, writing e-mails, taking short trips and running errands.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 18): The intensity continues as your ruler, Uranus, continues to be influenced by powerful Pluto. You probably never thought you would think about sex so much in your life. Insurance, taxes, transformation, psychic phenomena and partner's finances could also be applicable topics. You may be noticing that the immense instability you've experienced in the recent past has now started to form a sturdy foundation. Cancellations, unexpected events and challenges with travel and communications are shown for August 5. Scorpio, Gemini and Virgo apply.

PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 19): You have all the drive of a fire sign this week, as Mars and the Sun touch your planetary ruler, Neptune. Confidence and initiative are with you now, along with added generosity and playfulness. This increased desire for excitement could lead you to theme parks or sudden adventures to the coast. Agendas involving creativity, children, romance, sporting events and speculations are also forecast. Hidden affairs at the workplace are shown for August 2. The signs Leo, Aries and Scorpio could be involved. ☺

ARTS WEEKLY

For a FREE listing, fax 426-2889 or e-mail listings@vuw.ab.ca. Deadline is 3pm Friday.

ART GALLERIES

Also see What's Happening Downtown on page 44.

ART BEAT GALLERY 8 Mission Ave., St. Albert, 459-3679.

Summer exhibit by gallery artists: Russ Hogger, Audrey Pfannmuller, Glenda Beaver, Mel Heath, Fran Heath, Min Ma, Karen Findlay, Greg Johnson, Nick Prins, Edwina Sosa, Kari Duke, Andrew Jaszewski, Rogelio Menz, Igor Postash and Randy Wiens.

CENTRE D'ARTS VISUELS DE ALBERTA 20, 8627 Rue Marie-Anne-Gaboury 91 St., 461-3427.

DR WATER AND OF STEEL: Yolande Quette (acrylic paintings), Laura Tough (watercolours), Patrick

Jacob (steel work), Mary Deeprose (watercolours). Aug. 2-14. Opening reception Fri, Aug. 2, 7-8:30pm. Artists in attendance.

CHRISTL BERGSTROM'S RED GALLERY AND STUDIO 9621 Whyte Ave., 439-8210. Open

Mon-Fri 11am-5pm; Sat by appointment. **NAKED STORIES-ART AS NARRATIVE**: Recent oil paintings of nudes, portraits and still lifes. Explores personal storytelling within historical art influences. Through the summer.

DOUGLAS UDELL GALLERY 10332-124 St., 488-4445. **SOME NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON V**: New Sculptures by Joe Fafard.

ELECTRUM DESIGN STUDIO 12419 Stony Plain Rd., 482-1402.

SPIRITED MYSTERIES: Clay, steel, mixed media by Joanna Drummond and Sharon Moore-Foster. Until Aug. 30. Closed for Holidays until Aug. 5.

ARTS WEEKLY

Continued from previous page

Paintings by D.M. Dennis. Eskimo soapstone, Inukshuk, igloo, whale, owl and Shaman carvings by M. Iyaituk. West Coast Indian and Eskimo silver and gold jewellery by K. Law. Until Aug. 31.

THE FRINGE GALLERY Bsmt., 10516 Whyte Ave., 432-0240. Open daily 9:30am-6pm. Closed Sun. **PASSERIFORMS**: Mixed media works by Jim Travelyan. Aug. 5-31.

FRONT GALLERY 12312 Jasper Ave., 488-2952. Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm. Landscape paintings by Hilary Prince. Aug. 6-24.

GENERATIONS GALLERY 5411-51 St., Stony Plain, 963-2777. Open daily 10am-4pm. Recent watercolour landscapes by Pierre Bataillard. Folk painted tableware by Will Truchon. Aug. 1-Sept. 9. Opening reception SUN, Aug. 4, 1-4pm.

HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St., 426-4180. Open Mon-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 12-4pm. **EDMONTON SCULPTURE: THE NEXT GENERATION**: Abstract sculpture, curated by Terry Fenton. Aug. 8-Sept. 7. Opening reception THU, Aug. 8, 7:30-10pm. • **FRONT ROOM: SAT**, Aug. 10, 2-4pm: Artist Trading Card Session. Create and trade hockey card sized pieces of art. No

experience necessary. Everyone welcome.

JEFF ALLEN ART GALLERY Strathcona Place, 10831 University Ave., 433-5807. • **FATHER AND SON EXHIBIT**: Louis Munan and Marc Munan. Until Aug. 1. • **INSTRUCTOR'S ARTS AND CRAFTS**: Group exhibition. Aug. 7-Sept. 26.

KAMENA GALLERY 5718-104 St., 944-9497. **SPRING COLLECTION**: Gallery artists and new work by Willie Wong.

McMULLEN GALLERY University of Alberta Hospital, East Entrance, 8440-112 St., 407-7152. **VISIONS OF WELLNESS**: Presented by the Alberta Society of Artists members. Until Sept. 1.

MODERN EYES GALLERY AND GIFT 40, 24 Perron Street, St. Albert., 459-9102. • Works by Graham Flatt and Ian Sheldon. Sculpture by Roy Leadbeater, Bonnie Lewis-Berlinguette and Annlee Arntzen. Until Aug. 3. • Meet Graham Flatt, watercolour artist FRI, Aug. 2, 5-7pm. • 30-minute Quick Draw and Silent Auction SAT, Aug. 3, Noon.

MOUNTAIN FOODS CAFÉ - JASPER 606 Connaught Drive, across from the Via Station (Jasper). **KUNST AUSSTELLUNG EXHIBITION WALL**: Watercolours by Jasper painter Shirley Leonardi. Until Aug. 12.

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY

19 Perron Street, St. Albert, 460-4310. Open Tue-Sat 10-5pm. Thu until 8pm. • **ETHOS: Photography and Sculpture**: David Christle, Brad Callihoo, Gina Joys, Leon Stembitsky, Bob Todrick. Until Aug. 3. • New garden designed by landscape artist John Beedle. • **MYRIAD: Profiles Gallery membership exhibition**. Aug. 7-31. Opening reception WED, Aug. 7, 7-9pm.

SCOTT GALLERY 10411-124 St., 488-3619. Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm. Featuring new work by Francine Gravel, Vladimir Horik and Richard and Carol Selfridge. Also featuring Robert Sinclair and Quebec landscape painters Kirouac, Poirier, Brunoni and Desrosiers.

SEGHERS STUDIO GALLERY 604A, 10030-107 St., Seventh Street Plaza, North Tower, 425-6885. Open Tue-Thu 5:30-9pm or by appointment. Featuring works by David Seghers, Robert von Eschen, Eric Butterworth, Jeff Collins, Pamela How (Vilsec), Neil McClelland, Jacqui Rohac.

SNOWBIRD GALLERY WEM, 8882-170 St., 444-1024. Featuring works by J. Yardley-Jones and Gregg Johnson. Acrylics by Jim Vest, pottery by Noburo Kubo and Jacqueline Stenberg. Art glass available. Artists in the courtyard continues every weekend.

SOCIETY OF STUDENT ARTISTS (SOSA) GALLERY 10154-103 St.,

Basement, 707-8305. Open daily 10am-6pm. **2nd ANNUAL SMARTER EXHIBIT**: Showcase of student and emerging artists artwork. Including prints, photographs, sculptures, paintings and installations. Until Aug. 3.

STUDIO GALLERY 143 Grandin Park Plaza, St. Albert, 460-5990. Open Tue-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 10am-4pm. **TIME, SPACE, ART OF THE PART**: Flora, fauna, flowers by gallery artists.

SUSSEX GALLERIES 290 Saddleback Rd., 988-2266. Landscapes, cityscapes, florals, nudes, surreal paintings as well as glassworks, sculptures and ceramics by various artists.

UPSTAIRS GALLERY Great Bear Framing, 2nd Fl., 11631-105 Ave., 452-8906. **SUMMER BREEZE**: Linda Stainier, Peter Ivens, Peter von Tiesenhausen, Daryl Rydman, Richard Yates, Adele Knowler, Robert van Schaik and others. Until Sept. 5.

THE VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl. Harcourt House, 10215-112 St., 421-1731. **CONTOURS**: Juried membership exhibition. Until Aug. 22. Opening reception THU, Aug. 8, 7-9pm.

THEATRE

COMPANY OF THREE Jubilations Dinner Theatre, Upper Level, Phase III, WEM, 484-2424. Characters

from the sitcom *Three's Company*. Jack Stripper is holding the opening of his restaurant, he enlists the help of his old roommates Janet Woody and Chrissy Show. Until Aug. 25.

DADS...THE MUSICAL Mayfield Dinner Theatre, 16615-109 Ave., 483-4051. By Robert More and Tom Doyle. A humorous look at the results of reversing traditional family roles. Until Sept. 8.

GOLD DIGGITY Celebrations Dinner Theatre, The Oasis Entertainment Hotel, 13103 Fort Rd., 448-9339. By Tom Edwards. God-fearin' gold dust widow Reba Calhoun almost loses her only son while trying to pan for gold. Until Aug. 3. TIX starts at \$32.95.

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW Walterdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave., 439-2845. By Richard O'Brien. Until Aug. 3, 8pm. TIX \$8-\$12 adult, \$8-\$10 student/senior @ TicketMaster.

STUBBLE JUMPERS The Arts Barns, 10330-84 Ave., 448-9000. Musical. By Roy Benson. Presented by Imagine and Fringe Theatre Adventures. Until Aug. 3, 8pm Sat, Aug. 3, 2pm. TIX \$19.26 adult, \$17.12 student/senior.

THEATRESPORTS New Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave., 448-0695. Every Friday @ 11pm Rapid Fire Theatre features teams of improvisers

THE ART OF DOWNTOWN

What's Happening Downtown!

ART GALLERIES

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186-106 St., 488-6611, 488-5900. Open MON-SAT 10am-5:30pm. • **CRAFT VS. ART: THE GREAT DEBATE**: Until Aug. 31. • **THE DISCOVERY GALLERY PERPETUATING THE SPIRIT**: Bobbi Hoffman Scholarship award winners. Until Aug. 31.

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq., 422-6223, www.eag.org. Open Mon-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. • **THE ALBERTA BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART 2002**: Curated by Catherine Crowston and Diana Sherlock. Until Aug. 25. • **ALEX JANVIER NEW WORKS**: Until Sept. 15. • **CHILDREN'S GALLERY: FROM HEAD TO TOE**: Created by Lisa Murray. Until Oct. 13. • Admission: Members free, \$5 adult, \$3 senior/student, \$2 child (6-12), free (child 5 and under). Free Thu after 4pm

GIORDANO GALLERY Main Fl., Empire Building, 10080 Jasper Ave., 429-5066. Open Wed, Sat 12-4pm or by appointment. Featuring David Bolduc, Tony Calzetta, Phillip Mann and Mark Lang. Until Sept. 18.

LATITUDE 53 10137-104 St., www.latitude53.org, 423-5353. Open Tue-Fri 10am-6pm; Sat noon-5pm. **THE COBRAS GUILTY BY ASSOCIATION**: Until Aug. 31

SNAP GALLERY 10137-104 St., 423-1492. Open Tue-Sat noon-5pm. **GENERELLE MORPHOLOGIE**: Mixed media exhibition by local artist Clint Wilson. Aug. 1-29. Opening reception THU, Aug. 1, 8pm

SOCIETY OF STUDENT ARTISTS 10154-103 St basement., 707-8305. Open daily 10am-6pm. **2ND ANNUAL SMARTER EXHIBIT**: Until Aug. 3.

SPECTRUM ART GALLERY AND STUDIO 10867-96 St, 424-8803. Open daily 10am-6pm. Paintings by Christopher Lucas. Work by Patricia Young, Bridgit Turner, Deanna Larson and David Phillips.

THE WORKS GALLERY Main Floor, Commerce Place, 426-2122. Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. **GO BLIND TO INJURY**: Work by Lee Anne Pellerin. Until Aug. 8.

DISPLAYS/MUSEUMS

MCKAY AVENUE SCHOOL 10425-99 Ave., 422-1970. Archives and museum located along the river valley on the Heritage Trail. Stroll in the Victorian-era park.

FESTIVALS

CARIWEST FESTIVAL 420-1757. FRI 9 (7:30pm): King and Queen Costume Extravaganza. TIX \$12 adv., \$15 @ door. SAT 10 (8pm): Caribbean Dance Party. TIX \$15 adv., \$20 @ door. Adv. tickets @ TIX on the Square.

HISTORIC EDMONTON WEEK FESTIVAL Various locations throughout Edmonton, 439-2797, www.historic-edmonton-week.org. Until Aug. 5. • **Stanley A. Milner Library**, Lower Level, Edmonton Room and Theatre, 709-6923. THU 1 (1-9pm): The Alberta Labour History Institute presents Edmonton Labour History Day. We want your stories. During the day we will be videotaping interviews on the history of working people in Edmonton. • (7:30 door, 8pm show): Maria Dunn in Concert. Donation \$5.

LATITUDE 53 10137-104 St., www.latitude53.org, 423-5353. Open Tue-Fri 10am-6pm; Sat noon-5pm. **THE COBRAS GUILTY BY ASSOCIATION**: Until Aug. 31

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SOCIETY OF STUDENT ARTISTS 10154-103 St basement., 707-8305. Open daily 10am-6pm. **2ND ANNUAL SMARTER EXHIBIT**: Until Aug. 3.

KIDS STUFF

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq., 422-6223. **THE CHILDREN'S GALLERY: FROM HEAD TO TOE** by Lisa Murray. For children 4-12 yrs. • Camps and classes for children and youth.

STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY 7 Sir Winston Churchill Sq., 496-7000. • 439-3905. WED 7 (2pm): Fishing lines, 6-12 yrs. Pre-register. THU 15: Summer Reading Program wind-up party in the Centennial Room.

LECTURES/MEETINGS

CITY HALL 1 Sir Winston Churchill Sq., info desk, 496-8200. Free tour of City Hall. Mon-Fri, noon and 1pm.

OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED NET-WORKING GROUP Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, 600, 10123-99 St. (W. door), 426-4620. FRI 2 (6:45-8:30am): Casual Friday (dress, etc.) with extended time for networking. \$2. Everyone welcome. FRI 9 (6:45-8:30am): Speaker Lorna Stewart presents *ETS-fast, Easy and Also Cheap*. \$2. Everyone welcome. FRI 16 (6:45-8:30am): Speaker Dwayne Poloway presents *Impressions: Effective, Creative, and Inspirational Infomercials For Business Networking Events*. \$2. Everyone welcome.

UPWARD BOUND TOASTMASTERS 10 Fl., Baker Centre, 10025-106 St., 469-5816. • Every WED (7pm): Learn to speak confidently in public.

QUEER LISTINGS BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 St. Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows. Members only.

PFLAG GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St., 462-5958. • Every 3rd TUE (7:30pm): Meeting. Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/ bisexuals/transgenders.

THE ROOST 10345-104th St., 426-3150. Open Mon-Sat 4pm-3am; Sun 8pm-3am. A multi-level night club. Disco upstairs, western downstairs.

FEATHER OF HOPE ABORIGINAL AIDS PREVENTION SOCIETY 702, 10242-105 St., 488-5773. Education, training and support organization.

GAY AND LESBIAN COMMUNITY CENTRE OF EDMONTON (GLCCE) Suite 45, 9916-106 St., www.edmc.net/glcce. 488-3234. Open Mon-Fri, 1:30pm-5:30pm; 7pm-10pm. Support groups, library, youth group and discussion nights.

GAY MEN'S OUTREACH CREW (GMOC) 45, 9912-106 St., 488-0564. A peer education initiative for gay/bisexual men that works toward preventing the spread of HIV by improving self-esteem.

HIV NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 600, 10242-105 St., 488-5742. Support services for people affected with HIV/AIDS, info line, counseling, referrals, support groups, preventive education programs, resource centre, speakers bureau, Gay Men's Outreach Crew (GMOC), advocacy and public awareness.

ICARE 702A, 10242-105 St., 448-1768. www.icarealberta.org. The Interfaith Centre for AIDS/HIV resources and education (formerly Interfaith Association on AIDS). Providing spiritual support and connections for those affected by HIV/AIDS.

ILLUSIONS SOCIAL CLUB GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St. • Every 2nd THU each month: Meeting.

PFLAG GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St., 462-5958. • Every 3rd TUE (7:30pm): Meeting. Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/ bisexuals/transgenders.

THE ROOST 10345-104th St., 426-3150. Open Mon-Sat 4pm-3am; Sun 8pm-3am. A multi-level night club. Disco upstairs, western downstairs.

SECRETS BAR AND GRILL 10249-107 St., 990-1818. Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant.

TRANSEXUAL/TRANSGENDER SUPPORT GROUP GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St., 488-3234. • Every 4th TUE ea. month (7pm): Meeting. Information and mutual support for transgendered people in an open, friendly and safe environment. Open to transsexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, drag queens/kings.

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH Gay and Lesbian Community Center of Edmonton (GLCCE), 45, 9912-106 St., 488-3234. • Every SAT (7-9pm): A facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, straight, and questioning youth who are under the age of 25. www.youth.tripod.com/yuy/

SPECIAL EVENTS

HISTORIC TRANSIT TOURS 496-1611 TUE, THU (12, 2, 7pm); SAT (12, 2, 4pm): Until Aug. 22. During Historical Edmonton Week (Until Aug. 5) an extra noon tour will be added. TIX \$4 adult, \$3 youth/senior. Adv. tix @ Edmonton City Centre Customer Service.

WORKSHOPS

ALBERTA COLLEGE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC 423-6230, 222.macewan.ca.

• Summer Guitar Workshop and Summer String Orchestra. Aug. 12-21. • Summer Band Workshop for Junior and Senior High School students. Aug. 19-23. • Private music instruction for all ages and levels.

MACLEAN CENTRE FOR SPORT AND WELLNESS Grant MacEwan College, 497-4616. Activity camps, sports camps, martial arts, and aquatics for all ages.

→ EVENTS WEEKLY

For a FREE listing, fax 426-2889 or e-mail listings@vew.ab.ca.

Deadline is 3 pm Friday.

DISPLAYS/MUSEUMS

ALBERTA AVIATION MUSEUM

11410 Kingsway Ave., 451-1175. Open daily 10am-4pm. Telling the story of Edmonton's bush pilots, Alaska Highway construction, defence of Russia and commercial aviation development.

ALBERTA RAILWAY MUSEUM

24215-34 St., 472-6229. Open daily 10am-5pm until Labour Day. Diesel and steam locomotives run throughout the summer. Every Sun the CN diesel 9000 will operate. Aug. 3-5 and Sept. 7-9 the CN steam locomotive 1392 will operate. Exhibition of railcars. TIX \$4 adult, \$2.50 senior/student, \$1.25 child (children under 3 free).

DEVONIAN BOTANIC GARDEN 5 km SW of Edmonton on Hwy 60, 987-3054. Open weekends. Authentic Japanese garden, nature trail, 80 acres of connected gardens. TIX \$6.50 adult; \$5.75 student/senior; \$4 child; \$20 family; children under 4 free.

FORT EDMONTON PARK Fox Dr., Whitemud Dr., 496-8787. TIX \$8 adult, \$6 youth/senior, \$4.25 child (2-12), \$24.50 family (Until Sept. 2).

JOHN JANZEN NATURE CENTRE Fox Dr., Whitemud Dr., 496-8787, 496-2925. Open weekdays 9am-4pm; weekends, hols 11am-5pm. •**ANIMALS AS ARCHITECTS**: Weekends, drop-in 1-4pm. TIX \$1 child (2-12 yrs); \$1.50 adult; \$1.25 youth (13-17 yrs)/senior; \$4.25 family.

MUSÉE HÉRITAGE MUSEUM St. Albert Place, 5 St. Anne Street, St. Albert. 459-1528. Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm; Sun 1-5pm. •**NOBLE EXPERIMENT**: Until Sept. 1. •**DISCOVERY ROOM**: An interactive educational venue dedicated to children and families. Suggested donation \$2.

MUTTART CONSERVATORY 9626-96A St., 496-8755. Open Mon-Fri 9am-6pm; Sat-Sun 11am-6pm. •**SHOWER OF FLOWERS**: Featuring New Guinea Impatiens. Until Sept. 8. TIX \$5 adult, \$4 senior/youth, \$2.50 child, \$15 family.

ODYSSEUM 11211-142 St., 452-9100. Open Sun-Thu, hols 10am-5pm; Fri-Sat 10am-9pm. Edmonton's space and science centre. •**TransCanada PipeLines Gallery: Space Place**: Hands-on exhibits.

PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA 2845-102 Ave., 453-9100, 453-9131. www.pma.edmonton.ab.ca. Open weekdays 9am-9pm; weekends 9am-5pm. •**SYNCRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES GALLERY**: Spans 11,000 years and 500 generations, people of the past and present, recordings, film, lights, artifacts and more. Permanent exhibit. •**TREASURES OF THE EARTH**: Geology collection. Permanent exhibit. •**THE HABITAT GALLERY**: Glimpse the lakes, forests, prairies and animals of Alberta. Permanent exhibit. •**THE NATURAL HISTORY GALLERY**: •**BUG ROOM**: Live invertebrate display. Permanent. •**THE BIRD GALLERY**: Mounted birds. Permanent. •**FEATURE GALLERY 2: DOMESTIC ART: QUILTS**: From the museum's collection: Until Sept. 2. •**MONEY/LARGENT**: Until Sept. 2. •**BIG THINGS**: Large sculpture display. Until Labour Day. •**A TO Z AT THE MUSEUM**: Every SAT (9am-11am): family-fun drop-in program. Admission is half-price between 9am-11am. •**SAT 3 (9am-11am)**: J is for Jump Right In! •**SAT 10 (9am-11am)**: K is for Kitchen Gadgets from the Past Life. •**SAT 17 (9am-11am)**: L is for Learn to Quilt. Try your hand at tracing out a quilting pattern, then assemble your quilt block with batting and backing into a "quilt sandwich". Materials provided. •**EDMONTON FILM SOCIETY**: Movies presented by the Summer 2002 series: •**MON 5: You Were Never Lovelier (1942)**: Starring Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. •**MON 12: That Midnight Kiss (1949)**: Starring Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza. •**MON 19: Thoroughly Modern Millie (1967)**.

Starring Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore.

RUTHERFORD HOUSE

11153 Saskatchewan Dr., U of A Campus, 427-3995. Open Tue-Sun, 12 noon-5pm. Costumed interpreters recreate daily household activities.

TELEPHONE HISTORICAL CENTRE

10437-83 Ave., 433-1010. •Open Tue-Fri 10am-4pm; Sat 12-4pm. Largest telecommunications museum in Canada. An interactive educational gallery dedicated to children and families featuring a multi-media presentation on the past, present and future of telecommunication starring Xeldon the talking robot. TIX \$3 adult, \$2 child, \$5 family.

FESTIVALS

HERITAGE FESTIVAL

Hawrelak Park. SAT 3 (noon-9pm); SUN 4 (10am-9pm); MON 5 (10am-7pm): Join the Celebration: Food, entertainment, arts and crafts representing peoples from around the world. SAT 3 (6pm): Opening ceremonies and the St. Nicholas Mandolin Ensemble. SUN 4 (11am): Interfaith Prayer Service. (12:30pm): Multicultural in Dance. (6:30pm): The Emeralds. (7:30pm): Ethnic Pavilion awards ceremony. MON 5 (11:30am): Citizenship Court ceremony. (1pm): St. Nicholas Mandolin Ensemble. (6pm): The Emeralds. Free admission. Donation to the Food Bank.

KIDS STUFF

CALDER LIBRARY 12522-132 Ave., 414-5656. THU 1 (2pm): Pirate puppet play, 3-8 yrs. THU 8 (2pm): So you want to be a pirate, 5+ yrs. WED 14 (1:30 and 3:30pm): Summer Reading Program closing event.

CAPILANO LIBRARY 201 Capilano Mall, 98 Ave., 50 St., 496-1802. •Every THU (2pm): Salty sea dogs' book club, 8-10 yrs. pre-register. Until Aug. 15. WED 7 (2pm): Flippers and Fins. Pre-register. SAT 10 (2pm): Swimming with the fishes, 3-5 yrs. Pre-register. WED 14 (2pm): Seasick Sea Serpents. Pre-register. SAT 17 (2pm): Library Luau.

CASTLE DOWNS LIBRARY 15379 Castle Downs Rd., 496-7091. WED 7 (2pm): Boats and floats, 6-12 yrs. THU 15 (10:30am and 1:30pm): Summer Reading Program closing, 5+ yrs.

ECOCITY SOCIETY 429 3659. Ecopia. EcoCity Society host a summer camp for youths. Centred around environmental, social and practical education. Aimed to inspire youth to act as leaders in their communities. Aug. 12-18. Pre-register.

GRANT MACLEAN COLLEGE Jasper Place Campus, 10045-156 St., 497-4303. •Children's theatre classes, 9-12 yrs. Until Aug. 2.

HIGHLANDS LIBRARY 6710-118 Ave., 496-1806. THU 1 (2pm): Ocean Cruise, 8+ yrs. THU 8 (2pm): Pirates' Treasure, 4-8 yrs. Pre-register. THU 15 (2pm): End of voyage pier party.

IDYLWYLDE LIBRARY 8310-88 Ave., 496-1808. •Every TUE (10:15am): Baby Laptime, 1-2 yrs. Pre-register. WED 31 (2pm): Shiver me timbers-a pirate's life, 5+ yrs. Pre-register. WED 7 (2pm): I love turtles, 6-10 yrs.

INDIGO South Edmonton Common, 1837-99 St., 432-4488. •Every SAT (11am-3pm): Sizzlin' summer crafts for kids.

JASPER PLACE LIBRARY 9010-156 St., 496-1810. •Every WED (7-7:30pm): Family funtime, all ages. Until Aug. 28. TUE 13 (2pm): Scuba Dooba Dooba Doo, 7+ yrs. WED 16 (2pm): Extreme magic by Trevor, 5+ yrs.

LESSARD LIBRARY Lessard Shopping Centre, 6104-172 St., 496-1871. •Every THU (7pm): Family storytime, 3+ yrs. (No program Aug. 8) Until Aug. 29. WED 7 (2pm): Shiver me timbers-a pirate's life, 5+ yrs. TUE 13 (2pm): Saltwater Daffy, 5+ yrs. SAT 17 (2pm): Shipwreck party.

LONDONDERRY LIBRARY Londonderry Mall, 137 Ave., 66 St., 496-1814. THU 1 (2pm): Seasick pigs-puppet show, 3-12 yrs.

TUE 6 (1:30-2pm): Trapper baseball players storytime. WED 7 (2pm): Shark bingo, 6-12 yrs. TUE 13 (2pm): Pirates and tales of the sea-puppet show, 3-12 yrs. WED 14 (2pm): Family storytime fun. Drop-in. THU 15 (11:30am): Reading circle, 8+ yrs. Drop-in.

MILL WOODS LIBRARY 601 Mill Woods Town Centre, 2331-66 St., 496-1818, 450-0511. THU 1 (11:30am): Reading Circle, 8+ yrs. Drop-in. FRI 2 (2pm): Shark attack, 5+ yrs. SAT 3 (1:30-2pm): Trapper baseball players storytime. WED 7 (2pm): Family storytime fun. Drop-in. THU 8 (11:30am): Reading Circle, 8+ yrs. Drop-in. THU 8 (2pm): around the world in 60 minutes, 6-13 yrs. FRI 9 (2pm): Seasick sea serpents.

PENNY MCKEE LIBRARY Abbottsfield Mall, 3210-118 Ave., 496-7839. FRI 2 (2pm): Sea Dog Shindig, 3-10 yrs. Pre-register. WED 14 (2pm): Land Ho!

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19 Perron Street, St. Albert, 460-4310. •Every SAT (1-4pm): Youthventures: Drop-by art program for youth ages 12-16. Outside Profiles Public Art Gallery until Aug. 24. \$2 each.

RIVERBEND LIBRARY 460 Riverbend Sq., Rabbit Hill Rd., Terwillegar Dr., 944-5311. SAT 3 (2pm): Tropical title wave. Pre-register. SAT 14 (2pm): Summer reading program closing party, 3-12 yrs. TUE 13 (2pm): Tales from the Calabash. FRI 16 (2pm): Sailing, sailing over the bounding main. SAT 17 (2pm): Shipwrecked party.

SOUTHGATE LIBRARY Southgate Shopping Centre, 496-1822. •Every WED (10:15-10:45am): Time for twos. Pre-register.

SPRUCEWOOD LIBRARY 11555-95 St., 496-7099. •Every WED (4pm): Japanese Calligraphy, 8-14 yrs. Pre-register. •Swashbuckling Summer Fun, 4-12 yrs. Until Aug. 31. THU 1 (2pm): Octopus adventure, 4-12 yrs. Pre-register. THU 8 (2pm): Magnificent sea urchins, 5-12 yrs. Pre-register. SAT 17 (2pm): Home at Pirates' Cove. Pre-register.

STRATHCONA LIBRARY 8331-104 St., 496-1828. THU 1 (2:30pm): Neptune's delights, 5+ yrs. Pre-register. FRI 2 (1:30-2pm): Trapper baseball players storytime. THU 8 (2:30pm): Saltwater daffy, 5+ yrs. Pre-register. SAT 17 (2:30pm): Summer Reading Program farewell party. All ages. Pre-register.

VALLEY ZOO 13315 Buena Vista Rd., 496-8787. •Every SUN (1-4pm): Zoo Sundays. TIX \$3.50 child (2-12), \$6 adult, \$4.50 youth (13-17) /senior, \$19 family. Until Oct. 14. •496-6924. SAT 10 (6-11pm): Come on Safari fundraiser. TIX \$50.

WOODCROFT LIBRARY 13420-114 Ave., 496-1830. WED 7 (2:30pm): Sailing, sailing over the bounding main, 5+ yrs. Pre-register. SAT 17 (2:30pm): Patch's pirate party. Pre-register.

LECTURES/MEETINGS

ALBERTA WILDERNESS ASSOCIATION www.AlbertaWilderness.ca, 988-5487, (403)283-2025. SUN 4: Little Smoky-with guides Amber and Percy Hayward.

COMMUNITY SHAMANIC DRUMMING GROUP Sacred Heart Church, 439-0631. •Every FRI evening meeting. Everyone welcome.

EDMONTON HERALDRY DISCUSSION GROUP Meet monthly to discuss coats of arms, crests, and related topics. E-mail madalch@canada.com for more information.

OLD STRATHCONA GUIDED WALKING TOURS Start at SW corner 105 St and Whyte Ave., 437-4182. •Every THU, FRI (7pm); SAT, SUN (1pm): Join Edmonton actors as interpreters for a tour of Old Strathcona. \$6 each (\$3 additional for optional round trip trolley ride).

PUBLIC MEETINGS •West Edmonton Christian Assembly, 6215-199 St., 496-6099. TUE 13 (7pm): Proposed amendment to The Grange Area Structure Plan and The Hamptons Neighbourhood Structure Plan. •Caernarvon Community League Hall, 14830-118 St., 496-6247. THU 22 (7pm): Proposed amendment to the Baranow Area of the Castle Downs Outline Plan.

TOASTMASTERS •N'ORATORS TOAST-MASTERS CLUB NE, 474-6001. •Every THU evening overcome your fears of public speaking. •WEST END TOASTMASTER CLUB 10451-170 St., 2nd Fl. boardroom (use central elevators), 472-4911. •Every TUE (7-9pm): Communication and Leadership: Communication involves listening skills, giving appropriate feedback as well as public speaking.

WASKAHEGAN TRAIL ASSOCIATION •Bonnie Doon Recycle, 85 St., 85 Ave. W. Bonnie Doon Mall, 435-1197. SUN 4 (9am): Free guided hike, approx. 9 km at Fairbrother Corner. Bring lunch and beverage. •Bonnie Doon Recycle, 85 St., 85 Ave. W. Bonnie Doon Mall, 458-6904. SUN 11 (9am): Free guided hike, approx. 9 km at Middle Battle. Bring lunch and beverage.

LITERARY EVENTS

ORLANDO BOOKS The Room for Change, 10123 Whyte Ave., 432-7633. FRI 16-SAT 17: Books Collective Event.

SOUTHGATE LIBRARY Southgate Shopping Centre, 496-1822. •Adult summer reading club. Until Aug. 31.

LIVE COMEDY

COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway Boulevard, 469 4999. FRI 2-SAT 3 (8:30pm): Comedian Rob Pue. FRI 9-SAT 10 (8:30pm): Comedian Marty McLean. FRI 16-SAT 17 (8:30pm): Ventriloquist Damien James.

FARGO'S ON WHYTE 10307-82 Ave., 433-4526. •Every SUN: Fargo's Laugh-a-Lot Comedy.

SIDETRACK CAFÉ 10333-112 St., 421-1326. •Every THU (7:30-9:30pm): Comedy improv show. TIX \$3.

QUEER LISTINGS

AGAPE Room 7-114, Education North Building, U of A. A sex-and-gender differences and schooling focus group in the Faculty of Education. (12-1pm): on the following dates during the 2002/2003 school terms: Sept. 19, Oct. 17, Nov. 21, Dec. 19, Jan. 16, Feb. 13, Mar. 20, Apr. 17. On SAT, Nov. 16 AGAPE will be hosting a free one-day conference. For information contact Dr. Andre Grace <andre.grace@ualberta.ca> or Kris Wells <kwells@ualberta.ca>.

AIDS NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 201, 11456 Jasper Ave., 488-5742. Support services for people affected with HIV infection/AIDS. Info line, counselling, referrals, support groups, preventive education programs, resource centre, speakers bureau, outreach, advocacy and public awareness campaigns.

AXIOS 454-8449. A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern-Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians.

DIGNITY EDMONTON 482-6845. Support community for lesbigay Catholics and friends.

DOWN UNDER 12224 Jasper Ave., 482-7960. Steam bath.

EDMONTON RAINBOW BUSINESS ASSOCIATION 422-6207. Gay men and Lesbians in business and non-gay friends. Share business knowledge, learn, make friends, network in positive, proud space where being yourself is the norm.

LAMBDA CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH Garneau United Church, 11148-84 Ave., 474-0753. •Every SUN (7pm): Worship services. Serving the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered community.

LIVING POSITIVE 488-5768. www.connectlab.ca/livpos/ Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society. Peer facilitated support groups, peer counselling. Daily drop-in.

LUTHERANS CONCERNED 426-0905. www.lcna.org. All Chapters-A spiritual community which gathers monthly for sharing, friendship, individual support and a safe space for our own spiritual questions.

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artist to artist

DJs looking for dancers and divas for a night of style, music and mixing. Contact 423-5353.

See you at Shimmer! Aug. 10th, 10136-100 St. Doors at 8pm. Call 423-5353.

WANTED: Boys 10 - 12 yrs old to be part of Fringe Festival Parade Aug. 15th. Call Shauna #437-4094.

For sale immediately: 1 acetylene B-tank. Perfect for artist use / jewellery soldering. 40 cubic foot tank, approx. 24" high. Tank is full. \$140 o.b.o. Call Nicole 428-9401.

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FREE INTRODUCTORY MEETING

VW June 2002



musicians

Bassist wanted who is into punk, rock and all other styles of music. 479-1242.

Bass player needed to complete an established original band. Colin 439-2699, Doma 710-4784.

Drummer wanted for power pop/emo band. Inf: Jimmy Eat World, Weezer, The Ataris. Call Sean 424-0875.

Well established band is looking for additional instrumentalists. Phone Mashai Entertainment 780-487-2868 or page Jody 780-419-4400.

Honeybeam, a Honeymoon Suite tribute band, is looking for awesome local talent to perform cover tunes. Contact Pamela 990-0979.

CJSR wants submissions for compilation CD of local artists of every genre. More info Anna 492-5244 ext. 250 or Jeff.papineau@ualberta.ca

FRESH BAIT promotions seeks fledgling alternative & punk acts in need of ruthless promotion and all that rot. (780) 469-9309.

TDP seeks keyboardist/sampler, car & equipment a must. Songs written, samples provided. defiance@xepher.net John 908-5476 leave mes.

Fun and crazy harmonica guy looking for band or jam buddies. Very versatile. Call ant 695-5627 or ant_news@yahoo.com

Ex GILL members looking for drummer, guitarist for original project. Heavy, melodic, energetic. Experience, transportation, equipment, dedication required. 868-3746 Erin.

Guitarist and drummer wanted for power pop/emo band. Inf: Jimmy Eat World, Finch, The Ataris. Call Sean 424-0875.

Glam rock band with record and management deals seeks hard-hitting drummer. Inf: Elvis Costello, Velvet Underground, T. Rex, Bowie. 424-2775.

Female vocalist wanted to create core of original rock, folk, pop band to be with male vocalist/guitarist. Harmony and good stage presence a must. Guitar or keys bonus. Call Tom 486-0338.

FEMALE dancer with back up vocal or rap skills for professional recording female group. Must be serious about a music career. don@geniegirls.com

musicians

Female vocalist, 27, talented but seeking experience to sing back-up for upbeat band. Ph. Anne 428-2132 or 425-7243.

Interested in promoting your music to local Film & Television productions? Call Donald @ Media Buddha, 732-4808.

business/computers

COPPER STUDIOS - Web/Graphic design, CD covers, logos, business cards. Contact copper.studios@telus.net or 405-8663.

employment

ESL Explorers has positions for University graduates who want to teach English in Korea. No T.E.S.L required. Airfare and accommodations provided. Angela @ 403-609-4325.

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shared accommodation

Roommate for house. Next 98 Ave and 75 Street. Quite clean. No pet/smoke. \$275/ month + utilities. Avail Aug. 29. 490-6465.

Up-scale 5-bedroom, step out of your front door and enjoy the heart of Edmonton, 10340-121 St. \$395.00+up. 488-3370, 418-1971.

workshops

BUDDHA DHARMA TALK WITH MARK WEBER
 on relationships, sexuality and meditation, 9805-84 Ave., 432-1443. Aug. 8-9, 7pm. Aug. 10 9am and 7pm.

VUE Weekly Contest Rules
 EDMONTON'S URBAN VOICE

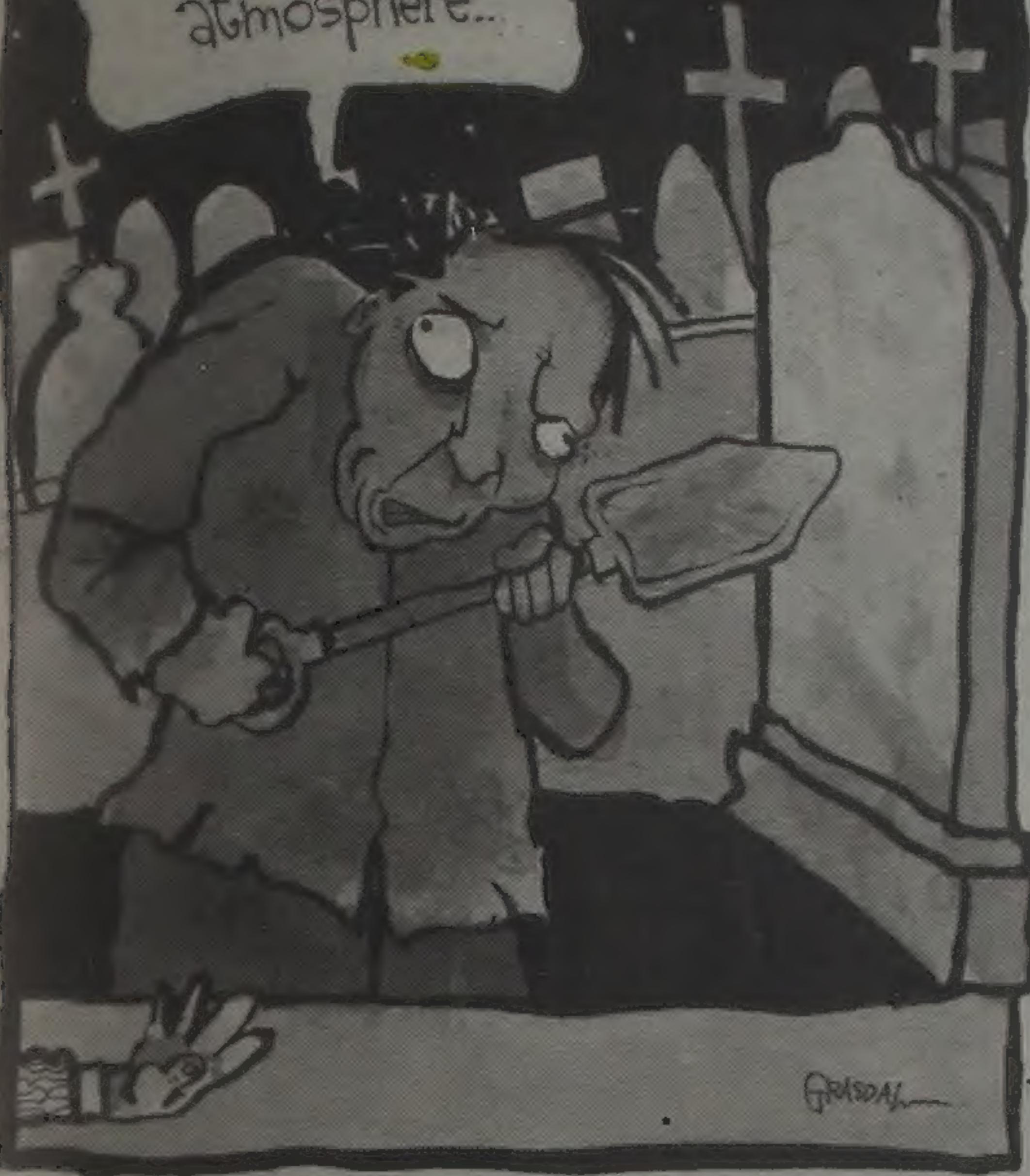
No person shall win more than once every sixty days.

Unless otherwise mentioned,
 a) each contest shall only allow one entry per person
 b) contest winners must be at least 18 years of age.

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by GRASDAL

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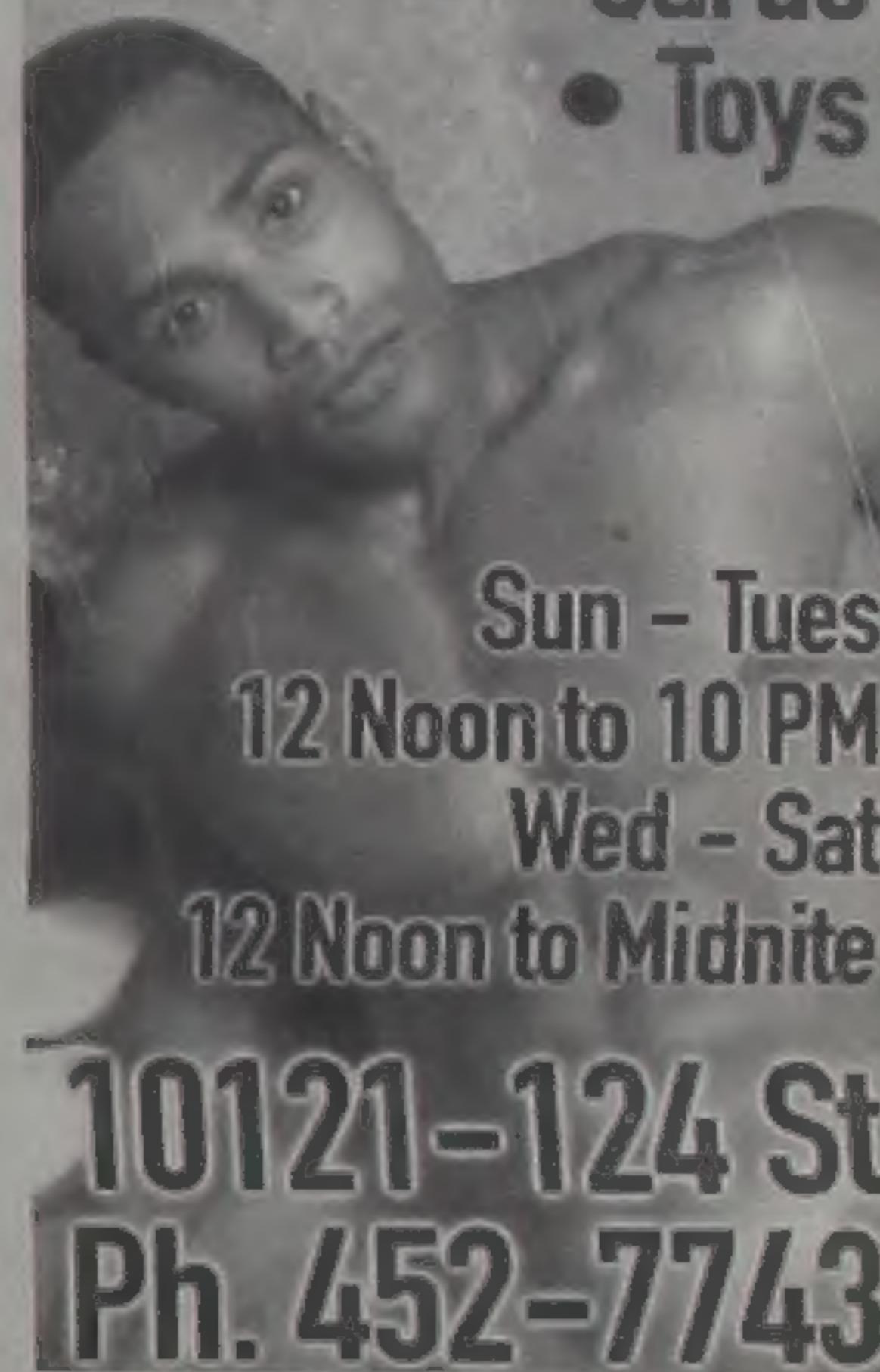
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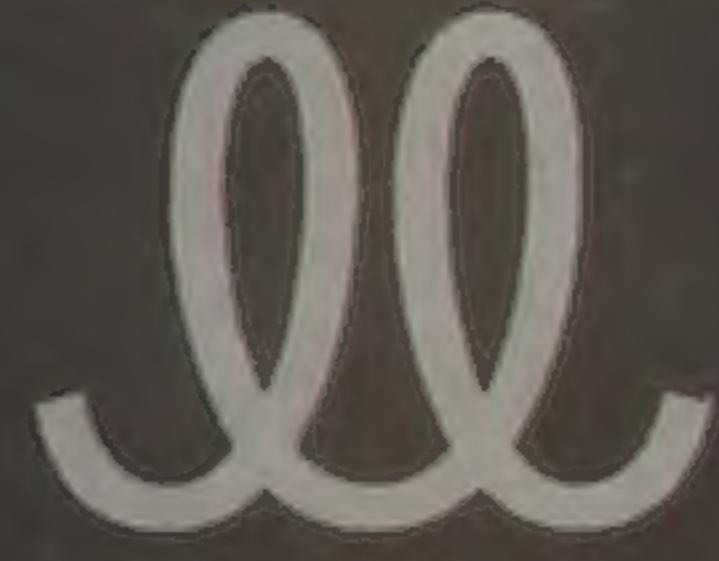
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